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The Art Journal London Virtue & Co.



An Original Etching by William Monk R.E.

Glen Veagh, Donegal.

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The Art Journal
1907.

The Donegal Highlands.*

By Alfred Yockney.

THERE is a vice among tourists which irritates the placid traveller. Looking over his neighbour's territory, the lesser passer-by will deny the singularity of the scene spread out before him. It suggests some choice spot in his own country, or, worse still, a "bit" in the landscape of the people next nation but one away. It is sometimes patriotism and pedantry which prompts such observations, but more often it is merely the bad habit of comparison. Thus in Ireland visitors and guide books refer to Palestine, North Wales, Switzerland, Holland, Madeira. Here is Paris, there Bruges, and, of course, Paradise and Arcadia are dragged in. The Midland Railway, not to be outdone by the claim for Cornwall by the Great Western, have invented a Northern Riviera in Antrim. Near Carrigart, through which the stranger passes on arrival by land or sea, is the Rosapenna Hotel, well-equipped, commodious, and famous as a resort for golfers and anglers. To build it in foreign style, and to emphasise the lack in Donegal of the necessary material, a quantity of timber was shipped across the North Sea. Already there was a fiorded coast, and "Norway in Ireland" was the sequel. There was some excuse for this parallel on other than scenic grounds. Norwegians instruct the Irish fishermen in departments of mackerel curing, and the pattern of their boats has been adopted; geologists say that the granite of the two countries is similar; for salmon fishing, large and gaudy flies are necessary in either land; and in the exploration of the deep seas of the Irish Atlantic the steamship *Helga* is Norwegian in name if not in complement. Still, whoever christened Rosapenna with a Scandinavian attribute was guilty of the wasteful and ridiculous excess which, the play tells us, attends the painting of the lily, or the perfuming of the violet. Viking blood may be necessary to animate the fisheries, but splendid natural resources give the Mulroy district a reputation of its own. It needs no imported character, no disguise.

Eyes unaccustomed to the eccentricities of the world's surface may be magnetised when confronted with some extraordinary effect on land or sea, and the testimony of some great traveller alone can give assurance that in this or that country is a prospect unparalleled in the gorgeously illuminated book of nature. It is acknowledged by those competent to judge, that on the coast of Ireland there are scenes which are to the tourist what the conjuror's trick is to an audience. The illusion is complete. Leave the garage at Rosapenna and look over Sheephaven from the volcanic rocks a few miles past Derry Hassan on the Rossgull Peninsula. On the other side of Horn Head some hidden fire throws up an unimaginable glare, and the ponderous mass of land moves slowly out to sea. It is a trick of nature. Look inland, and watch the donkeys, laden



Church of St. Columba, Gartan Lough.

By W. Monk, R.E.

* Articles on 'Londonderry and Neighbourhood' appeared in 1906, pp. 343, 359.



Sheephaven, Horn Head, and Tory Island.
By W. Monk, R.E.

with panniers of turf, ridden by boys or girls of the light wardrobe age. This is the simple life, a trick of time. Mr. Shiel's 'Rgeisterded Mill' (p. 3) is of later date, but before the era of spelling reform. Out of the world, and essentially in it, the children of the earth are busy here among the grey rocks and stones. The precarious living seems to harm none of them, and long life is common. Go to the other side of the peninsula, and in the grave-yard, neglected, but still used for burials, the tables of mortality may be read. Hidden away, as such places should be, and overgrown with grass, this truly weird sanctuary eludes general notice. Four rough walls enclose a central ruin, a cross of pretentious size (p. 2), and many wooden tablets, shamrock-shaped, planted confusedly. Uncared-for though it is by human hands, the environment gives it the solemnity of a veritable God's Acre.



The Burial Ground on the Rossgull Peninsula.
By W. Monk, R.E.

The living interests of Sheephaven are complete. Enough has been written to show that in the neighbourhood of Downing's Bay there is a choice of pastimes or



The "Rgeisterded Mill" of Michael Shiel on the Rossguil Peninsula.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Muckish Mountain, with the Village of Creeslough.
By W. Monk, R.E.

excursions. But a dead interest strikes one of the most effective notes. If the visitor would listen to the true music of the sea, he must go to the ruins of Doe Castle. Twice dead is Doe. It was once a stronghold of great importance, owned by the McSweeneys, and in comparatively recent years it was adapted to the purposes of residence. But its ancient and modern use is destroyed, and the exultant waters press noisily on the surrounding rocks. Through the top of the building the rain pours to the earth, and the sodden perforated floors protest when the trespasser cautiously treads his way through the abandoned chambers. The original work in the interior has been altered by modern reconstruction, and the character of the ruins is lost: but the glamour of daring adventure is preserved. Every loop-hole or arrow-slit is a mouthpiece, and there is no need of tradition to relate the



Fair-Day in Creeslough.
By W. Monk, R.E.

story of the past. The view of the castle is more romantic than that from it. Seen from the western side of the Lackagh River, or from the sea, it is an impressive landmark ; nearer, this quality is lost in the desolate condition of the place. Walk along the inside ledge of the outer wall, and the commanding position of the fortress is apparent.

Creeslough, at the base of the Muckish Mountain, is very much alive on the occasions of the periodical fairs, but usually it is as undisturbed as every other town in which such events are the chief excitements. These fairs are not like the ones made up in London to advertise Irish home industries. Locally, the business of the day is concerned with cattle, sheep, or produce. Friendly buffoonery goes on, and a free fight occurs sometimes when commerce is dull : but, as a rule, the transactions are as business-like and quiet as at Covent Garden or Smithfield. An ordinary tourist hankers for none of the frolics of Donnybrook or Ballinasloe, where the presence of the Viceroy or of the London swell mob used to keep affairs lively between the transfer of high-priced equine "toppers." But it would add charm to the meetings if, as in the Taillten times, each fair had its high wall and small opening through which girls would put a hand, to be chosen in marriage. A year and a day these contracts lasted, and it was a sound enough bargain for those of a speculative turn.

If, when the tourist approaches Creeslough, bright sunshine alternates with heavy showers, he will see on the hills before him a number of silver spots sparkling in the light.



Doe Castle.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Doe Castle.
By W. Monk, R.E.

The rocks, burnished with trickling water, are like mirrors, and it seems as though the black background is pierced and jewelled. Perhaps a rainbow will give unexpected colour to the scene. In Donegal there is a special kind of wet blanket called a Smirr, and it cannot be denied that with this, or another variety of bad weather, the tourist must be prepared for some discomfort. Probably the difficulties of the day will not be quite forgotten when the comforts of the evening are being enjoyed, but there will remain the satisfaction of having seen some amazing effect on the scenery caused by a sudden change in the weather. Bright water is quickly black-leaded, grey mountains turn purple in majesty, and a few minutes later sulky clouds are scuttling away before the light. The penalty of being drenched need not be considered, disconcerting though it is to feel rain driving disrespectfully upwards instead of downwards, as it does in most countries. Once hardened to the climate, the forecast of the day is a matter of indifference. Fine day or soft day, the traveller goes on a piece. Days may come or go, with nothing but rain without interval, but gradually the stranger will find himself echoing the invariable opinion of his optimistic host, and think that, indeed, though it is not looking very favourable to day, it may mend.

A few miles south from Creeslough is Glen Veagh, described as one of the wildest, if not the most wild, of mountain passes in Ireland. It is more easily approached from Letterkenny or Gweedore. Set among the uncultivated fruits of the earth and civilized with artificial gardens and rockeries, Glen Veagh Castle owes much to its picturesque surroundings. It may be considered one of the most desirable of Donegal residences; but a few years after it was purchased by the late John G. Adair, it was not safe for himself or his servants to go about without an escort. The landlord put the question to the Government of the day if it was right that he should be compelled to defend his property, as in the first stage of society, with his own armed retainers. The road to the Castle winds pleasantly along the side of the Lough, and hidden water roars down the adjacent hills. Near here is the Poisoned Glen, to which reference will be made in future.

Some Rare Miniature Portraits in Oil.

By Dudley Heath.

THE popular idea of the miniature portrait is one that is painted in water-colour, *à l'aquarelle* or "gouache," on ivory, vellum or card. But the traditional method of the mediæval miniaturists was closely akin to tempera painting, the surface being prepared with a white ground on which the picture was painted in colours mixed with yolk of egg. Later the process was modified in that the picture was partially painted transparently on a white ground, and partially opaquely or in "gouache." The transparent method of painting the flesh was adopted by the Italian Clovio in the early fifteenth century, and carried to great perfection by means of stippling. Pacheco describes the two processes in his elaborate treatise 'Arte de Pintura,' 1649, and likens the solid method to ancient tempera where the carnations are laid in their natural colours and their tones varied, as is done in good oil painting. In reality the technical qualities of oil, tempera and water-colour are essentially different, as we understand them in the present day, but this was not always the case, at any rate to the same extent. The work of the Flemish Primitives, who were pioneers of the process of painting in oil, is so nearly allied, in its general character, to the work of the manuscript miniaturists that the medium and scale of the picture does not seem to have affected the handling. Their processes were as strictly defined as their restricted vision of nature and the limitations of their pictorial effects. The small panel portraits of such painters as the Van Eycks, Hans Memlinc, Quintin Matsys, and Jean Gosseart, in their qualities and elaboration possess all the attributes of miniatures, even if their dimensions may be considered outside the limits. The painters of Germany, Italy and France soon discovered the advantages of the new medium, and in learning its secrets from the Netherlandish painters also acquired, as we know, many of the characteristics of their work, such as their unique powers of portraiture in broad effects of light, and simple masses of tone and colour. One of the first Italians to produce panel and miniature portraits under their influence was Antonelli da Messina. Of the German school, Lucas Cranach, a contemporary of Albert Dürer, was perhaps the earliest to whom we can credit miniature portraiture, and, like his countryman Holbein, painted the great Erasmus. Then we have the Clouets in France, whose work will always be such a source of contention. These names are the pivots around which the various national schools are classified, but there must have been numerous painters whose work, but little less worthy, has never been identified. Most of the early Netherlandish and German portrait miniatures were painted in oil on panel, but even the well-seasoned panel was liable to crack, warp, and destruction by insects; and besides, for pictures of such small dimensions it required very careful preparation of the surface to obliterate the grain and render it smoother and more equal in texture. For these reasons we find later that gold, silver, copper and other metals, besides bone, slate, millboard, card, vellum and even paper are used as bases for the miniature in oil. It is very unusual to come across portrait miniatures painted in tempera, but I have handled a few; one very good example being a portrait of Ferdinando I. de Medici, on vellum with a background of gold. It is not always easy to distinguish the tempera miniature from the oil miniature, when both are varnished, and the oil is painted very thin on a gesso ground.

I can only hope to show, in a short article like the present, that the subject is one that might well occupy the attention of the collector more thoroughly than hitherto, more especially as there has been little attempt to classify



A Lady: Time of Charles V.
In Oil, on Oak Panel.

the number of excellent oil miniatures to be found in most important collections. So little is the characteristic of the medium understood by the average collector, that one invariably finds oil miniatures are treated in precisely the same manner as those in water-colour, and are kept shielded from the light: a treatment excellent for the latter, but most pernicious to the former, as oil has the property of darkening and yellowing unless allowed free access to strong light. This was thoroughly understood by the early Italian painters, who were in the habit of drying and bleaching the oil in their pictures in the direct rays of the sun after each successive painting.

The Italian portrait of Pico della Mirandola, 1463–1494, is undoubtedly correctly named as to the subject (p. 7). Pico was a Florentine distinguished for his precocity and varied literary genius. Niccolo Fiorentino, the famous contemporary Florentine medallist, produced various medal portraits of this savant, and in at least one of these, very considerable likeness to the miniature can be seen. Any doubt, however, as to the portraiture is at once set at rest by a comparison with an excellent wood engraving of the Florentine poet given in 'Vies des Hommes Illustres,' by A. Thenet. There are certain facts about this miniature which prevent one from accepting it as a contemporary painting. The quality of the painting and colour and the fact that it is on gold suggest that it is of later date, and this is borne out by the treatment of the hair, which is obviously inspired by a sculpturesque rendering. It is probably a later painter's translation into colour of an existing portrait in relief, by no means an uncommon practice. A curious feature of this example is the fact that on the reverse side of the same gold plaque is the painting of an elderly lady, which might possibly represent the mother of Pico della Mirandola. This miniature of Pico has none of the interest of the portraits by such a painter as Antonelli the Venetian, or indeed any of those which were inspired by the Netherlandish School, neither does it seem to be essentially the work of a miniaturist. If we compare it with the small sixteenth century miniature of a lady of the time of Charles V. (p. 7), we see how far superior is the latter in its feeling for portraiture; the delicacy of its handling of the details proving it to be the work of the professional miniaturist, although the drawing is somewhat primitive.

Miniature portraits were so often duplicated and translated from one medium to another that it is extremely difficult to identify the hand of an individual artist. This is abundantly proved by the varying opinions of experts. Again, the custom of making pattern drawings from which portraits were painted, as in the case of the Clouets and Holbein, has



Italian Portrait of Pico della Mirandola, 15th Century.
In Oil, on Gold.

involved the issue not a little, though in some cases by their means the identity of a miniature has been established.

The French miniatures of the Clouet School show us such a remarkable advance in every quality which gives grace, vitality and refinement to portraiture that it is



Katherine Howard: Oil, on Panel.
In the style of Clouet.



The Artist: Water-colour, on Card.
By Hans Holbein.

comparatively easy to recognise them, though the arbitrary distinction which is sometimes drawn between individual examples does seem to me a little venturesome.

As a case in point let us take the two beautiful little oil portraits called 'Jean de Thou' and 'Renée Baillet,' at Hertford House. These are oil miniatures painted apparently on a prepared millboard, both possessing exactly the same marginal painted border or frame. With reference to the man's portrait, the catalogue tells us "it is an exact contemporary copy, in reduced proportions, of a drawing by François Clouet in the Bibliothèque National of Paris." In the case of the lady's portrait there is no reference given to a pattern drawing. Whereas the first is attributed only to the French School of the later sixteenth century, the latter is positively ascribed to François Clouet. Putting aside the question of their relative merits, which seems to me much more debatable than the author of the note would acknowledge, I think the serious student must admit that the painter of the man's portrait is a remarkable exponent of the Clouet School, and the fact that it is an exact copy of a drawing by Clouet seems to warrant us in not adding unnecessary mystery to its identity.

The miniature of Katherine Howard from Montagu House, illustrated on page 7, is another beautiful example of the same school. When compared with the Renée Baillet miniature, it suggests that it was produced from a pattern drawing rather than from life; still it is exquisitely subtle in drawing, modelling, and detail. The portraiture immediately recalls the famous circular miniature by Holbein at Windsor, and in its even greater refinement we at once distinguish French feeling. In one important particular it lacks the German painter's consummate art—the faculty of decorating a given space, in which quality the Windsor Howard is one of his finest examples. In the little oil picture of Holbein (p. 8) we have a very interesting duplicate of the water-colour miniature at Hertford House. Every detail of the drawing is copied with scrupulous care, the only variation that I can discover being a very slight difference in the angle of the pencil, and the drawing of the hands is somewhat heavier. In its translation into oil it has certainly lost in quality and has become somewhat harder and cruder, but this is not so evident in the reproduction. Whilst it proves the excellence of some unknown copyist, it emphasises the beauties of the two original water-colours, the finest of which is certainly that belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. If this one (p. 8) is compared with the oil miniature, it will be seen there is very considerable difference in the drawing and expression, and the hair and beard are closer clipped. It is, I think, more subtle in rendering, more thoughtful in expression, less intense in its definition.



Holbein: Duplicate of Wallace Collection Portrait.
In Oil, on Card.
After Hans Holbein.

The little miniature of Sir Thomas More (p. 8) may certainly be considered in the nature of a discovery, inasmuch as it has never been referred to in any of the recent theses on the miniatures of Holbein nor by any previous writer. This



Sir Thomas More (1480–1535).
In Oil, on Silver. By Hans Holbein.



Portrait in Oil, on prepared Card.
By John Bettes: Signed 1580 B.



Andrew Marvell (1621-78): In Oil, on Copper.
By F. Cleyn (?).



The Artist (?): In Oil, on Copper.
By Cornelius Jansseen.

is all the more curious because a portrait of Sir Thomas More belonging to Mr. Ernest Godolphin Quicke has only recently been brought into the light of publicity. I do not claim in any way to have discovered the present miniature. Its exquisite subtlety of expression and drawing certainly held my immediate attention, and proclaimed it at once to be the work of a master, but it is one of the many fine examples belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, and one which His Grace pointed out to me as a miniature he particularly admired. That in some ways it cannot be considered so important a miniature as Mr. Godolphin Quicke's example, must be admitted. It is smaller, and the fact that it is in oil with a dark brown background and somewhat low in tone, detracts from the general effect. But in expression and feeling it certainly appears to me to surpass the larger miniature. This little picture, which can as confidently be attributed to Holbein as others have been, is peculiarly interesting, being, though slightly larger than the reproduction, the smallest known portrait in oil which the master painted. It is on silver, and the lowness and warmth of tone make it particularly difficult to photograph, but such work as this seems to enforce its merits even through the imperfections of a reproduction. I



Ben Jonson (?): In Oil, on Copper.



Portrait, Time of William III.: In Oil.
Attributed to F. Cleyn: Signed F. S.



General Desborough: In Oil, on Copper.

should say that this miniature has been painted thinly in oil on a gesso ground, and such a method no doubt enabled the master to attain its wonderful gradations and modelling without any appearance of effort and yet with infinite subtlety and force.

John Bettes is admittedly a very rare master of miniature and we have had various dates given as his term of life. It is generally supposed that he died about the year 1570, and the latest date, I believe, has been authoritatively given as 1573. We know that he was Nicholas Hilliard's pupil, and that, like his master, he was employed by Queen Elizabeth. He is said to have painted a very exquisite little portrait of the Queen's favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. The only evidence I know of, that he painted in oil, is the portrait of Edmund Butt, ascribed to him, in the National Gallery. This painting certainly possesses the thin and somewhat poor quality of technique suggestive of a hand accustomed to paint in water-colour on a small scale. On page 8 is an oil miniature on card, which is signed 1580, B., not J. B. as has been asserted, and which has been ascribed to Bettes. If this is correct, which seems most probable, then we must add seven years on to his term of life. On the other hand, no student of painting could pretend to see any similitude between the handling of this miniature and the oil portrait mentioned, neither is there any trace of Hilliard's teaching in its achievement, as in the water-colour of Essex. On the contrary, it has painter-like qualities that indicate an adept in the oil-colours and is altogether a very fine piece of work.



An Aged Monk (Spanish): In Oil, on Paper.

One of the most distinguished portrait painters who produced miniatures in oil was Cornelius Jansseen, and the fact that he also copied many of his larger works in miniature has been the reason for assigning many specimens to this painter that he probably never saw. The example, however, that I give here from the Welbeck collection (p. 9) is one of those that I have little hesitation in ascribing to him, on account of its breadth and masterly qualities of technique. It is catalogued as a portrait of the painter himself, but it is quite unlike any other that I have seen.



Portrait: In Oil, on Copper. Cromwellian Period.

Another oil portrait about which some doubt may be expressed is that of Ben Jonson (p. 9). It is similar to one or two miniatures in water-colours that exist, and is excellent in its qualities. Houbraken engraved it as a portrait of the poet in all good faith, yet if we compare it with Gerard Honthorst's portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, from which most other engravings of Ben Jonson were taken, this likeness certainly seems, in most characteristics, dissimilar. The engraving is dated 1738, just a hundred years after his death, but the portrait which we give is undoubtedly a contemporary production on copper and is one of many excellent oil miniatures about which we must remain uncertain. That it is from the hand of Peter Oliver, as has been several times suggested, seems to me unsupported by any evidence whatever.

There are numbers of wonderfully skilful little portraits in oil belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which prove beyond doubt that there existed many clever



An Old Man (Spanish): In Oil, on Rough Paper.

miniaturists who practised this medium long after water-colours had become the favourite method.

Amongst the few names which are associated with this branch of the art, the Cleyn family must be placed prominently. Their authenticated works are very scarce, but always show an excellence of finish peculiarly and typically characteristic of the art of the miniaturist. In identifying their miniatures we again meet with some confusion. Walpole distinctly states that, according to the register at Mortlake, "Francis Cleyn the elder had three sons, Francis, Charles, and John; Francis, the eldest, being born in 1625 and dying in 1650." The other two "appear to have been expert artists." There are several water-colour miniatures extant signed with two C's intertwined, and these are undoubtedly by Charles. As will be seen by the two beautiful oil examples I give here, certain miniatures have been definitely assigned to Francis (p. 9). The one of Andrew Marvell was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Art Exhibition in 1889 and catalogued as by Francis Cleyn. The other portrait of an unknown gentleman, which belongs to the same collection, is described as being signed F.C., and by Francis Cleyn. I have examined the monogram signature on this last very carefully, and the initials are certainly not F.C., but F.S. As the two paintings decidedly have the appearance of being from the same hand, it appears to me probable that the incorrect reading of this monogram has led to the error in the ascription of both. As the eldest son Francis died ten years before the Restoration, his sitters would hardly have been dressed as in the second miniature, which altogether suggests a later date. It is quite possible that some miniatures assigned to Francis Cleyn may have been done by the father, who is said to have taught miniature painting to Richard Gibson and others, and we know he lived to the year 1658. It is always a pity to have to throw doubt on any existing ascription; on the other hand, it is only by frankly admitting errors that any advance in our knowledge is attained. These two miniatures are so remarkably fine and possess such distinctive characteristics that it would be of great interest to determine their authorship. Two other excellent little portraits of the Cromwellian period I am also able to give here, one of General Desborough (p. 10), brother-in-law to Cromwell, executed with great delicacy, and the other of an unknown gentleman, very freely painted and full of character. Both are painted on copper, but they show two completely different methods of handling.

I will conclude with a reference to some clever small portrait studies, on paper, of the Spanish school (p. 10). These can hardly be legitimately considered miniatures inasmuch as their qualities are too impressionistic, and yet if it can be claimed that Goya painted miniatures in producing pieces of equally small dimensions, these may at least be classed in the same category. I should be inclined to say myself that they but prove it is not the scale, but rather the technical execution, that constitutes a miniature.

We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch for his kind permission to reproduce most of the miniatures illustrated here, and to His Grace the Duke of Portland for a similar privilege in respect to the one by Cornelius Jansseen.

The Romance of the Spoon.

By E. Avery Keddell.

"Ah, fill the cup; what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet?"

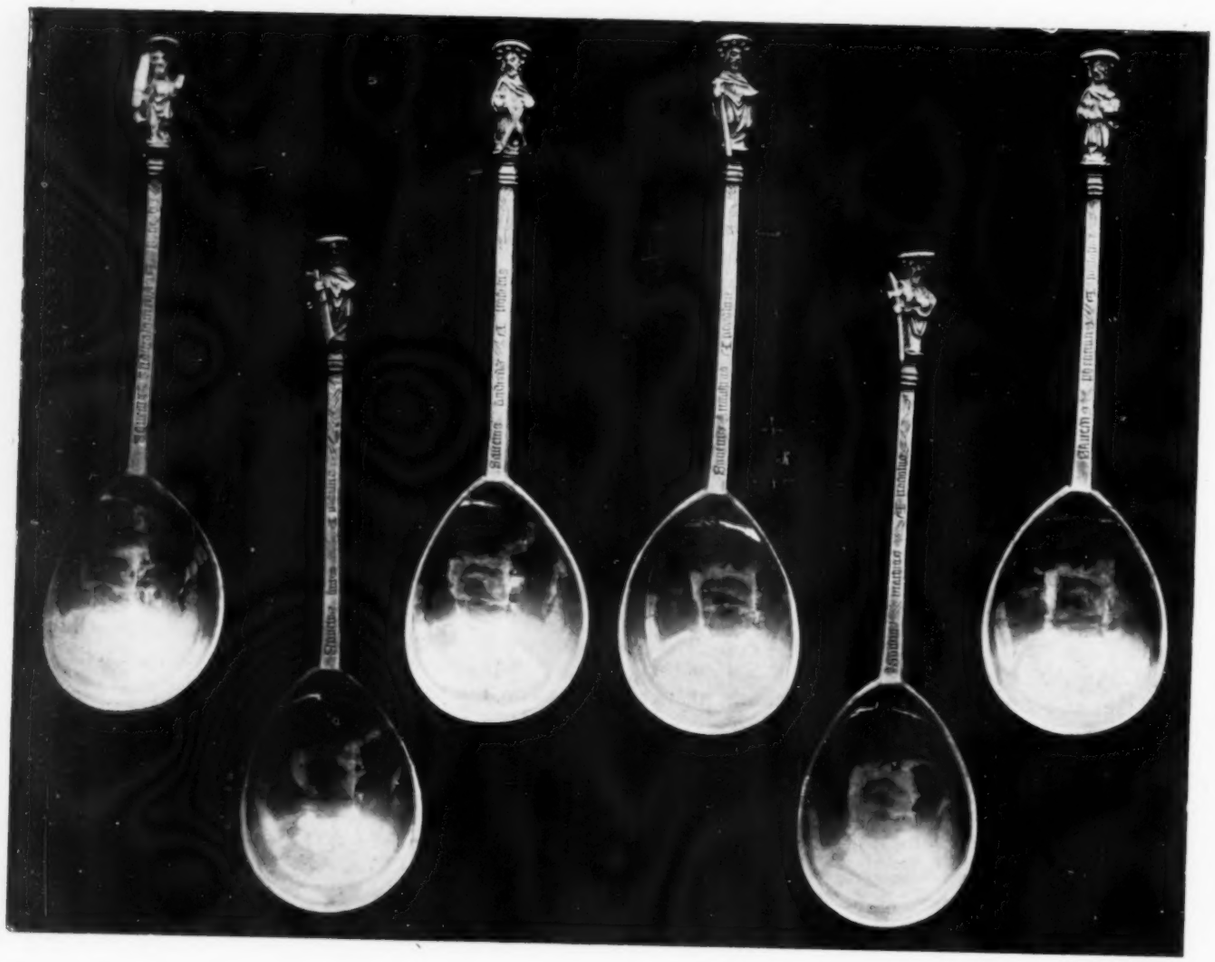
TRUE is it that volumes of absorbing interest could be written upon the romance clinging around the spoon! The immortal Virgil dwelt about a gnat, Apuleius discoursed upon the ass; Lucian made much in the written word of a fly, whilst Homer dwelt upon a battle royal between frogs and mice. A bucket provided Tasso with material for twelve cantos. Again, Pope gave us a poem on a lock of hair; Gray, lines on a cat; Cowper eulogised his sofa, and no less a person than Prior set down in writing concerning a ladle. Swift mused on the stump of a besom, and one John Haywood, who lived in Henry VIII.'s time, wrote no less than seventy-seven chapters upon spiders and cobwebs!

In the very sound of a spoon there is life, history and romance. Is it not the life-giver? What visions of feasting and feasting's pleasure it conjures to the poor and hungry, even as to the rich and the voluptuous. We are all, more or less, acquainted with the adventures in many different countries of an immortalised spoon-maker of the sixteenth century—no less than our familiar old friend Sancho Panza, that short, fat husband of Tereza, whose shrewd simplicity, jokes, and proverbs have been so cleverly portrayed for us by the pen of Cervantes. Yet, familiar as we are with the pen-work



Rare French Spoons. Period 1330.

Two acorn-topped and two hexagonal knops.



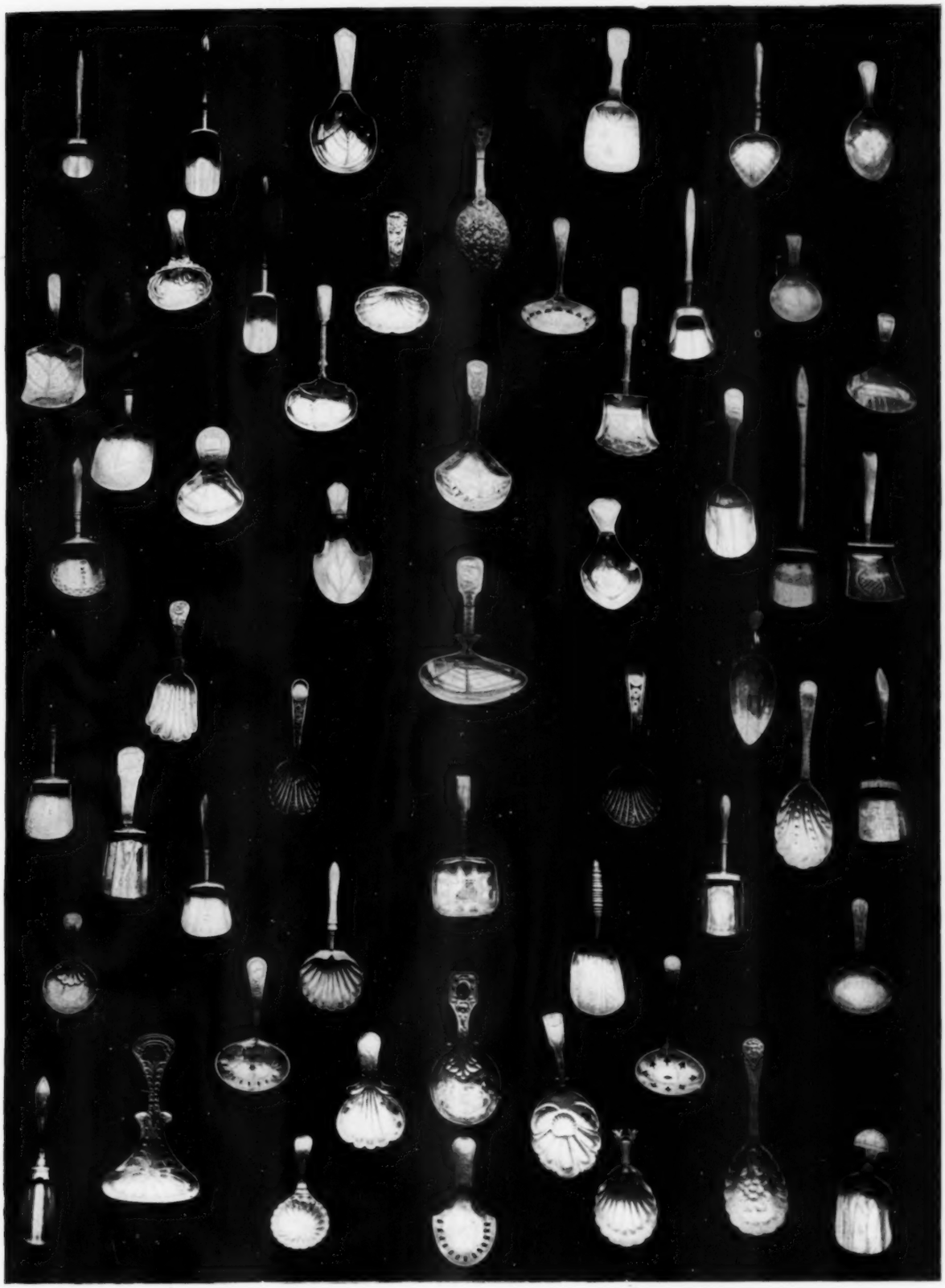
Six Apostle Spoons. English. Period 1544.

of this writer, there are things that the reviewers of Cervantes have overlooked. For instance, had he withheld from Sancho Panza his penchant for making wooden spoons and fondling them, the history of Don Quixote might just as well have been without the owner of Dapple. From what were the jolly round face and sly looks of Sancho derived, if not the free use of spoons? To what else but their cruel neglect was to be attributed the ghastly appearance of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance? Had the knight lived after the fashion of Panza he would, of a surety, never have lost his wits; and had the latter dieted as his master, he would never have had any to lose! The moral of the great Spanish romance has been much misunderstood; evidently the real intention of the author was to teach the world of men one invaluable truth, viz., that the proper use of a spoon could make a sensible man of a fool, and the neglect of it—a fool of a sensible man.

A spoon is absolutely one of the first things needed when we enter the world, and it is one of the last we part from when we go out with the tide. If it is not the very best music to mankind, and the companion of childhood, womanhood, motherhood and old age, it does play its part, and has, therefore, some claim to reverence and retrospection. The influence of the spoon is felt in every department and station of life. Above even the knife and fork it moulds the manners, morals, and national characteristics, and much of individuality and personal character is told in the method of its usage. It is a healer of wounds oftentimes, alike for the body and the mind of us. What bad tempers it has softened, what evil passions it has been known to lay. Whilst many a knife has committed murder, and the most presentable fork been guilty of felony, how little of evil has the spoon lent itself to. Stolen in all ages, it has not returned evil to its captors. The spoon opens the mouth of the dumb and, what is sometimes much more difficult to accomplish, it has been known to stop the loquacious one! Like unto the black stone at Micca, it is polished by the lips of its admirers, and though a censorious world might stigmatise this as being mere lip service, it is, in reality, from the heart or its neighbourhood, if we give credence to the Chinese philosophy, that the seat of the soul is in the centre of the stomach.

Many are the standpoints we may study the spoon from, and might even affirm that it had played its part in moulding the destiny of nations. The vivacity of the French is said to be due to their frequent and clever manipulation of the spoon. Too wise are they to follow the example of their taciturn neighbours in an everlasting use of knife and fork. The difference in the temper and habits of Briton and Gaul may be, perhaps, traced to roasts and ragoûts, to beef and bouilli.

What a wealth of antiquarian lore has the history of the spoon attached itself to. Egyptian specimens of hoary



Fifty-four English Tea-caddy Spoons. Mostly Eighteenth Century



Folding Spoons (German and Dutch) of Seventeenth Century. French and Scotch Rat tails, and flat stem with Pied-de-biche termination.

antiquity show that the mouths of people three and four thousand years ago were much of the same size and capacity as ours of to-day, for these spoons and ours are much of an average size. Again, what philanthropists, in their quiet way, spoons have shown themselves to be. Often and often have they rescued their owners from dire extremities. Even pewter spoons have been known to help the cause of Freedom against Tyranny by being melted into bullets to fire at the enemy. In every city of the world frequently have silver spoons left home and family in order to raise money for the purchase of food when their possessor's purse has been so empty as to leave the cupboard bare. The flinty-hearted money-lender has his soft side for the spoon, and will often lend more than their worth on them, in the sentimental hope of obtaining them for his own collection.

The mess of pottage which Esau bought for the price of his birthright needed a spoon to eat it with, so some sort of a rough spoon must have existed from the earliest times. Doubtless these earlier spoons were all natural ones, and after the hollow of the hand, the shells of cockle, mussel, clam, and many other bivalves were brought into requisition and were obviously suited, though strictly limited as to quantity, for conveying liquid to the mouth. History teaches us how the choicest liqueurs of the ancient Picts and Scots were served in cockle-shells, and it was thus there arose that familiar phrase, "rejoicing in a shell," which, in olden days, was equivalent to the more modern fashion of drinking toasts in wine. Until quite recently, your true Highlander drank his whisky in the same way. Nature shells have now made way for artificial ones, and are, we suppose, very seldom used. Sir Walter Scott reminds us of these old customs in his "St. Ronan's Well," where he made the old Nabob describe the ladies as "sipping cat-lap out of cockle-shells."

Somewhat more natural spoons, as we regard them, were obtained from the horns of animals—goats, oxen, bison, and buffalo.

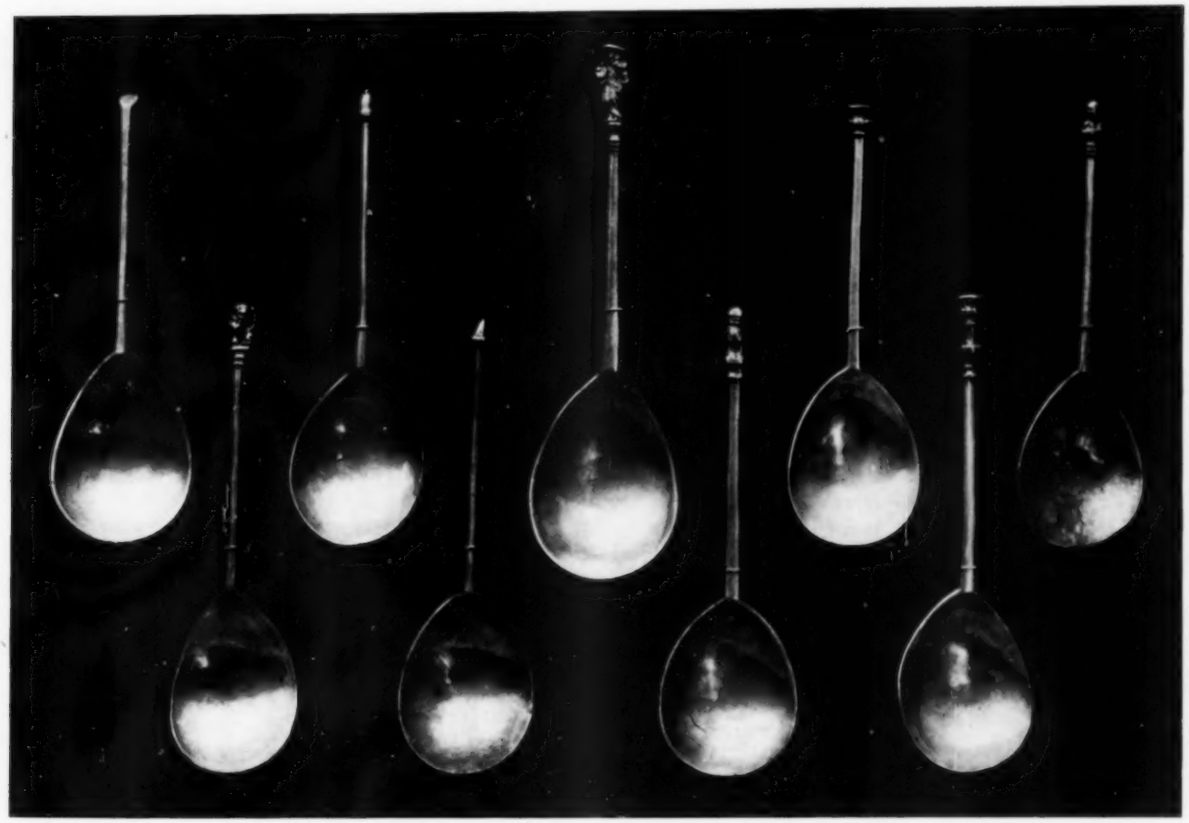
It may not seem very extensively known, yet the spoon plays an important part in the most solemn even as in the most pompous of our national pageants. At the anointing of our monarchs at their coronation in Westminster Abbey it has always been indispensable, and the consecrated oil is first put into a spoon before being poured over their devoted and august heads. Many of the sacred articles used on such ceremonial occasions were lost and done away with during the Civil Wars, and, of course, Oliver Cromwell, the austere, made sad havoc amongst these baubles. On the restoration and return of Charles II., his crowning was delayed on account of the absence of the anointing spoon, amongst other things. So the reader must admit that in the history of spoons there is romance, and a dignity mated to fine utility.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries old pocket spoons, or folding spoons, as they were called, were not rare. In the grand progresses and visits of Elizabeth we read of a golden one, and there are still in existence some good examples of the gold folding spoon of that time. In some old spoons the handles are separable from the bowls. I have seen Persian sherbet spoons fifteen inches long, which were fashioned, and beautifully too, of box- or pear-tree wood.

In China and some parts of Asia, spoons are made of earthenware, though the chop-sticks perform for the Chinese the same duties as our fork and spoon. The prevalent idea that your monogram or crest on your spoon is not altogether an ancient custom may be dispersed, for the Greeks and Romans had their initials cut on the spoons of their use. Quaint devices, too, were adopted during the middle ages, and many a good churchman had his spoons embellished with an Agnus Dei, or the figure of one of the Twelve Apostles, and it is from these older spoons we gain the Apostle spoon of a later age. It is recorded that Hogarth began his career by engraving arms and initials upon plates and spoons, and although we have very little information on this subject, it is undoubtedly authentic. With our more immediate forefathers, it was considered evidence of a dire poverty, or of an exceeding meanness, not to possess spoons or some of the table service of silver. In northern Europe, the young women on festival days adorned themselves with rows of silver spoons strung together, and worn either as a necklace or girdle. A person of considerable importance was the feminine possessor of the longest necklace or best filled girdle.

The possessor of a good collection of antique silver spoons is now a someone who may justly arouse in others the sin of covetable envy. Such articles may be of almost fabulous value, and in order to enable my readers to recognise the genuine and prized examples, I am giving a few particulars of some of the more sought-for patterns. The majority of the spoons made before 1499 had either what is termed a plain "knop" or knob, or a spear-point. In the fifteenth century, some spoons were produced whose stems were adorned with a representation of the Virgin Mary. This particular type of spoon eventually came to be known as the "Maiden-Head" spoon, and a considerable number of these were made during the sixteenth century, for they were extremely popular. Again, some of the most famous sets of Apostle spoons were made about that same period. Complete sets, numbering twelve, of these old Apostle spoons are both rare and, when they are to be purchased, fetch long prices, for so many sets have in the course of the last three or four hundred years been divided or broken up. Some two years ago, at a famous spoon collector's sale, one Apostle spoon fetched no less a sum than £600. Since the cult of the antique has become the fashionable pastime of the English and American woman, the market price of old spoons has steadily increased each year. In 1858, it is recorded that a complete set of twelve Apostle spoons, dated 1592, were sold for £430. If anyone boasts a set of thirteen Apostle spoons—that is, the Twelve Apostles and the "Master" spoon with a figure of the Saviour holding a cross, they would fetch quite easily a princely sum. Such sets of thirteen are exceeding rare, and so far as I have been able to discover, only four such Master sets of English manufacture are now known to be in existence.

The six Apostle spoons we are able to reproduce in these pages are of silver parcel-gilt, with large bowls, and bear the English Hall-mark for 1544. At the end of each spoon we may note the figure of one of the Apostles, whilst along the



English Spoons of Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries, showing examples of the diamond pointed spoon, the lion sejant, acorn-headed, maiden-headed, the slipped-end, and the seal-headed.







Globular Krop and Apostle Spoons used by Norwegian Peasants.

stem, engraved in Gothic characters, is the name of the individual Apostle, followed by the word, "Apostolus." The spelling of some of the names is peculiar, thus: "Sanctus Batholomeus," "Sanctus Andreas," "Sanctus Mattheus," "Sanctus Phelippus."

Of ancient date was the custom of godfathers and godmothers at christenings to present spoons, and the origin of the saying, "born with a silver spoon in her mouth," is easily traced to this. Were the sponsor a wealthy man or woman, a set of Apostle spoons might have been given, while folks not so rich would give a pair of spoons, or even one, adorned with their own particular saint. Spoons with "slipped" ends were made as early as 1580, and therefore there appears to be no foundation for the theory, at one time held by a large number of collectors, that these were really Apostle spoons which had been mutilated by the Roundheads. But spoons with these sliced stems are, amongst many people, still termed "Puritans." The lion sejant spoon seems to have been produced chiefly during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Another pattern which apparently was made before, but not after, the reign of Charles II. is the seal-headed spoon. A device which found favour with the silversmiths from the time of the Commonwealth until well into George I.'s reign was known as the "*pied de biche*." In these, as their name implies, the handle is cleft in two places, making three divisions much resembling a hind's foot.

Following closely upon the welcome advent of the tea-caddy came those dainty little shovels or scoops for measuring the tea into the teapot, and a considerable number of these tea-caddy spoons were wrought by the craftsmen of the eighteenth century. Many of these specimens exhibit great variety, and the wonderful originality of design typical of things wrought in that notable era. Some of these caddy spoons show bowls of shell shape, with short, dumpy handles; others again have the oval bowl mated to the fiddle-pattern stem, but there is practically no limit to either the variety or design for these pretty and dainty little spoons, the collection of which is quite amongst the latest craze.

Naturally enough there are many other kinds of spoons which space will not permit me to describe in a single article, but this article itself would not be complete were no mention made of the progress or rather diminution of the "Rat's-tail" spoon, as that long tongue running down the back of the bowl and joining it to the handle is called. This particular type of decoration may be found upon spoons made in several reigns prior to that of George II. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the bowls on our spoons commenced to be elongated, and to be made more oval than round, and the handles or stems were then made flat and broad. This will be noticed to be the characteristic of spoons fashioned in the days of Good Queen Anne. The joining of these elliptical bowls to the handles was in reality strengthened by the rat's-tail decoration.

With the Hanoverian dynasty in England the handles of spoons became rounded, and there was a sharp ridge running down the centre. Subsequently, the handle, instead of turning up at the end in front, was made to turn down, just as we are accustomed to see spoons of the present day, and as these grew more popular the rat's-tail became shorter and shorter. Since the days of George II., spoons, while changing slightly in mode of ornamentation, have not substantially altered in main outline.

Have I said enough to show that an old spoon may have had not only an historic, but, more possibly still, a romantic past? While theologians may wrangle as to the transmigration of souls, the transmigration of spoons is beyond dispute. Futhermore, the spoons we use to-day may have, in the distant ages of the past, been silver sheckles in some far-off temple, or possibly, have belonged to those paid by Abraham for that field at Hebron. The most careless among us can spare a thought for these old relics, and handle them with a reverence to which their age and history entitle them. Who is there amongst us to-day can tell but what some treasured spoon may have once upon a time been in the possession of Andromache, or Artaxerxes, of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, or have been lifted to the red lips of the beauteous Cleopatra herself?



Reparabit Cornua Phœbe.
By Tom Scott, R.S.A.

Tom Scott, R.S.A.

By Edward Pinnington.

OF the small group of Scots artists who restrict their practice to water-colours, Mr. Tom Scott is one of the most prominent and capable. He has mastered the qualities peculiar to the medium of his preference—not less its delicacy than its strength—and, according to his mood and subject, compels the rendition alternately of tenderness and force. The latter is found chiefly in his figure-paintings, where the vigour of the drawing and action is carried out in the reserved strength of the colour. The former is most strikingly apparent in landscape. The colour of nature in Scotland was likened by Millais to a wet pebble. He meant that the low greens and greys and purples of moor, rock, and heather, the richer tints of autumn, "and lichened crags, orange and grey and brown," have, in the moist air, a glistening sheen akin to that of an eye swimming in tears. In the southern districts, when, through rolling mists, the autumn sun strikes the dripping uplands, the prevailing tint is lower, nearer that of a polished moss agate. The driving moisture wets like fine rain, and makes the landscape "gleam like waters in the sun." The effect is often caught on the moors of Galloway, in the rugged Carlyle country about Craigenputtock, and eastward from Criffel and the Solway to Norham and the Tweed. To reproduce it in art—the glassy clearness of the air and the sparkle of the greenery—demands an eye and a brush trained to fine



A Reiver's Ride.
By Tom Scott, R.S.A.



Jock o' the Syde.
By Tom Scott, R.S.A.

distinctions. The eastern section of the Border, from Berwick to Selkirk, is Mr. Scott's chosen field. Nature has taught him something of her own subtlety, and, from the riches strewed on hill and haugh by the passing seasons, he works back to the corresponding wealth of history, tradition, and minstrelsy. The Border is an inexhaustible mine of subjects for every form of pictorial art.

In the sense of Schopenhauer, style is "the physiognomy of the mind," and pertains to conception, design and technique. Personal style surrounds Mr. Scott like an atmosphere, although it has been affected by environment, and the associations of poetry and history. The peculiarity of his case is that external influence has made for individuality. He is *par excellence* the artist-minstrel, the pictorial makkar of the Scottish Border. He is not a wandering harper, but indigenous to the Borderland, a reflection of Border life, of the spirit of the typical Borderer, of the poetic melancholy of Border nature. Born in the reiver's home, he was reared amongst the places sung by the minstrels. To have lived within the fringe of the rich-netted mantle of romance which envelops the Border from Merrie Carlisle to Berwick is Scott's privilege and distinction. To be of the Border, to have Border blood in his veins, to be a Scott, is his inheritance. It tinges life, colours thought, and decides character. It has resulted in his being as intimately associated with the Border, with the legends of the moss-trooper, as Mr. Robert Gibb is with battle, or as was Sir Noël Paton with religious symbolism and Gospel story. Scott paints himself—and that is style. His leading subjects belong to his life. They are part of himself, and his treatment of them in art is, therefore, only a form of self-expression.

Circumstance has been a powerful agent in making Scott what he is. He was born at Selkirk in 1854, and educated there. When a little boy of four or five, he "scratched away," he says, with pencil and coloured crayons, and became the happy possessor of a box of water-colours. By a circumstance so trifling he was led in life's beginning to use water-colour, and the early association has never been broken. It was, rather, strengthened by what he saw in after years of the work of other aquarellists, and especially of Bough. In boyhood he found critics in the workmen in a neighbouring shoemaker's shop. His only conscious impulse at the time was a vague desire to imitate, and he accordingly drew anything that struck his fancy. At school, his faculty showed itself in the exceptional form of ornamental lettering, at which, amongst his schoolmates, he was an easy first. His slate was a convenient drawing-board and sketch-book, and his slate-pencil was seldom idle.

Leaving school, he went into the clothing trade, and—as too many have done in kindred pursuits—wasted many precious years in the workshop and sales-room. He had reached his majority before he won his freedom, and soon afterwards he began to exhibit, appearing in the Royal Scottish Academy exhibition of 1878 with a water-colour landscape, 'A Yarrow Brae.' The fact is noteworthy as indicative of the value of industry to an untutored artist. Although, in truth, Scott got no lessons, he practised almost incessantly. His life at that period, as he drew near the parting of the ways, presents few variations upon an often-told tale. There was the old battle to be fought once more with circumstance and authority. Scott used to rise in the morning hours for sketching purposes, sometimes setting out as early as three o'clock, to catch the mystery-making greys, the opals and half-tones that make the impalpable fascination of the world, and of the rose-tinged sky before sunrise.

In landscape lay the field of his first choice, and, there being no local artist to consort with, he found a companion in one of his father's workmen. The two untrained enthusi-



The Troutlawford.
By Tom Scott, R.S.A.



Return to Hawick from Harnshole, 1514.
By Tom Scott, R.S.A.

asts sketched together and, meeting again at nights, painted together. During those early years Scott not only followed art without his father's sympathy, but in the face of his opposition, as he wished his son to follow his own business. Authority, exhortation and remonstrance were, however, alike unavailing. Instead of being bent or melted, the young artist conceived only an invincible hatred of business, and was so far fortunate that, in his mother, he had a steadfast ally and comforting friend.

About the time of his first exhibit, the serious work of academic education began. He entered the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh about 1877–78, and attended the antique class under Mr. Charles Hodder. His drawings were chiefly in chalk and water-colour, the latter by preference, which, of all the students in the class, he alone used. On entering the Life class, he was again the only pupil who employed that medium, and in it all his life studies were made. At the Trustees' Academy Scott learned to draw, and the comparative efficiency of the training and course of study followed at that institution twenty-five years ago may be measurably estimated by the easy vigour of his work and the combined force and accuracy of all his drawings.

Sam Bough was one of his unofficial teachers, and Bough's masters became in turn Scott's adopted guides, especially Constable, Cox, Muller of Bristol, and Fred. Walker. In figure-painting he was attracted by the Cornish pictures of Walter Langley. But of all recent and contemporary painters, he was most powerfully drawn to Bastien Lepage, whose 'Joan of Arc' impressed him more deeply, he thinks, than any other picture he ever saw. Lepage he has studied in all his moods, and has thereby reached a wholly exceptional comprehension of that artist's wonderful versatility and elasticity of style. In the majority of his works, and those upon which his reputation mainly rests, Lepage is broad, but in his picture of the Maid of Orleans he paints every leaf, every little detail, with the dainty delicacy of a miniature Creswick. Taking the group—Constable, Walker, Lepage—Scott's masters were the selection of a healthy instinct, and primarily an artist's choice.

In order to perfect his art-education Scott went to Italy, where, besides studying the Old Masters, he gratified a decided antiquarian taste. His admiration was stirred by the old work of the cinque cento period, by the metal-work of Cellini and the enamelled relievos of Luca della Robbia. He made architectural studies and drawings of such works as the Arch of Titus. He made one centre of Rome and another of Florence, dividing his time between them, and occupying himself partly with work, partly with study. The Florentine people won almost as much of his attention as their art. From Italy he crossed to Tunis, and there again his attention was drawn from nature to the picturesqueness of a people new to him and strange. The majority of his Tunisian sketches consisted of figure-subjects. He was, no doubt, inspired by what he saw in these wanderings, and his art-feeling was probably deepened and strengthened, but he really got little practical knowledge in the course of his travels abroad. He spent a few weeks in Paris at the time of the Exhibition of 1889, but visited none of the studios. To sum up, his foreign touring may have quickened his artistic sense, enriched his mind, broadened his culture and raised his standard of excellence; but, with the exception of Lepage, his masters were British and his education was Scots.

As he grew older, and the range of his reading became more extended, his intellectual outlook gradually increased in scope, but his sympathies found a centre in the Border. As he turned from nature out-of-doors, and looked for



The Legend of Ladywood.
By Tom Scott, R.S.A.

something at home that might take in art the place of the picturesque, brightly-costumed figures of Italy, France and North Africa, he found it in Border ballad, history and tradition.

In so far as traceable to an external source, Mr. Scott's first impulse towards Border life and story, as a field for art, came from Scott and Wilson, from "Guy Mannering," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "Border Minstrelsy" and the "Tales."



Mr. Tom Scott, R.S.A.

Mr. Scott never uses oil, and does not paint portraits. Apart from history, tradition and minstrelsy, he is partial to Border landscape. He is deeply touched by the subtle spell of the Border, the melancholy charm that rests alike upon upland and river, upon peel-tower and ruined keep. They all lie under the magic light lingering in the wake of "days that are no more."

The occupations of Mr. Scott's leisure all tend to keep him in touch with nature, and so have a sustaining influence upon his art. He sees Nature in both her sunny and shadowed moods when, fishing-rod in hand, he rambles by Ettrick, Tweed and Yarrow. Her wintry mien is equally familiar, watched from the curling rink between the blood-red sun at dawn crimsoning her robe of white, and the frosty sunset in the copper-coloured west. With angling and curling Mr. Scott combines the studious pastime of an antiquary. He has gathered many relics of the ancient Britons, knives, axes and arrow-heads of flint, up the vale of Yarrow and in Berwickshire, about his old home at Earlston. Imagination hovers between the living world and antiquity, between Ettrick Kirk and Druid ritual, and one more strand is added by the artist-antiquary to the bond between present and past.

These things show the impossibility of dividing the man's life from the career of the artist. Like many other painters, and those the most capable, Mr. Scott cannot be classified. He has given as formally accurate renderings of many scenes as the rankest realist could desire; and, thinking out a border foray or adventure sung by the minstrels, he has pictured them with all the harmonised

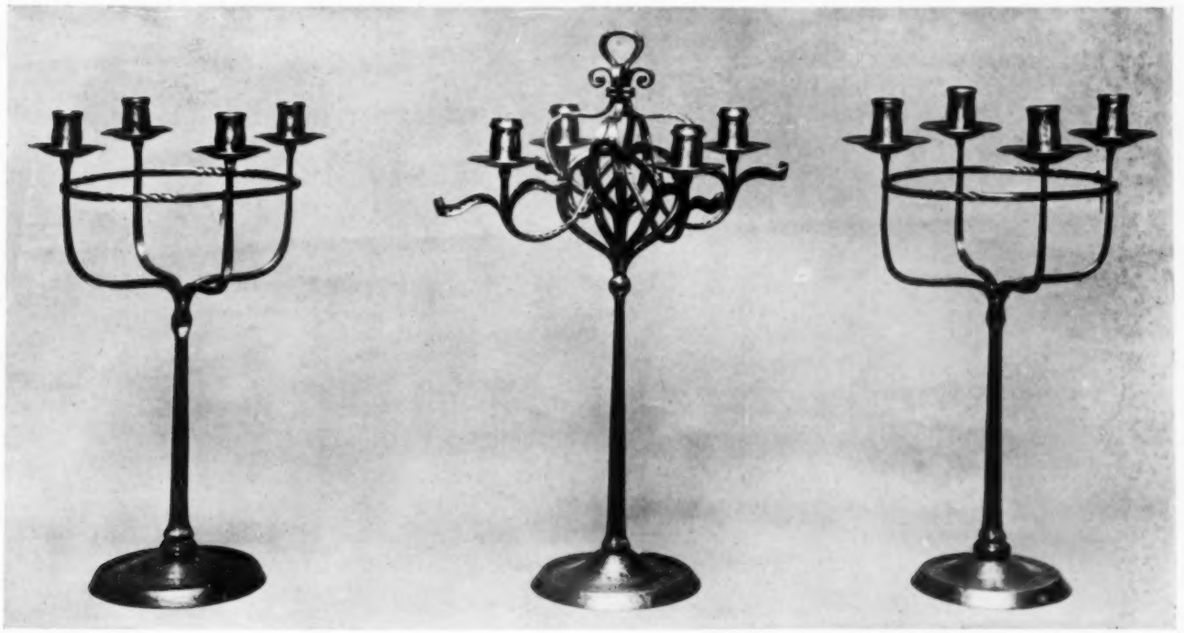
completeness, the unbroken unity of effect, at which, from Tintoretto's day to the present, impressionists have aimed. It can only lead to confusion to assort into sects the men who, looked at broadly, ignore them. The realities of Mr. Scott's life, its physical setting, his studies, pursuits, all the outlets of a Scottish Borderer's vitality, have this bearing upon his art—that the one is the complement and counterpart of the other. Art is the outcome of life. It may be that landscape does not move Mr. Scott so deeply as historical or legendary incident. He seems, at any rate, to be less sympathetic in the former than in figure-painting. His style in the latter is more manifestly individual, more of a personal development, than in landscape. His imagination creates a unity, centred in movement and interest, one in conception and effect: his eye, less comprehensive, seizes upon Nature's details. This, however, is distinctive of his practice in every walk—he approaches all his subjects from the inside. While another painter seems to stand aloof from his theme, and to state only an external and visual impression, Mr. Scott establishes himself in the heart of it, and having assimilated it in spirit, action, in aspect, significance or passion, lays these down in their totality in colour.

One of the latest and best of the moss-trooper pictures is seen in the illustration quaintly entitled 'Reparabit cornua Phœbe.' Not only will the moon "refill her horns," but, from the cattle in the middle distance, the inference is that a successful moonlight raid is bidding fair to replenish the raiders' store of horned cattle.

Arts and Crafts.

FROM Nature, the embodied joy of life, and Toil, the service of the living spirit, came, as is written in an ancient scripture, Invention, their fair daughter, who received from the Creator the gift of being, and power to rule all potencies of creation. As above, so below, written on the stone tablets that are the record of the imperishable law accomplished through the changing forms of life. Wherever Nature is an awakened spirit of joy, and Work a joyful energy, their issue—Invention—receives life and rules activity to beauty, so that what is made is created. Art in all its forms, of substance, of sound, of movement, of creative words, is the type of that archetypal power whose being is in the fulfilment by all things of their essential beauty, the manifestation of life in transfiguration. The belief in art as a creative force issuing from the spirit and the energy of life, possessing as its kingdom all human capability to perceive and to construct, implies, for the student, its study and appreciation in all inventive uses of material. For the artist it implies the widest possible recognition of the functions of art. So long as uninspired life and drudgery are driven together to produce mechanically the utilities of life, so long as beauty is regarded as a luxury, and the artist is only the painter or sculptor, the art that has glorious birth and fair being in the world must be a memory and a hope.

Yet the hope grows stronger, and the ideal lives



Candelabra.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Executed by the Artificers' Guild.



Candlesticks in wrought iron. Lamp in wrought ron with brass shade.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Executed by the Artificers' Guild.



Cup in opaque Pâte de Verre.

By A. L. Dammouse.

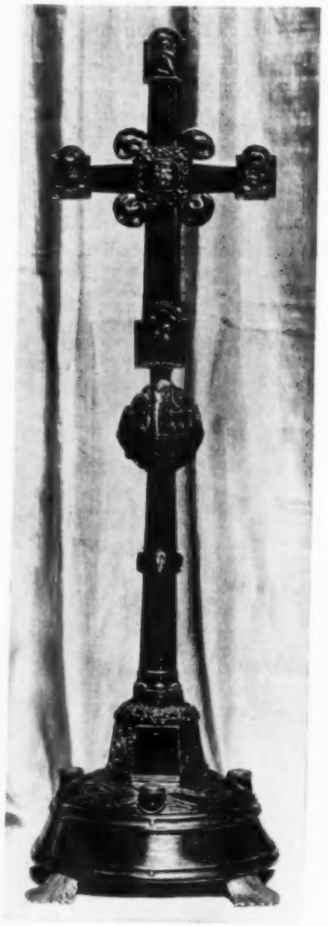


Bowl in translucent Pâte de Verre.

By A. L. Dammouse.

increasingly in actuality and conception. To-day it is represented in work, organisation, ideas, that are the utterance of a common faith in the desirability and use of art, and of practical acquaintance with craft-processes that no one even talked about a quarter of a century ago. Ideals that a little while since lived in the energy and inspiration of one or two men are now accepted as the creed of a multitude. But the impulse that dictated the adventure of the leader into a forsaken place of art, signifies a stronger imaginative apprehension of the beauty and significance of a process or use of materials than the many can share. It is one thing to choose to learn a craft when it is displayed and arranged for teaching. It is another and far more intense purpose that inspires the artist who has to find his own knowledge of materials and processes, and in the result of such eager research one looks to find a living invention, quickened by the individual life and the individual labour.

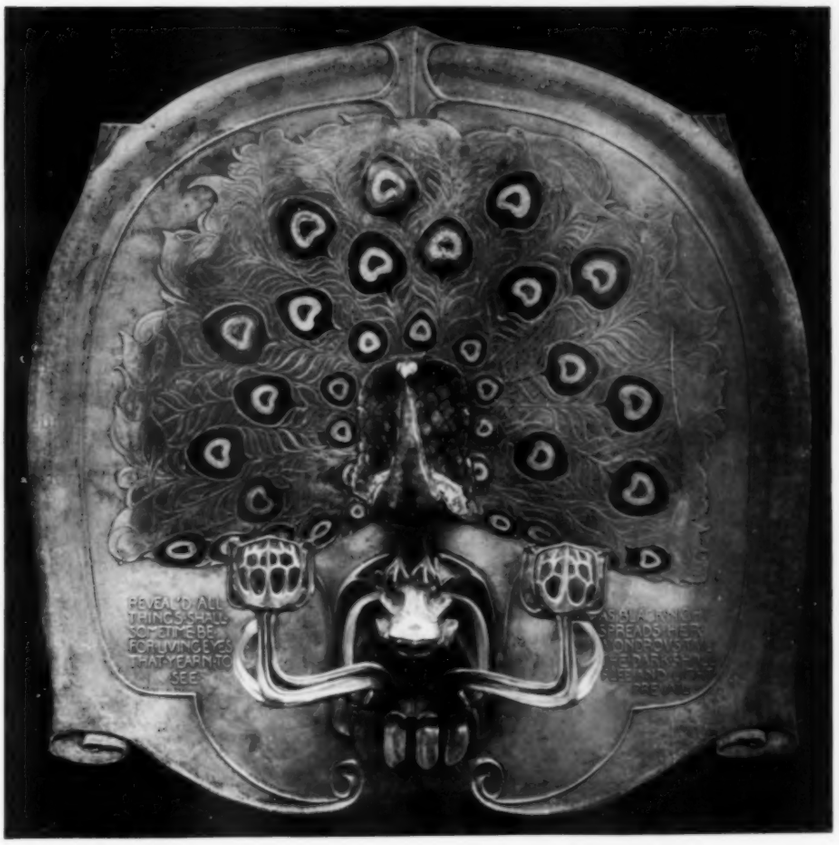
In the enamels of Mr. Alexander Fisher, the reviver of the art of enamelling, and first among the many who now practise the beautiful, vivid craft, personal delight in the art, its fitness to his imaginative energy, are finely evidenced. He found enamelling a dead art, a mere device of covering engine-turned or



Altar Cross for St. Ives.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Executed by the Artificers' Guild.

stamped metal with a crude glassy surface. Of the exquisite methods that had served to add imaginative beauty to the metal-work of the great goldsmiths there only remained a coarse, mechanical travesty of champlevé in pieces of cheap jewellery. Of the infinite jewel-tinted, jewel-varied colour-range of true enamel only the crudest uniform tints were in use, their translucency, the play of dim or vivid lights, neglected. From this commercialised process to the masterworks of Mediæval and Renaissance enamellers the way was forgotten. Mr. Fisher set himself to become the pupil of the masters, to master their methods, to enrich his colour-sense with the splendid fantasies they wrought on cup and casket and missal, to discipline his hand to work, like theirs, cunningly on the metal that was to receive the lovely over-laying of enamel. That the metal-work, whether of the ground for the enamel, or of its setting, should be beautiful, is a fundamental necessity in such an endeavour; and whether in conjunction with the lovely colour and quality of his enamels, or in use without enamel, Mr. Fisher's metal-work is of fine skill and imagination. But it is with gem-like colour, veiled or brilliant, that the artist weaves his most alluring fantasies. Thrilling like an opal with flameless fires, like a rainbow mist, like smouldering sunsets, or the gleaming depths of water, deep and still in colour like the still waters or cloudless night sky, or flashing with splendour through splendour, there is no magic of dream or pageant for which enamel has not a dress to offer the master-worker. In itself it is an allurement to the imagination to embody the irradiated figures of saints and angels, and of the Light incarnate, or, in another mood, the enchanted vestures, gardens and gifts of legend and Faerie. Mr. Fisher's imagination works in this luminous medium as though it were a true dream-material, one with



Peacock Sconce.
By Alexander Fisher.



Bowl in translucent Pâte de Verre.
By A. L. Dammouse.



Pot in Pâte de Verre.
By A. L. Dammouse.



The Song of the Storm.

(See detail in colour opposite.)

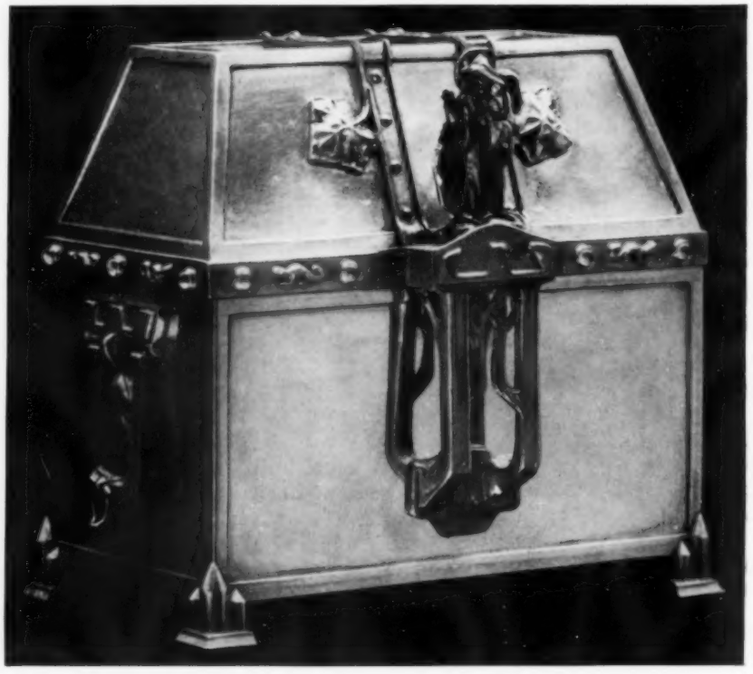
By Alexander Fisher.

the idea. Only by setting intimate or splendid pieces of his work beside any ancient or modern enamel is one reminded how individual, and therefore how practised and disciplined an art this is, whose beauty suggests no toil, but only swift delight. Yet its origin is in patient labour to discover and perfect fine methods of work, and individual life and toil live in the fair invention of each piece.

Recent metal-work by the Artificers' Guild includes an altar cross for St. Ives, Cornwall—where already fine work of the Guild is in use—in beauty of form and colour the true expression of the harmony of idea which informs it in every part. Mr. Spencer has never designed a more beautiful cross, and that such work takes shape in our own times is an assurance to rest on, when, sometimes, it seems as though our effort after beauty only measured its strangeness to our invention: as if, for this generation, only the dust and heat were to show that the race is once again renewed whose vision and final end is the immortal garland. The cross is a cross of life, not of death, of hope and faith through the life that is seen to what is unseen. The towered city with its gleaming jewel-lights; the vine stem and branches intertwined in symbol of the manifold life that has one root, one fruitage, one sacramental use; the gathering of the birds in the four angles of the cross, the blade-like cleanness of the upper cross, the symbols of the fourfold message, and the central enamel of the Lamb, are as delicate and fine in workmanship as they are significant. In colour, too, whether of the metals used or of the enamel, it is a fine invention. The one failure is in the base, where the treatment of water is inexpressive, and in the pediments, which are not coherent with the rest of the design.

The strong standard lamp in wrought iron with a great beaten brass shade, the simple and complex intertwisting patterns of the candelabra, if, imaginatively, work of less distinction than the altar cross, are not less valuable in their kind, nor less delightful to discover among the strained or clumsy forms of most recent light-holding objects.

The name of Dammouse signifies much that is vivid and exquisite in the ceramic art of modern France. In his work there is a delicate particularity of effect which only the rare masters of potting can achieve. It is the work of a virtuoso, yet the display of power is in reticence, in the precise attaining of some dainty *motif* of butterflies and flower-petals on the translucent shape of a little bowl. Pure colour, glowing or pale, an exquisite surface, nothing that is not fine, and finely used, are notes of the art of M. Dammouse. The bowls and goblet in *pâte de verre*, translucent and opaque, are examples shown in the last summer exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.



Casket.

By Alexander Fisher.



THE SONG OF THE STORM.

BY ALEXANDER FISHER.



GOLD AND ENAMEL MORSE.

BY ALEXANDER FISHER.



LOVE SHAKING THE ROSE TREE.

BY ALEXANDER FISHER.

Recent Publications.

Venice, its individual growth, from the earliest beginnings to the fall of the Republic, by **Pompeo Molmenti**, translated by **Horatio F. Brown** (vol. i., the Middle Ages, two parts, Murray, 21*s.*), is the work of trained historians, whose other studies ensure special attention and support to the present work. The story of the Veneti, their commercial and social life, their wars and sports, is attractively written down and illustrated.

Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh is the seasonable book of **W. Graham Robertson** (Lane, 7*s.* 6*d.*); simple, beautiful thoughts and refined illustrations. This year the drawings are reproduced in colours, and the interest of the book is thereby increased. The twelve designs, and the book of words, "pageants for a baby girl," show that the dexterous touch has not forsaken Mr. Graham Robertson. In preparing entertainment for his Little Woman, the artist shows rare imagination, and the new volume is a welcome addition to the others.

An important work of history, illustrated with reproductions of many rare engravings and pictures, is **The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome** (from the Pontificate of Julius II. to that of Paul III.), by **Rodolfo Lanciani** (Constable, 21*s.*). This study of a new period in the artistic and social life of Rome is of absorbing interest, and Professor Lanciani's volume of research is a desirable addition to the library.

One of the most successful of travel books lately issued is **The Shores of the Adriatic** (the Italian side), an architectural and archæological pilgrimage by **F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A.** (Murray, 21*s.*). The lesser places on the east of Italy have not attracted a fair proportion of visitors, but the coast towns leave little to be desired for picturesqueness and interest. Line reproductions of sketches by the author, and half-tone blocks from photographs by Mr. J. Cooper Ashton complete the descriptions.

A delightful book of imaginative costume is **Flowers from Shakespeare's Garden,** by **Walter Crane** (Cassell, 6*s.*), a book of fancies inscribed to the Countess of Warwick, whose old English garden at Easton Lodge inspired the designs. Here are forty masterly plates in colours, in which florally-dressed figures represent the blossoms and plants mentioned in the plays.

From Messrs. Cassell comes also **The MacWhirter Sketch Book** (5*s.*), an album of twenty-four bright illustrations in colours, and many other reproductions from sketches in Scotland, Switzerland and Italy. Mr. MacWhirter gives place-notes, and Mr. Edwin Bale contributes an introduction.

Decorative Plant and Flower Studies, by **J. Foord** (Batsford, 30*s.*), a book for the use of artists, designers, students, and others, contains forty colour-plates, a description of each plant, and 450 studies of growth and detail. Size, imperial quarto. Miss Foord's similar book, "Decorative Flower Studies," commended her work to those who need such facts of nature; and, as Mr. Lewis F. Day notes in his introduction to the present volume, there are occasions when, the living thing being out of reach, such a work of reference is indispensable.

Aims and Ideals in Art, eight lectures delivered to the students of the Royal Academy by **George Clausen, A.R.A.** (Methuen, 5*s.*), is as full of sound reasoning and expert advice as the author's work, "Six Lectures on Painting," which has proved so acceptable. Professor Clausen introduces many illustrations to support his words.

An account of the country and the peasantry of Southern Siam is given in **Lotus Land,** by **P. A. Thompson** (Werner Laurie, 16*s.*). The frontispiece is a colour reproduction of a sketch by Nai Cham, a Siamese artist, and the other illustrations, with the exception of the map, are from sketches and photographs made during a three years' visit. An instructive and interesting book, by a keen observer.

In **Saunterings in Spain** (Unwin, 10*s.* 6*d.*), **Frederick H. A. Seymour** visits Barcelona, strikes inland to Madrid, and on his journey south touches Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Granada. The author wished to explore the cities where the Moors founded their greatest seats, and with some help from a camera he records his impressions.

The Life of **Auguste Rodin,** by **Frederick Lawton** (Unwin, 15*s.*), is a substantial record of the famous sculptor, who has achieved distinction in history. Many of the works of genius reproduced in the book have been seen in exhibitions, and soon London will possess a public monument by the artist. Mr. Lawton has enjoyed the confidence of M. Rodin, and he has given a good account of his interviews.

Country Cottages and Week End Homes, by **J. H. Elder-Duncan** (Cassell, 5*s.*), gives information on a subject which is attractive to those who intend to secure such retreats, and to those who care only to know what others are doing. Here are designs by many architects, and photographs of completed homes; and the subjects of water supply, lighting, and other needs are considered.

A more imposing volume, with many illustrations in colours, is **Houses and Gardens**, by **M. H. Baillie Scott** (Newnes, 31*s.* 6*d.*). Here are shown the schemes and devices which have given to the author his place of importance in the list of designers of country residences and furniture. In this book of bright ideas there are some effects which seem curious on paper; but Mr. Scott's practical knowledge is well known, and his work is always refreshing.

An attractive volume for presentation is **Stories of the Italian Artists** (from Vasari), arranged and translated by **E. L. Seeley** (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*, or bound in white parchment, with extra plates, 15*s.*). The book does not pretend to be critical, and Miss Seeley gives history and anecdotes with agreeable prudence. Well printed, and illustrated with reproductions, some in colours, from pictures of the period.

Chats on Old Prints, by **Arthur Hayden** (Unwin, 5*s.*), gives much useful information in the popular manner of "Chats on Old China" and "Furniture," by the same author. The collector is told the best works to seek, and whether steel or wood engravings, mezzotints or etchings take his fancy, he will find some guiding references in this book. In similar style is **Chats on Costume**, by **G. Woolliscroft Rhead, R.E.** (Unwin, 5*s.*). The author treats the subject of dress as an artistic matter, a decorative art of the first importance to the larger half of the community. Both books are suitably illustrated.

Collectors of engravings will find interest in the octavo edition of **Eighteenth Century Colour Prints**, by **Julia Frankau** (Macmillan, 7*s.* 6*d.*). "A short *résumé* of the little that is on record of the art of printing copper-plate engravings in colour." No illustrations.

From the Clarendon Press, Oxford, edited by **C. F. Bell**, comes **Evelyn's Sculptura** (5*s.*), "or the History and Art of Chaleography and Engraving in Copper, with an ample enumeration of the most renowned Masters and their works. To which is annexed a new manner of Engraving or Mezzo Tinto communicated by His Highness Prince Rupert to the Authour of this Treatise, 1662." The book contains much that is of interest to artists and readers. It is one in the "Tudor and Stuart Library" series, and collectors will do well to add to their possessions such a fine and cheap example of book reproduction.

The demand for simple designs produces **Wood-Carving Patterns** from oak furniture of the Jacobean period, a series of thirty examples selected and drawn in facsimile from rubbings by **Margaret F. Malim** (Batsford, 8*s.* 6*d.*). In a smaller portfolio with the title **Wood-Carving Designs**, by **Muriel Moller** (Batsford, 6*s.*), Mr. Walter Crane introduces six sheets of original designs by an accomplished carver. These thirty-one working drawings will be of use to students and amateurs.

Messrs. Newnes have added to their "Drawings of Great Masters" series **Leonardo da Vinci,** by **C. Lewis Hind** (7*s.* 6*d.*), and **Gainsborough**, by **Lord Ronald Gower** (7*s.* 6*d.*); to their "Great Etchers" series, **William Strang, A.R.A.,** by **Frank Newbolt** (7*s.* 6*d.*); to their "Art Library" series, **Correggio,** by

Selwyn Brinton (3*s.* 6*d.*); and to their series on the National Gallery, **The Spanish, French and German Schools**, by **Walter Bayes** (3*s.* 6*d.*).

Part 8 of **The Churches of Shropshire**, by **D. H. S. Cranage** (Hobson, of Wellington), deals with the Hundred of Bradford (North). The photographs are by Mr. Martin J. Harding, and the ground plan of Shawbury by Mr. W. Arthur Webb.

Messrs. Macmillan publish **Crome's Etchings**, a catalogue and an appreciation, with some account of the artist's paintings, by **H. S. Theobald** (10*s.* 6*d.*). No illustrations.

A second edition, revised and enlarged, of **A Manual of Historic Ornament**, by **Richard Glazier**, is now ready (Batsford, 6*s.*).

The **Calendarium Londinense**, the London Almanack for 1907, by **W. Monk, R.E.** (Elkin Mathews, 2*s.* 6*d.*), is headed by an etching of Hyde Park Corner, with miscellaneous traffic passing by and through the screen next Apsley House. The type is set up at the artist's private press, and the whole sheet as printed is good evidence of the advantage of personal enterprise compared with distributed labour.

The plate for 1907 of the Art Union of London is **Day-dreams**, painted by **W. R. Symonds**, and engraved in mezzotint by **E. M. Hester**. Every subscriber of one guinea gets the certain reward of an impression on India paper of this excellent plate, with a chance of the original painting at the drawing in April.

Among other publications may be mentioned **The Old Castle Vennal of Stirling**, by **J. S. Fleming** (*Stirling Observer* office), illustrated by eighty drawings by the author; **Model and Common Object Drawing**, by **E. A. Branch** (Ralph, Holland, 2*s.* 6*d.*); **The Fésole Club Papers**, lessons in sketching, by **W. G. Collingwood** (Holmes, of Ulverston, 3*s.* 6*d.*); **Art Crafts for Beginners**, by **F. G. Sanford** (Hutchinson, 3*s.* 6*d.*); **Practical Stencil Work**, by **F. Scott-Mitchell** (*Decorator* office, 3*s.*); **Night-Fall in the Ti-Tree**, a book for children, by **Violet Teague** (Elkin Mathews, 5*s.*).

The Art Annual, 1906.

THE Editor regrets that in the Christmas Number of THE ART JOURNAL, devoted to the Life and Work of Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A., the reproduction of 'Cloudy June' was unauthorized. The copyright in this picture belongs to the Art Union of London.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

NOVEMBER is, "exhibitionally," always one of the plethoric months. Like May, it flows with pictorial milk and honey, though not all the kine have been on rich pastures, not all the bees on sun-awakened flowers. There were more new exhibitions than days in November, and at least a dozen were in varying degrees attractive, save for those entrenched behind outworks of invincible ignorance or invincible indifference. The societies which organised shows included the New English, the Portrait Painters, the Royal Water-Colour, the "Twelve," and the "Twenty-five." Yet again Messrs. Agnew caused us, nationally, to break the Tenth Commandment, by displaying a pair of masterly portraits by Hals which already Mr. Pierpont Morgan has presented to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The modern Jew has ceased to interpret literally the commandment against the making of any graven image or the likeness of things or persons, and a representative collection of Jewish art and antiquities was brought together at the Whitechapel Gallery, its success largely due to the efforts of the enterprising secretary Mr. C. Campbell Ross.

Four or five of the "one-man" exhibitions were important. At Mr. W. B. Paterson's gallery the portraits, the solidly serene little landscapes and river-side studies, secure as early Whistlers, by Mr. William Nicholson, prove him to be one of our most original and progressive artists. 'Mrs. Bristowe,' in white sealskin coat, is a stronger characterisation, and of greater flexibility even than 'La Belle Chauffeuse,' seen at the International. The gold locket, whose content shows as a dark, is an inspiration against the white fur, shot with gold. Quite as individual is the silhouette, 'Mrs. Stafford of Paradise Row,' in which Piero della Francesca is most ably brought "up to date." Mr. Nicholson is bold in his simplifications, and, now that he has painted more, his use of colour is expressive, not arbitrary. At Colnaghi's were thirty-one pictures by Mr. Théodore Roussel, including a life-size study of the nude, 'Reading Girl,' first seen at the New English in 1887, which is one of the finest accomplishments in its kind of recent years. The 'Lord Milner,' commissioned by the Town Council of Johannesburg, despite excellent passages, is not throughout on a level with some of the delicately perceived, exquisitely gradated nocturnes, small full-length portraits, and sunlit little studies of sea and land. Mr. Arthur Rackham found a congenial theme in 'Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens' for a fresh series of his deft, daring, ingeniously intricate water-colours. He can, so to say, delve into the realm of gruesome grotesque, dance lightsomely on the eternal green of the fairies, balance himself on a gossamer film, or wing his way towards the blue with the 'Little White Bird.' Of the Brabazon Memorial Exhibition at Goupil's the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote with rare understanding and sympathy in that paper on November 21. The article should be read in conjunction with Mr. Sargent's informed estimate of Brabazon, penned in 1892. Miss Marguerite Verboeckhoven, granddaughter of the Belgian animal painter, showed a number of clever marine harmonies, "impressions synthétiques" as she



(Messrs. Agnew's Gallery.)

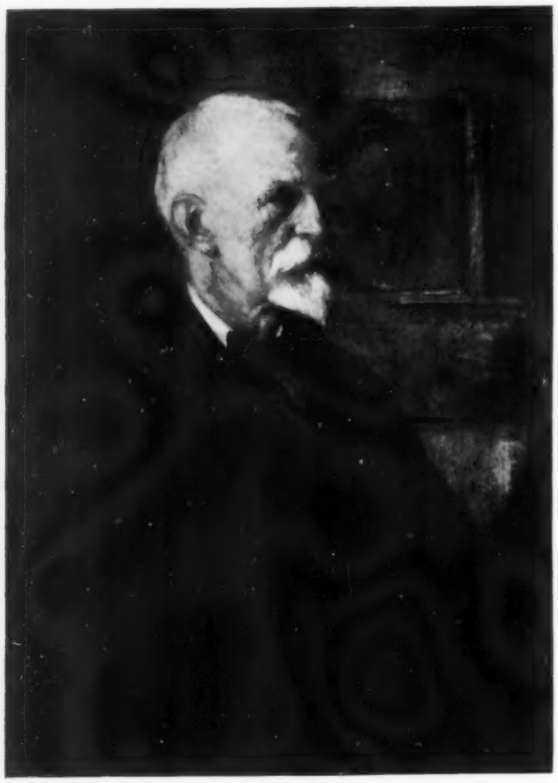
Hampstead Heath—looking towards Harrow.
By John Constable, R.A.

entitles them, at Graves' ; where, too, the flower paintings of Miss Louise Perman were seen to advantage. At the Connell Gallery, Miss Mary G. W. Wilson had some pastel of Scottish gardens and Venetian courtyards—not photographic, botanical exactitudes, but blithe pictorial records ; at Mendoza's were views of Shelley's first and last homes by Mrs. Alex Rawlins, two of them selected by the committee of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Fund ; and at Van Wisselingh's were portraits and freshly-handled landscapes by Mr. Frederic Yates.

The *clou* at Messrs. Gooden and Fox's attractive exhibition of water-colours was a landscape by Sam Bough. In it light is as a living presence—light, too, captured with as much ease as surety. De Wint, Cox, Bonington, Cotman, and Alma-Tadema were well represented. Mr. Gutekunst did well to bring together some of the masterly though as yet moderately valued etchings of Rembrandt, to which he added five portraits by Van Dyck and three of Queen Victoria's plates. At the Tooth Galleries, in addition to good British, Dutch and Barbizon pictures, there were vigorous pastel studies of animals by Mr. Arthur Wardle ; at McLean's the exhibition included an exceptionally fine and sincere Mauve and a large Pierre Billet ; and Messrs. Shepherd rescued from obscurity a landscape in oils by De Wint and an eminently sincere and able 'Rev. W. Pennicott' by Lawrence, first seen at the 1800 Academy, now bought for the New York Museum.

The larger exhibitions can be touched upon only. At Agnew's the pair of Hals portraits of Herr Bodolphe and his wife, painted in 1643, took the sight and held it because of the disciplined power of characterisation, of the shrewd tenacity of the artist's investigation, here harvested with unerring zeal. Each touch is vital ; the superfluous is eliminated. Penetrative actuality could hardly be carried farther. Fragile by comparison, yet fair and fragrant as a sun-opened flower, is the art of Gainsborough. One of the two boys in the Tomkinson group and the tempered white and gold in the 'Miss Montagu' are inimitably his. Van Dyck's 'Balbi Children,' stately and sumptuous, from Panshanger, Lawrence's graciously impulsive 'Miss Farren,' which now belongs to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Raeburn's lucid and delightfully cool 'Mrs. Colin Mackenzie,' a luminously romantic Crome landscape, and James Ward's gravely designed 'Coursing in Sussex,' 1809, were notable. Constable's view of Hampstead Heath, looking towards Harrow, with its spacious distance, its trailing cloud, its mellow foreground, was at the Salon of 1824 with the noble 'Hay Wain,' and there kindled into flame the enthusiasm of those now known as the Masters of Barbizon.

The Portrait Painters, so far as new work is concerned



J. W. Cruickshank, Esq.
(Society of Portrait Painters.)
By E. A. Walton.

was below its accustomed level. Some Londoners saw for the first time, however, Rodin's '*L'homme au nez cassé*,' modelled when he was twenty-three, from the head of a casual vagrant. It was at the Grosvenor in 1881. The greatest art, it has justly been said, enables us to look on so-called evil with calm. A Titan, Rodin accepts all the lines that toil and suffering have graved in that gnarled face, and by relating them to some inner harmony, by reconciling the "real" and the imaginatively potent, wins loveliness from havoc, evokes a beauty solemn and heroic. This is art which expresses a sense of things in their relationship and origin. In the retrospective section were Fantin's three-quarter length of a man, unobtrusively fine of phrase, Mr. Orchardson's 'Mrs. Joseph,' much admired at the Academy in 1887, Sir L. Alma-Tadema's subdued portrait of his daughter, and Signor Mancini's decoratively harmonious 'Marquis del Grillo,' seated in a studio heaped up with oriental draperies and bric-à-brac, accessories which the figure fails to dominate. Mr. E. A. Walton's 'J. W. Cruickshank' is eloquently sensitive and has reverence, if not great authority. The talented M. Blanche has sight rather than insight, and his buoyant irresponsibility finds more suitable scope in 'Lady Marjorie Manners' and 'Mrs. Arthur Symons' than in the portrait of Thomas Hardy, which verges on the cruel. Senor Ramon Casas, in the big equestrian portrait of the King of Spain, and Mr. Hugh Riviere in 'G. K. Chesterton' unsuccessfully attempt the monumental, and M. Besnard's 'Madame Marchesi' is unwarrantably huge. Mr. S. J. Solomon's spiritedly sincere study of a baby, Mr. Orpen's interior, and Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'Robert Gregory' are worthy remark.

At the New English there appeared one of the most impressive architectural drawings of modern times: Mr. Muirhead Bone's 'Great Gantry, Charing Cross Station, 1906.' "Sovereign skill consists in thoroughly understanding the value of things." Herein lies Mr. Bone's strength. Mr. A. E. John's 'In the Tent,' persuasively disciplined, is though unambitious, one of his best pictures, there is a hint of Gainsborough's magic in his pencil study of a girl with misted eyes, and it is untamed ardour rather than violence that makes the drawings of the figures by the sea unforgetable. An exhibition somewhat disappointing on the whole contained two tender pencil studies of a mother and sleeping child by Mr. Orpen, whose picture, 'The Reflection,' is inventive; several romantic and scholarly water-colours by Mr. A. W. Rich; Mr. Wilson Steer's 'The School Girl,' serenely beautiful because singularly free from any parade of brilliance, and a landscape with some lovely water; a vibrant 'Towing Path' by Mr. Mark Fisher; Professor Holmes' solemn study of the hills of Ennerdale; Mrs. Swynnerton's 'New-risen Hope,' 1904, an admirably pictorialised bit of symbolism, bought for the Melbourne Gallery; and M. Blanche's sketch, 'Mother and Child,' with its synthetic lines.

Almost alone among members of the Old Water-Colour Society, Mr. William Callow remains loyal to a fine and simple tradition. In his clearly enunciated drawings the medium is informed, and not adopted perfunctorily or perforce. In 'Evening Mists on the Meuse,' with its clear phrase of light in the lower sky, Mr. D. Y. Cameron suggests a hauntingly romantic impression, a kind of veiled solemnity, and his 'Whitby' has bold steadfastness of design. One of the excellent charcoal and crayon portraits by Mr. James Paterson is of Professor Patrick Geddes, intellectually vigorous as well as beautiful. There were many other exhibits of worth, including, notably, Mr. Clausen's sketch 'The Village,' full of charm, several of the designs for stained glass by Mr. Louis Davis, Mr. R. Little's distinguished 'Shardeloes,' the skilled 'Love Potion' of Mr. Cadogan Cowper, Mr. Swan's 'Ceylon Leopard,' the blue check dress in Miss Brickdale's Early Victorian 'The Shower,' and exhibits by Messrs. E. J. Sullivan, H. S. Tuke, Walter Crane, Lionel Smythe and Albert Goodwin. Sir Ernest Waterlow's landscapes are refined, and the 'St. Angelo' is a good example by Mr. Reginald Barratt.

Several members of "The Society of Twelve" are surely making "studies" for exhibition rather than work purposes. The third show of the little Society contained interesting groups by Professor Legros, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Sturge Moore—his 'Pan' woodcuts are weirdly imaginative—and others including Mr. A. E. John, who should be given the opportunity to carry out on a sufficient scale his drawing of Alcestis taking leave of the household. Had he Raphael in mind, across an angle of Puvis de Chavannes? To the show of the Society of Twenty-five Mr. Hornel, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. H. M. Livens and, especially, Mr. Oliver Hall, whose landscapes are finely seen and handled, contributed in welcome way.

Passing Events.

MR. CLAUSEN'S place as Professor of Painting at the Academy, where his lectures have been so sound and so stimulating, has been taken by Professor Herkomer, who followed Mr. Val Prinsep for a brief time in 1899–1900. Mr. Reginald Blomfield, the distinguished architect and writer on architecture, becomes Professor of that subject in the stead of Mr. George Aitchison; Mr. W. R. Colton succeeds Mr. Alfred Gilbert in the chair of Sculpture. It was Mr. Colton who, a year ago, ridiculed certain modern tendencies "to lop off legs and arms in order to enhance artistic value."

THE "weeding out" of a number of spurious Old Masters bequeathed by the late Sir William Holburne to the Art Museum at Bath which bears his name suggests the advisability of a thorough expert examination of the contents of other public galleries. However distasteful, it is best to know the truth. The case at Bath is not, fortunately, likely to have parallels, for about four-fifths of the 250 Holburne pictures were found to be copies or school works. Some genuine and valuable pictures, however, survive.

IN æsthetics, as in ethics, there is plenty of room for every shade of opinion. The Incorporated Institute of British Decorators, in presenting its first gold medal to Sir W. B. Richmond, congratulated him on the much-discussed St. Paul's mosaics as a "noble," a "grand" scheme. Sir William wisely reminded decorators that in order to improve the beauty of a building the gaudy has to be strictly avoided.

L'AFFAIRE Rokeby Velazquez was revived by a letter of Lord Ronald Gower. He affirms that the Venus now in the National Gallery is "greatly inferior" to the copy of it made a few months ago which has taken the place of the original at Rokeby. If connoisseurs can be found to endorse Lord Ronald Gower's view the fortune of the copyist is insured. There would be a general cry of "name, name!"

WHEN Messrs. Duveen acquired in July for a very large sum the magnificent Hainaeur assemblage of works of art it was whispered that the Kaiser was anything but pleased. It has since been stated with a show of authority that, in order to prevent like losses to the Fatherland in future, the advisability of legislating on the subject has been discussed between him and Dr. Bode. The Hainaeur case was the more acute because the collection was actually formed under Dr. Bode's guidance.

PERHAPS it is not too much to call Mr. George Bernard Shaw England's most popular dramatist; *Punch*, indeed, has facetiously represented him as a colossal Superman under whose shade another dramatist of whom we have heard a good deal—a certain William Shakespeare—looks a mere nobody. In Mr. Shaw's latest play, the hero, if hero he be, is an artist and a brilliant talker on art. That



John David, son of A. Solomon, Esq.
(Society of Portrait Painters.) By Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.



(Leicester Gallery. By permission of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.) The Fairies.
By Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S.



(New English Art Club.)

Sleep.
By William Orpen.

reminds us that G. B. S., among the many *rôles* he has filled, has in his time been an art critic. There is but one G. B. S.

SEVERAL important works by Mr. Frampton have recently been unveiled. His is the statue of the late Marquis of Salisbury, erected near the gates of Hatfield Park "in recognition of a great life devoted to his country," his the bronze statue of Quintin Hogg, raised by the members of the Polytechnic to the memory of their founder at the junction of Regent Street and Langham Place. A sculptor is likely soon to be chosen, again, for the proposed monument to the late Cameron of Lochiel, at Fort William, a fitting site within view of the West Highland Railway which he caused to be brought to this part of Inverness-shire.

COLOURED lantern slides have been made from the series of water-colours by Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., dealing with the life of Jesus of Nazareth, which attracted much attention at the Fine Art Society's. Archdeacon Sinclair has prepared an appropriate lecture, which in combination with the pictures is making a deep impression.

ONE of the most interesting biographies recently published is Mr. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" (Heinemann, 25*s*.). In a speech on the occasion of the opening of a picture exhibition in Whitechapel, Sir Henry spoke of the close relationship between the art of the player and the art of the painter. In these two volumes are continual reminders of this thought, and every artist will find these books a useful addition to the library. Among the illustrations are the important portraits of the great actor, including those by Millais, Sargent, Onslow Ford and Whistler.

GREAT artistic power and a fine capacity for affairs are seldom found in combination. The Butterfly genius —"Master James," as Punch called him when he was measuring swords with "Wicked Wyke" in the tempestuous days of the R.B.A.—was aware of his limitations, and once said to Mr. Bram Stoker: "Bram, I wish I could get someone to take me up and attend to my business for me; I can't do it myself, and I really think it would be worth a good man's while—some man like yourself. I would give half of all I earn to such a man, and would be grateful to him also for a life without care." But of course "Bram" was otherwise engaged, which was unfortunate for Whistler.

MR. JOHN REID, connected with one of the largest engineering concerns in the kingdom, has added to his collection in Glasgow Millet's pastel, 'L'Angelus du Matin,' which was priced at 5,000 gs. when on view in London last spring. It was painted some years after the world-famed picture, originally bought by M. de Pateleu, some say for 1,000, others for 2,500 francs, but which, having paid a brief "visit" to America after the Secrétan sale of 1889, when the French Government refused to ratify the bid of 553,000 francs made by M. Proust, returned to Paris, into the magnificent assemblage of M. Chauchard, at £32,000. His Millets alone are worth a fortune. Mr. John Reid is the son of the late James Reid, in whose memory his sons gave a number of good pictures to the Glasgow Corporation.



(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

The Rev. W. Pennicott.
By Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

THE "Old" Water-Colour Society laughs—an individual and a corporate laugh—at "bad times." On the private view day of its winter show, over seventy exhibits were sold, which must be one of the best starts on record.

SEVERAL prominent artists have of late been designing Christmas cards. Among them may be named Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, and Mr. Dendy Sadler.

IN the New Zealand International Art Exhibition 567 native artists are represented by 994 works, a larger number than at St. Louis, Chicago, or any other such show since 1889. Seven of Queen Victoria's etchings are included. In connection with the Milan International Exhibition, special awards go among others to Sir Charles Holroyd, Professor Legros, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. East, and Mr. Arthur Rackham, who is this year responsible for the *Punch Almanack* design.

THE Premium Plate of THE ART JOURNAL, 1907, will be an original etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, R.E., after 'The Curfew Hour,' a small illustration of which appears on this page.

APROPOS of the Golden Wedding celebrations of Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, the art collection at Bute House, South Audley Street, is of singularly fine quality. Vermeer's 'Lady with a guitar' strikes as it were the key-note. Mrs. Bischoffsheim is the subject of a masterly portrait by Millais, painted in 1873.

WHILE Mr. D. Y. Cameron has resigned from the Society of Twenty-five English Painters, his countryman, Mr. David Muirhead, the able landscapist, has been elected, as also Professor Gerald Moira.

FRITZ THAULOW, who died suddenly at Volendam on November 5, was one of the most famous artists that Norway has produced. He was born at Christiania on October 20, 1847, and for years his pictures, and latterly his colour prints, have been as familiar in this country as on the Continent. He is best known by his ice-bound river scenes, perhaps with warm red buildings on their banks, his moonlit villages, his old gateways set against deep blue skies. In person he was a splendid specimen of mankind, and popular wherever he went. William Maris made an after-death



(Premium Plate, The Art Journal, 1907.)

The Curfew Hour.
By C. O. Murray, R.E.

sketch of him, which belongs to Madame Thaulow. As an original honorary member of the International Society he will be represented at their Winter Exhibition.

MISS LUCY COHEN bequeathed to Lord Rosebery Watts' portrait of the late Countess of Rosebery, the testator's aunt. Her pictures by Italian masters go to the National Gallery.

MR. CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, who died at the age of about seventy on November 20, was from 1878 till 1898 Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery. A nephew of Sir Charles Eastlake, the influential P.R.A. and Director of the National Gallery, he had hopes of succeeding Sir F. W. Burton, but the post was given to



(Messrs. Van Wisselingh's Gallery.)

Landscape.
By Frederic Yates.

Sir Edward Poynter. Trained as an architect, Mr. Eastlake won a medal in the Academy Schools, and in 1866 became Secretary of the R.I.B.A.

THE exhibition of china and earthenware finished with leadless glaze, at the Church House, Westminster, should forward the movement against the employment in potteries of a material dangerous to life. Examples were shown of Royal Worcester porcelain, of fine English china, by the Coalport China Company, Messrs. Copeland, Minton, Pountney, Hughes, of Doulton salt-glaze, Wedgwood salt-glaze, Ruskin pottery, Langley ware, Lancastrian pottery, all finished with leadless glaze. To buy and to use ware which is produced safely is no longer a moral act implying an æsthetic renunciation. In pottery for table use the ware shown by Mr. Norman Franks should be specially mentioned for its effective revival of old English patterns, with happy preservation of their character and freshness.

OF the 595 works by Rembrandt reproduced in Dr. Bode's monumental "Œuvres Complets," 175 are in Britain, 116 in Germany, 100 in France, fifty-six in America, fifty-five in Russia, thirty-one only in Holland, in Austria twenty-six, Sweden eleven, Italy and Denmark eight each, Belgium six, Spain two, and Roumania one. There are rumours, one hopes ill-founded, of the exodus from this country of one of the finest self-portraits in existence. Needless to say, an American is the pursuer.

A Competition.

THE publishers will be glad to receive drawings to illustrate a Scene on the Stage of a Theatre. It is not desirable that the scene should be shown with photographic accuracy, and drawings from sketches or memory will be suitable; but the episode should be taken from a modern play. Each composition should include figures, and a moment should be chosen when the grouping is dramatic. The size of each drawing should not exceed 10 by 7 inches.

The first three prize drawings will become the property of THE ART JOURNAL. All drawings will be considered available for reproduction in THE ART JOURNAL.

Prizes to the value of Twenty Guineas will be awarded, provided the works submitted reach a sufficiently high standard. To the authors of the drawings placed First and Second respectively, £6 6*s.* and £4 4*s.* in cash; to the author of the drawing placed Third, 3 guineas' worth of artists' materials; to the authors of the seven next best drawings, consolation prizes of artists' materials or books, each to the value of 1 guinea.

In the event of the Judge deciding that the best competitive drawings are not meritorious in invention or execution, the cash prizes will be sent to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

Drawings must reach the office of THE ART JOURNAL by February 20th, 1907.

Each packet should be packed flat and addressed to THE ART JOURNAL, 7, City Garden Row, City Road, London. On each drawing should be written the title of the play selected for illustration, a description of the scene, and the name of the theatre. A Motto or Pseudonym must take the place of a signature, and this Motto or Pseudonym must be repeated on a sealed envelope containing the author's name and address, and the Coupon which will be published in the February number of THE ART JOURNAL.

Every care will be taken with drawings, but the Publishers cannot be responsible for any loss or damage. Stamps should be enclosed to defray the cost of returning each drawing.

Sales.

THE most important picture sale ever held in Berlin was that on November 20th of the gallery of Baron von Königswater, of Vienna. A bust-portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, brought £9,000, very much more than was anticipated; Rubens' 'Frederic Marseler,' £4,200; a landscape by Cuyp, £3,600; Jean Marc Nattier's 'Marquise de Pouriane,' £3,650; a small example by Nicholas Lancret, £3,550; two un-named portraits by Van Dyck, £2,950 and £2,800; a Venetian scene by Canaletto, £1,625; a characteristic Teniers, £1,500, bought for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum; one of four examples by Adrian van Ostade, £2,105; a portrait by Franz Hals, £1,450.

The name of the Haarlem master reminds us that at Christie's on December 1st, a picture, catalogued as by him, of a man in brown dress playing a flute, 25½ by 21 in., was bought by Sir James Linton for 1,500 gs. though it opened at but 20 gs. It was on canvas, not on panel, and some experts thought they recognised in it a good example of Judith Leyster's art. Born in 1600, she was a pupil of Hals and married Molenaer, dying in 1660. The 'Joyeux Buveur' in the Rijks Museum by her was sold as a Hals in Paris in 1890. The picture, bought by Sir James Linton, was one of three, which together made £2 10*s.* at Christie's in 1828.

On November 24th Lord Leighton's 'Helen of Troy,' 1865, brought 300 gs., against an initial cost of about 1,500 gs., and 770 gs. at the Cottrell sale, 1873; and Calderon's 'Home after Victory,' 1867, dropped from 900 gs. in 1875 to 85 gs.

On November 20th an Old Dresden figure of a lady, 11¼ in. high, wearing a crinoline and carrying a pug dog, of whose value the vendor had no idea, fetched 1,000 gs. Apropos, a Dresden group, only half as high, made 1,050 gs. in 1902, having come from the Lonsdale collection in 1879 at a third of that sum. Even second states of Méryon's noble 'Abside' now fetch large amounts. In Paris one brought 5,300 francs in the middle of November. In 1902, £300 was considered a ridiculously high figure for one of the extraordinarily scarce first states, though Méryon accepted 1.50 francs for an impression.

Mabou



Painted by Frank Brangwyn R.A.

U of M

Modern Commerce.

A Panel in the Royal Exchange London

The Romance of Some Pieces of Armour.

By Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O., F.S.A.,

Keeper of the King's Armoury.

THE full heading to this article should be, Certain noted pieces of defensive armour divided by the Atlantic from their original parts.

The splendid acquisition made in 1904 by the Metropolitan Museum of New York of the collection of armour and arms brought together in Europe by Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, Duc de Dino, was one of the opportunities seldom found in the history of collecting.

The Museum very properly required the sound foundation of such a section, when—lo and behold!—after but little waiting, a good fairy comes along and offers the authorities the Dino Collection at a price most conveniently low. Through the agency of the Rogers Fund the collection was



The Rondache made by Jacob Topf or Sir John Smythe; now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.



A Suit of Armour made partly for Phillip II. of Spain by Wolf of Landshut; now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Purchased, and the Museum Trustees, by signing a cheque, became possessed of a series of armour and arms second to none in the world for quality, and sufficient in quantity for the purpose of demonstration.

The Dino Collection, as may well be imagined, is the result of arduous work, collecting in the strictest sense of the word, long purse-strings, and the refining and filtering influence of years. The private and even public armouries of Europe have yielded their best to it—the private by competition and the public, in the past, *sub rosa*. Such collections as the Bernal, the Carrand, the Londesborough, the Fountaine, the Magniac, the Stafford, the Hastings, the Ressman, the Spitzer, and many others, have all paid their toll in the progress of time towards forming the collection now finally resting in the Metropolitan Museum.

A suit of armour, a thing composite, is of necessity in many parts; therefore little wonder can be evinced that, after many hundreds of years, it became, through neglect and carelessness, disintegrated, the wonder being that so many suits remain—as they are now considered—intact, if entirely covering one wooden figure constitutes completeness. However, that would not have satisfied, in the generality of cases, the original owner for whom the suit was made. He wanted his variation of the different parts, interchangeable, either for the tourney, pageant, the chase, or for various other usages, a suit in full muster of parts often numbering well over a hundred pieces. Such was then the complete harness, and those that exist to-day in the full elaboration of plates may be considered as numbering considerably less than fifty.

Spain possesses the fullest list of such complete suits, coming foremost with a splendid series made for Charles V. and Phillip II. Vienna shows us other such harnesses, Paris others, the Tower of London four, the Windsor armoury four, and the Dino Collection one. Throughout Europe other such entire harnesses have been distributed; a helmet here, a gauntlet there, possibly the breastplate from the same suit in some other country's collection, and so on.

However, it is few suits from the force of circumstances that have the wide Atlantic separating their parts, and it is of those few the writer now ventures to make certain notes.

The pieces of armour will be referred to as they appear catalogued in Professor Bashford Dean's admirable handbook of the Dino Collection.

Plate 46, Fig. C., illustrates a very fine circular convex shield or rondache, splendidly etched and gilt.

On page 139 of the handbook is the description of the shield, which goes on to state that it is decorated in the style of Wolf of Landshut, a German armourer working for Phillip II. Its resemblance to the work of that armourer is very great; however, it is not by his hand, but in reality by that of Jacob Topf or Jacobi, as he was called, an armourer working in England during the zenith of the Sixteenth Century. This, the Dino Shield, made by him, being intended for no less a person than Sir John Smythe (1534–1607), the eminent military writer of that time. The shield, therefore, forms part of the suit now conjointly preserved in the Armouries of Windsor Castle and the Tower of London, and is consequently one of the individual pieces of armour that has the Atlantic separating it from its original companions.

That we authoritatively state the shield to be the work of Topf, and made for Sir John Smythe, is proved by a reference to the interesting portfolio of drawings now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. This portfolio was sold in the Spitzer Collection, and acquired by that Museum at the Paris sale. The drawings it contains are those made by the armourer Topf for the suits executed by him, and against each drawing, probably in the writing of the armourer himself, is

the name of the celebrity for whom the suit was made. The value of this portfolio in identifying the original ownership of the Topf suits cannot be over-estimated, for it has corrected many false attributions of the past, and should prove a sure guide to future investigations.

As it is now distributed, the complete armour of Sir John Smythe is to be found in three armouries—the suit, fairly complete, mounted on horseback, in the Tower of London (Class 2, No. 12); in the Windsor Armoury, a series of pieces for use on foot (No. 787), together with extra pieces for tilting and for the armament of the horse (Case C., Nos. 8, 86, 88, 98); and finally, in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the fine pageant shield (Fig. 46 C) (illustration on page 33).

It is interesting to note that, until corrected by the writer, when compiling the work in the Windsor Armoury, the Sir John Smythe suit, for some unknown reason, was always stated to have belonged to the Earl of Essex.

Turning once more to Dr. Dean's catalogue of the Dino Collection, Fig. 43 shows us the illustration of a suit partly made for Phillip II. of Spain by Wolf of Landshut (illustration on page 34.) On the suit is now an open casque or helmet. This once possessed a face protection known as a "buffe" or "mentoniere." This buffe now exists—in the collection of Prince Ladislaus Odescalchi, Rome. Two years ago the buffe was for sale in the London market, but almost immediately found a purchaser in the prince, into whose remarkable collection it passed. The past history of the buffe must have been that, like the helmet and part of the suit to which it belongs, it was stolen in 1839 from the National Collection of Spain, and sent to London, together with a collection of other "spoil," to be sold by auction. The collection was vaguely described in the catalogue as "an assemblage of armour and arms recently received from Spain." But the nature of the sale, and the quality of the pieces it contained were such, that all the finest examples of armour of the Wolf Landshut type that have since been in the market can be traced to its source. It has recently come to light that the spoil sent to England in 1839 for sale consisted of nothing less than many of the extra pieces from the superb series of suits in the Royal Spanish Armoury—stolen from there by an unscrupulous official, and so sent to London for sale, his theft from the Royal storehouse being concealed from the authorities at the time by an accidental (?) outbreak of fire.

The buffe to which we have referred, after the London sale of 1839, must have become separated from its helmet, for that, together with other parts of the suit, passed into the Fountaine Collection, and so by degrees into the Dino Armoury. It must therefore have done much solitary travelling, for previous to its recent purchase by Prince Odescalchi, the buffe was discovered in a small town in Northern Germany. So it will be seen that the buffe remains in the Odescalchi Collection, Rome, divided by half Europe and the Atlantic from its proper casque, which now rests quietly and permanently in the Dino Collection, New York.

The artistic triumph of the Dino Collection is the superbly decorated casque *à l'antique*, formerly from the collection of Colbert, the noted Minister of Louis XIV. (p. 36). This casque has no artistic rival in the arsenals of Europe, as an example of enriched armour; for the grace of its outline and the restraint of its carefully executed decoration render it a perfect parade headpiece. Yet the artist armôurer who produced it is unknown, though no doubt now exists as to his nationality, for the composition of figures executed in low relief, eminently characteristic of his work, conclusively illustrates the refining influence of the French Renaissance. The listed pieces of armour extant produced by this mysterious French artist-craftsman number well under a score; however, among his masterpieces may be included the famous shield of Windsor Castle; the gold and enamelled shield and helmet of Charles IX., preserved in the Galerie d'Appollon of the Louvre; the unfinished suit of armour intended for Henry II., in the same palace, and the splendid shield in the Turin Armoury.



The "Buffe," or Faceguard (belonging to the casque of Henri II.—see illustration on p. 36), in the collection of Mr. William Newall, Rickmansworth.

The Dino casque, though attributed to Henry II., and by the same hand as his suit in the Louvre, does not form part of the same harness; it neither resembles it, save in the general treatment of its enrichment. The casque is far more luxurious, inasmuch as it retains the original surface-gilding and russetting, also the workmanship is carried to a further state of perfection: for, as already stated, the Louvre suit was never completed.

We have been somewhat carried away from the point of this article by the expressions of admiration for the Dino Henry II. casque, but it has indirectly led us to our goal, as will be seen.

Five years ago there appeared for sale by auction in London a single buffe or face guard, superlative in excellence of workmanship and design (p. 35). It had a surface or *patine* of age resembling a fine bronze, doubtless produced by generations of dusting and polishing upon the varnish



The Casque of Henri II. of France; now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

with which it had at some time been covered. That it was an example of metal work of the highest artistic merit—apart from its technical interest as a piece of armour—was apparent to even those who had no actual interest in armour or arms. Notwithstanding this, it sold for a comparatively small sum, and was bought by the writer for his personal friend, Mr. William Newall, so passing into his miscellaneous collection of works of art, a solitary piece of armour.

Three years ago, the writer had for the first time the opportunity of handling and carefully examining the Henry II. casque in the Dino Collection, when its enrichment and curiously-arranged strap-work seemed strangely familiar, in the end conjuring up visions of the buffe in Mr. Newall's possession.

The Dino casque was for the time under the writer's charge, and a letter to Mr. Newall brought the buffe and its owner close to hand. Little time it took, in the presence of the happy possessor, to fit the buffe to the Dino casque, for the pieces immediately locked together, as in almost affectionate embrace after their three hundred and forty years of separation. It was the actual buffe belonging to, and made for, the Henry II. casque; one difference only was apparent, that of colour. The helmet was splendid in its wonderfully fresh-looking gilding, and the buffe patinated dark brown.

After a consultation it was decided to remove a portion of the brown surface of the buffe. This was done, and beneath its dark patine, shining in an almost pristine state of preservation, was the original gilding. The rest of the buffe was most carefully cleaned, with the result that its surface is now identically the same as that of the helmet to which it belongs.

Shortly after this, the Henry II. casque went with the remainder of the collection to its destination in New York, and the buffe returned to its home with Mr. Newall's collection at Rickmansworth.

So now the wide Atlantic also separates these two pieces, but it is to be hoped that in the near future the trustees of the Museum and Mr. Newall may come to some satisfactory arrangement by which the casque and the buffe may be brought finally together, and so rest permanently side by side in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

ON Christmas Eve there died in Edinburgh, when on a visit to his sister, Mr. Thomas—generally known as "Tom"—Graham, who was born in the Orkney Islands in 1840. The artist, no relative of Mr. Peter Graham, despite several announcements to that effect, was one of the remarkable group who studied under Scott Lauder at the Trustees' Academy years ago, these including Orchardson, Pettie, MacWhirter, MacTaggart, and G. P. Chalmers. In 1863 he first showed at the Academy, to which he continued to contribute more or less regularly, and in 1883 he was elected an honorary member of the Scottish Academy.

THE death, on December 19, at the age of seventy-nine, of William Wilthieu Fenn removes a familiar figure from the world of art. He was a comrade of artists such as Leighton, and described in one of his articles how he came upon Millais in Scotland when painting the famous portrait of Ruskin. Mr. Fenn's 'Blind Man's Holiday' reminds us how, four decades ago, he was deprived of sight, and for this reason ever since 1865 he has been an absentee from the Academy. He bore his affliction with conspicuous fortitude and even gaiety. Almost any afternoon he could be found in the Arts Club, chatting or having papers read to him.



Sheephaven, from Horn Head.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Horn Head.*

By Alfred Yockney.

IN the course of a year thousands of people look over the Irish Sea and say, Scotland to the right, Killarney to the left. In popular geography all Ireland is squeezed into one district, and off that favoured ground no stage-managed tourist steps. The existence of other counties is suspected vaguely. For instance, Donegal is supposed to be a wild place which gives its name to a celebrated make of carpet. This is true, but not exhaustive. Long before weaving was invented a living carpet was spread over the whole island. Visitors have been drawn to the south-west corner of it in large numbers, and the coarser texture of the material on the north-west has appealed to those only who like their landscapes bold. Yet the living carpet has worn exceedingly well in County Donegal: it is unsurpassed for original beauty, and where the pattern has been destroyed by the activities of man there often remains a picturesqueness which is not to be found in places where more fashionable requirements have been studied.

The Blarney Stone has no rival in the North to advertise a beaten track, but the fable of Desmond's Howl near Tralee is equalled by that of M'Sweeney's Gun on the Horn Head peninsula (p. 39). Here, under certain conditions of weather, the sea rushes through a hole in a cave, and the roar created is said to have been heard as far off as Londonderry. This is one of a fine collection of crusted legends with which every hotel-keeper and cicerone is equipped. Improbable though some of the stories are, they are given with such assurance that after a time the traveller prefers fancy to fact. Mere geology is put to shame. A mountain was made by a giant picking up a hill and throwing it on another to kill an antagonist. The Prince of Darkness, in a fit of hunger, took a bite from a mountain, which made it gape open for ever, and another gap is the result of a mighty sword-cleave in pre-historic times. The traveller feels that his race is degenerate. What are his footsteps to the strides of the giants of old? Wherever they went they indented the ground, and even the ten-yard steps of the natives of Gulliver's Brobdingnag seem puny in comparison. The seven-leagued boots of the fairy tale are needed until the aeroplane service of the future restores confidence in the powers of human progression.

It is not necessary to scale Horn Head to discover the

* Ulster and Connaught. Continued from page 6.



Horn Head.
By W. Monk, R.E.

grandeur of its situation. On the map it juts out and takes the force of the North Atlantic. The rolling waters are split by its weight, and from afar off may be seen a fine struggle for supremacy. This Head is really a tail, a gigantic and powerful fin that contemptuously but passively lashes the sea it pierces. Against this bocquet of land the water constantly surges, and the gangrened edge of the cliff shows where the attacks of the sea have prevailed. Before the current strikes the mainland it is churned on submerged rocks, and the dark water turns emerald green as it becomes transparent. The coloured rocks sparkle in the sun as the sea sprays the cliffs, and from a boat the rough openings are iridescent, like the window-frames of diamonds and rubies in the palace of Aladdin. In no other respect, however, do the rugged sides and caves suggest the fanciful tale of the East. A more practical use, no doubt, was found for the shores of Sheephaven. This part of the coast must have been the resort of pirates and



An Edge of the Peninsula.
By W. Monk, R.E.

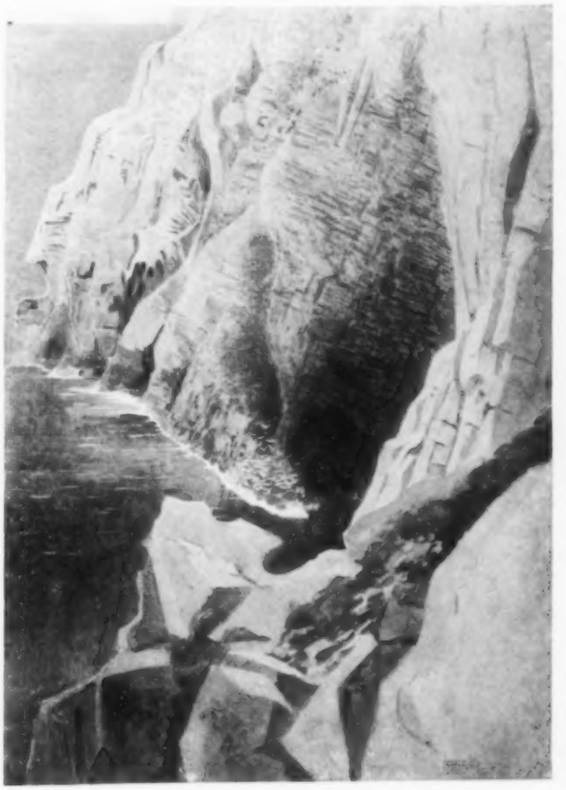
smugglers in days gone by, and if no definite evidence exists, it is certain that when soap was to be smuggled out or tobacco and spirits in, Horn Head had a share in the proceedings.

Lakes there are in the extreme north of Ireland, but it is on the border that water enters chiefly into the shape of the land. If the traveller would gain an idea of the notched coast of Donegal he must go to the top of Horn Head and wander on the cliffs. A narrow path, fringed blue with harebells in summer, runs along the edge of a dwarf cliff from Dunfanaghy and joins the road which serves those visitors who prefer to drive. For some distance the road is passable for vehicles, but progress must soon be made on foot. Deep trenches in the turf give place to clumps of heather and bracken, and as the edge is approached the difficulties increase. But time is of no consequence; an early start has been made, and food for the day is part of our equipment. "Nature," says my companion, echoing Mr. Dombey, "is a very respectable institution"; and with a few serious quotations from P. G. Hamerton, he takes shelter from the rain under a projecting slab of rock and brings out his sketch-book to note a remarkable view over Sheephaven. One strip of land juts out past another until the coast-line is lost in the distance, and it becomes impossible to name the irregular promontories. The rain ceases, and from Downing's Bay, gilt-edged with sand, a fishing fleet emerges. We walk along, and presently come to a tremendous split in the rock, a V-shaped opening about which there seems something familiar (p. 41). While we stand amazed at the extraordinary effect, and puzzled to know what its form suggests, the fishing boats pass by, the vast isosceles figure is intersected and the problem is solved. It is our old friend Proposition V. inverted, and we spend a few minutes discussing the possibility of an "Elements of Euclid" illustrated by freaks of Nature.

Tory Island is shaped like a wedge. On a fine day it looks inoffensive enough, and sometimes it is so; but in bad weather it is a treacherous speck in the ocean, and sailors give it a wide berth. Approach is difficult, and the men who cross to the mainland can fix no time to return. They have to wait till conditions are favourable, and even the most experienced of local navigators have bad times in crossing. More uncertain still is the day or month of return if a tourist ventures to the island. He may be storm-bound on Tory for weeks, and until recently he would have found it a very rough experience. Even now, with moderate comforts, it may be a memorable and inconvenient adventure. There is a story told of a doctor who insisted on handling his fee before leaving Gweedore; when he had comforted his patient on Tory, and wished to return, a demand of a guinea was made by the boat-



M'Sweeney's Gun.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Among the Caves.
By W. Monk, R.E.

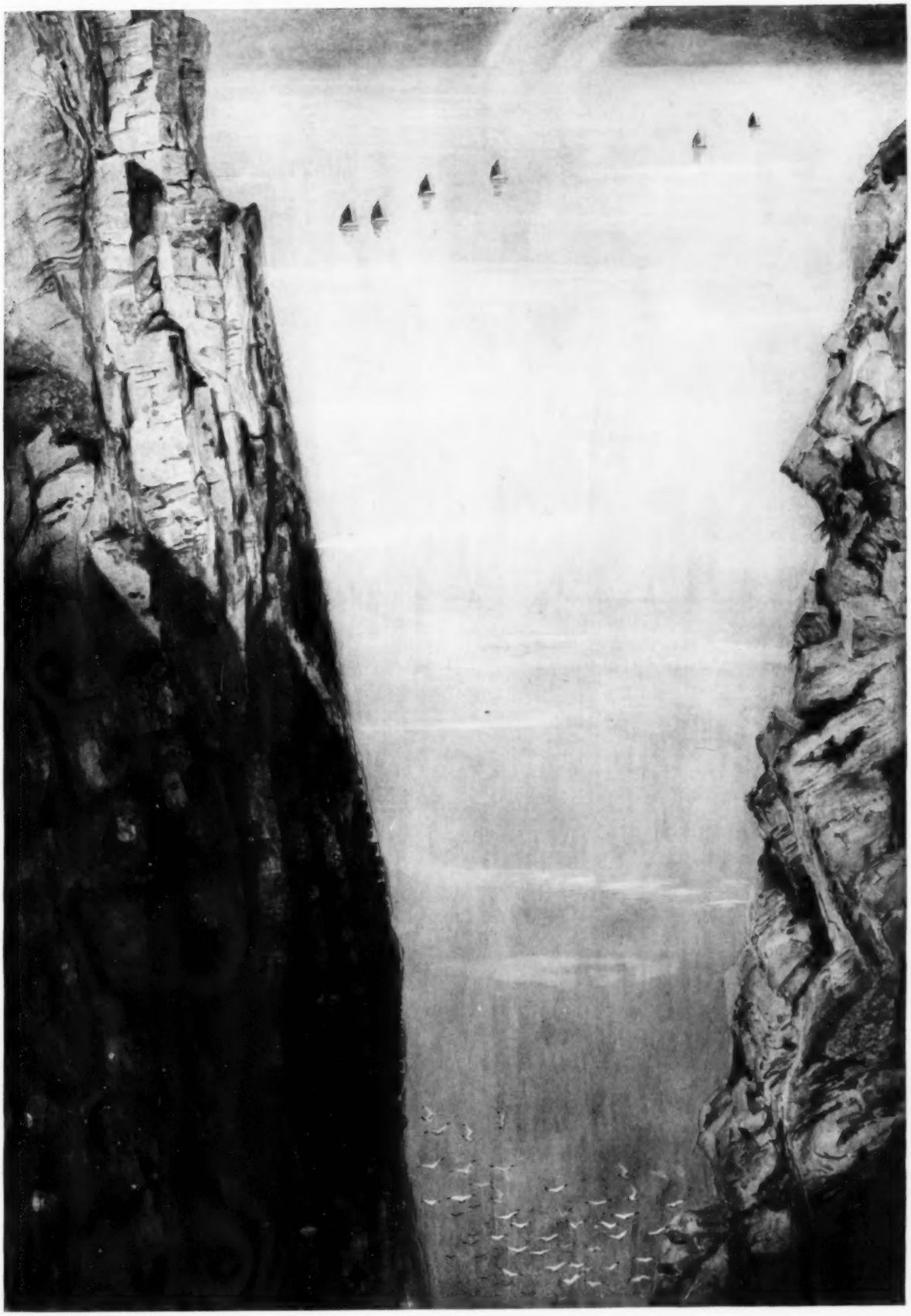


The Watch Tower.
By W. Monk, R.E.

men, and the money had to be paid before the whale-boat was manned. It is an amusing situation to imagine, but the retaliation on the doctor was too severe. It is said that marriages on the island have been solemnized by a priest signalling from the old coastguard station on Horn Head. There is a suggestion of the gallows about the contrivance, but such a ceremony sounds romantic enough. Another version is that fires were lighted at intervals, to mark the points in the service. Here there enters an uncomfortable application of a proverb, for before the ring had passed it would seem to the couple that they were at least half-way into the fire which is said to wait for those who try to improve their single frying-pan existence. These stories, if not true, are founded on fact, and they emphasize the solitude of Tory. Just over twenty years ago, before the island was connected by telegraph, H.M. gunboat *Wasp* was wrecked there, and news came through very slowly. About fifty of the crew were drowned, and the few survivors reached the island less from their own efforts than by the chance of being washed ashore. From Horn Head the waves could be seen dashing against the rugged sides of the island,



The Bloody Foreland and Tory Island.
By W. Monk, R.E.



'Rocks Unscalable.'

By W. Monk, R.E.



An Old Wooden Plough, still in use on Horn Head.

By W. Monk, R.E.

but for days it was impossible to get near enough to help. The *Wasp* had been used in the spring to distribute seed potatoes to relieve the distressed peasantry on the coast, and Tory had been visited several times. On the night of the disaster she was on her way from Westport to Moville, to take off an evicting party to the island of Inishtrahull, and at the court-martial it was found that the accident was due to want of care in controlling the movements of the vessel.

Horn Head is no place for narrow thoughts. Nature was prodigal in her gifts and planned largely. From these breezy heights the gulls on the sea look like butterflies, and their plaintive calls float as delicately on the air as themselves. The promontory is a great natural cathedral, sky-domed; the music of the roaring waters is the organ, and the singing birds form the choir. No view is commonplace here. Out to sea there is always moving attraction for the eye; the near earth is gaily embroidered, and through hurrying clouds grim designs are stencilled on the adjoining hills. Muckish predominates, though Errigal, in the distance, like a sugar-loaf, is higher. The traveller descends to Dunfanaghy, and sees sand-hills, buff variegated with green, set against purple mountains and light-blue sky. The day is passing, new colours tint the land, the lighthouse on Tory begins to blink, and Horn Head soon dissolves under the dark cloak of night.

Modern Commerce.

By Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

THERE can be no question that Frank Brangwyn is a force in contemporary art. He makes no pretence to seership, and this suggests at once his limitations and his strength. The tragedy of life, its "iron tears and groans of lead," have moved him less deeply than they moved Constantin Meunier, the Belgian, who, following Millet, aimed to be an æsthetic interpreter of labour. Brangwyn remains undismayed by the apparent hopelessness, the sordid conflict with adverse conditions, of the lot of the unskilled labourer. Nay, with a confidence far from unjustifiable, he sees life as a kind of splendid pageant, out of whose materials—granting courage and skill—telling and relevant decorations may be wrought. He does not attempt richness of content, of the kind wherein Van Eyck was the supreme master. The key to his art is to be found in the East, which flashed upon him as a youth. Bent on adventure, on tilling the wastes of his own nature, he, like Mr. Joseph Conrad, sought the East, and ever since it has haunted him: "so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise." The colour opulence, the disciplined rudeness, the balanced riot, whose spiritual equivalent we call ecstasy, laid hold on him, and ultimately caused him to express his sense of wonder—for wonder there is in his work—in terms of strenuous design and rich massings of colour. Visitors to the Royal Exchange, where a few months ago 'Modern Commerce' was put in place, will be convinced that Brangwyn's *métier* is decoration. Many of the other panels are by painters of easel pictures more or less unsuccessfully attempting to work on a large scale; among the exceptions, however, being Mr. Abbey's 'Dispute between the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies.' With Brangwyn it is all the other way. It is an effort for him to confine a composition within narrow limits—even as an etcher he is an eager upholder of big, broadly-handled plates. The design of 'Modern Commerce' has been considerably altered, and built up more closely round a pictorial idea of richness, since the first sketch was made several years ago (THE ART JOURNAL, 1903, p. 79). Now it is admirably carried up to the top of the space by means of the big structures to right and left and the cumulus cloud, boldly lighted. It shows how eloquent may become a seeming chaos in the hands of an artist with a genius for decoration.

London Exhibitions.

THE eighth exhibition of the Women's International Art Club, at the Grafton Galleries, was a distinct advance upon its predecessors, though again we must protest against art societies based on sex distinctions. Yet probably it is the most satisfactory show of contemporary work by women which has ever been brought together in London. The Club did well to elect Mrs. McEvoy, whose 'The Baby,' a harmony in grey and white touched with gold, is a charming expression of her cultured, sincere art. Of the canvases by Miss Clare Atwood, the most original and the soundest are 'Airedale Foundry,' with its shadow-patterning of bars on the sunlit wall, and 'The Market,' where the iron gates are the interesting feature. Though none of the three works by Mrs. Swynnerton is on a level with her 'New-risen Hope,' they warrant the prominent position given to them. Miss Mary Cameron boldly attempts to pictorialise 'A Cock Fight,' but she succeeds better in 'Maximino de Segovia.' In the end gallery were a number of copies of the chief works of Velazquez, by Miss Blanche Williams (Mrs. P. Somers-Cocks). At the Baillie Gallery the front room, whose decorations were designed and carried out by Miss E. Bayes, held a number of water-colour views of Italy and some elaborate and ambitious works in tempera and gesso—emulating the glorious miniatures of old-time artists whose very names are forgotten—by Miss Jessie Bayes. Elsewhere were some of the delicate and fanciful pen drawings, with here and there notes of rose and orange, by Miss Annie French, evidently a disciple of Aubrey Beardsley, and a series of sensitive pastels and lithographs in colours by Mr. T. R. Way. The new-comers of the month included Mr. C. J. Kennaway, whose drawings at the Dowdeswell Galleries, of picturesque Dinan and its surroundings, show him to be timid rather than reticent in the use of colour; and, at the Doré Gallery, Mr. Edward Noake, who evidently has a sense of the life-value of sunlight. M. Albert Kossak, the painter of the dramatic 'Red Sunday' at St. Petersburg, collaborated with M. Jules Fallat in four works representing Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The Countess Feodora Gleichen, one of our ablest women sculptors, was seen at her best in some of the smaller works at the New Dudley Gallery, such, for instance, as the blithe design for a fountain at Warwick Castle. There may also be named



(Goupil Gallery.) The Window. By William Orpen.



(Goupil Gallery. By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.) Evening, Harwich. By J. Buxton Knight.



(Goupil Gallery.)

The Lonely Mill.
By Tom Robertson.

the exhibitions of drawings by Mr. A. Romilly Fedden and Mr. Percy French, the clever entertainer, and the first separate exhibition of water-colours and pictures by Miss H. Donald-Smith.

THE new suite of galleries at 5, Regent Street, was inaugurated by the first of a series of Goupil Gallery Salons, comprising pictures, drawings and sculpture by living artists exclusively. The justifiable extension proves that there is a public for good contemporary work, brought together with enterprise and taste. Mr. William Marchant has a vigilant eye for unfolding talent, and he is an eclectic. Invitations to contribute to the exhibition were sent to many of the younger men of mark belonging to the Academy, the International, the New English, the Old Water-Colour Society, the two Institutes, the R.B.A., the R.S.A., the Painter-Etchers, as well as to unattached artists as able as Mr. J. Buxton Knight, whose rich and forcible 'Evening, Harwich' shows that his winter landscape bought for Melbourne was not a chance success. At least a dozen artists are admirably represented. There are Mr. William Nicholson's sure and suave characterisation of a man; Mr. Tom Robertson's bigly conceived 'Lonely Mill,' touched with romance, and his charming bit of colour, 'The Tunny Boat;' a powerfully simplified 'Studland Common' by Mr. Peppercorn; a sunlit Downs landscape by Mr. Aumonier, fine and unsensational; Mr. Clausen's 'Old Farmstead' in vivifying light; an accomplished little harmony by Mr. Lavery; Mr. G. W. Lambert's cleverly painted nude, no doubt suggested by Manet; a remarkably dexterous 'Salomé' by M. Jacques Blanche; a pair of Le Sidaners, each with a hint of magic; and some rather violent Turneresque experiments by Mr. Shackleton. Among the water-colours are Mr. George Thomson's boldly sincere 'Little Fruit-Seller,' blue-aproned; and a nervous study of a figure at a window by Mr. Orpen (p. 43).



(Goupil Gallery.)

On the Cliff.
By J. W. Morrice.



Study of a Head (Beryl).
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

By Arthur Tomson.*

THE world was never so full of clever artists, of men who can perform this antic, or that, with their brushes, who are equipped to follow whatever fashion in paint fortune seems to smile on, who are, indeed, accomplished to an extent of which their immediate predecessors, at all events, never even dreamt; but the number of those with any real message of their own remains as slight a one as it ever was. Surrounding this small band of inspired artists there is a crowd so vast as even to accentuate the smallness of its number. We are inclined to deplore a lack of originality because the want of it is so often made apparent to us; we are even inclined to disbelieve that a man's art is now his own when he brings before us something that is new; for in our minds there linger memories of many subtle adaptations, that were received by welcomes entirely out of proportion to their deserts.

Of distinguished artists, of men who have not merely fashioned themselves on what they have seen in picture galleries and in studios, we have enough to be proud of, and to these happier artists Mr. Louis Davis certainly belongs. I have looked in vain for any outside source of Mr. Davis's art. He has, as every true artist must, studied the art that has come before him, but place one of his pictures in whatever gallery you like, and to his work you will find no fellow. Give one of his designs to another artist to copy, and the result will bear the same relation to the original as do the wares of the Italian image-seller to the things that they were first of all taken from. What better test of its distinctiveness, of its really belonging to its creator, can a work of art have? Of the many heroes in the painting world of-to-day, how many can survive such an ordeal? How many famous painters in France are there without pupils who can play their master's game with equal certainty? How many artists have we got who may not rise from their beds to find that someone more apt than themselves has carried their researches one stage farther than they will ever be able to carry them themselves?

To the painter who has really made a kingdom of his own there need be no such unrest of spirit; his is an empire to which no intruder can find the way; claimants there may be to some part of it, but their pretences will receive short shrift. Of any work that is the outcome of a man's own dreams, any imitation can look like nothing else but a grimace.

Mr. Davis may have imitators, but I am glad to say that I have never seen their pictures, for I can think of no man's art that could be copied with a much more uncom-



Nisi Dominus Frustra.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

* This article was written by Arthur Tomson shortly before his death in 1905.



Child Angel with Dove.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

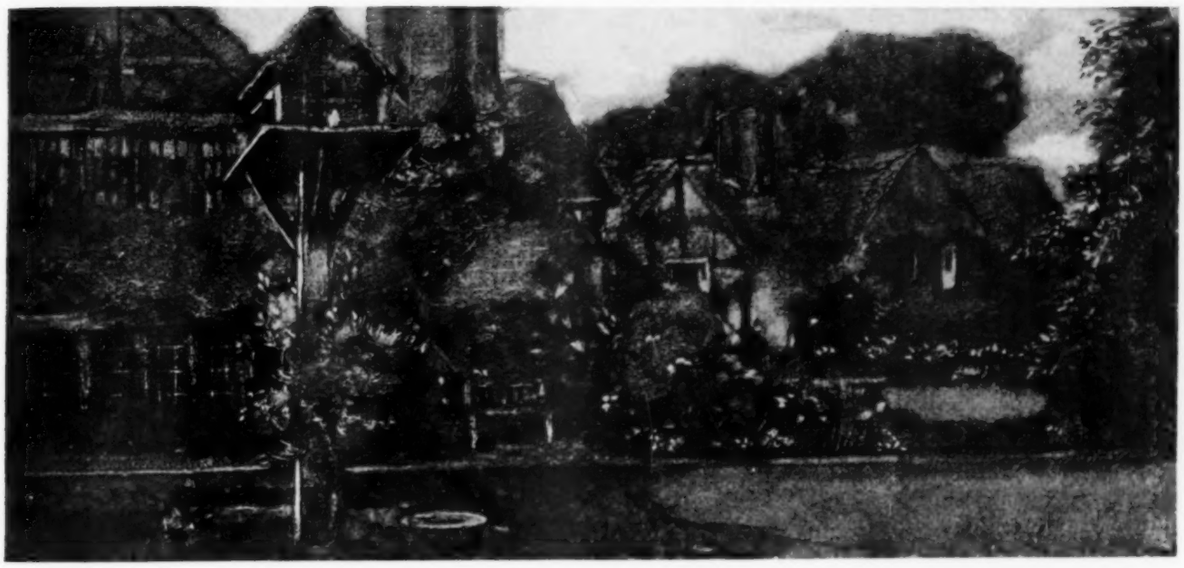
fortable result. It is so entirely the outcome of his peculiar temperament. Mr. Davis's dreamland is not a classical one, nor a Gothic one, nor any place of to-day; his people are not heroic, nor passionate, nor people, indeed, with any mission or trouble whatever. They are not like Watteau's folk, bent on pleasure, nor like Millet's, typical of the world's great sorrow. Mr. Davis's designs rouse us to no great endeavour; they move us to no state of hilarity; they woo us to a condition that will be more final than either of these. He sets before us a world in which there is nought but serenity, where there is neither the grievance of old age, nor of poverty, nor ambition. I can think of no sensations that nature affords us more akin to Mr. Davis's message than the lesson of some old-world garden. In so much that he does there is the sentiment of flowers; there is the same ordered elegance, the same mystery, the same freshness and youth. For the most part his folk may be described as Arkel described Mélisande: they are "little, silent, and mysterious." They are as remote as she was, and have very much the same vague and beautiful spirituality.

Mr. Davis employs his enviable gifts in divers ways. I do not know at what particular employment he finds the greatest pleasure. Unlike many designers, he can paint a gallery picture with as much facility as he can decorate a church wall, and he seems to me to be able to work on any scale. His large designs for windows are just the same in sentiment, and have just the same technical charm, as his tiny book illustrations.

He paints in water-colour—he is a member of the Old Water-Colour Society; he paints in tempera—this is employed, of course, in his mural decorations; he also uses gesso aptly, and is at home with a number of other crafts peculiar to the decorator. I do not think that he etches, or has worked on metal in any way, but I know that he uses a pencil, one of the most sensitive of an artist's tools, with quite wonderful delicacy.

About his life's work, as far as he has carried it, I have never questioned him. Artists, at any rate hopeful and ambitious ones, are so much more interested in what they are doing, or are going to do, than in what they have done. With the completion of any work disappointment must come to the healthy-minded artist, and disappointments are ill things to talk about. I have seen the three or four water-colour pictures that gained for him admission to the Royal Water-Colour Society; they are all poetical conceptions, individually, and often very elaborately worked, and with real beauty of colour. One of a small winged figure bearing a lantern may possibly be regarded as the most important, the space occupied by the picture is so well filled, and by forms that are separately so interesting; the expression in the figure is so tender, so child-like, and yet so remote, and there is so much richness in the child's red drapery, and such infinite depths in the blue sapphire-coloured shadow from which the figure is emerging.

Another picture of his has all the sentiment of a spring evening; one feels it in the charmingly designed landscape



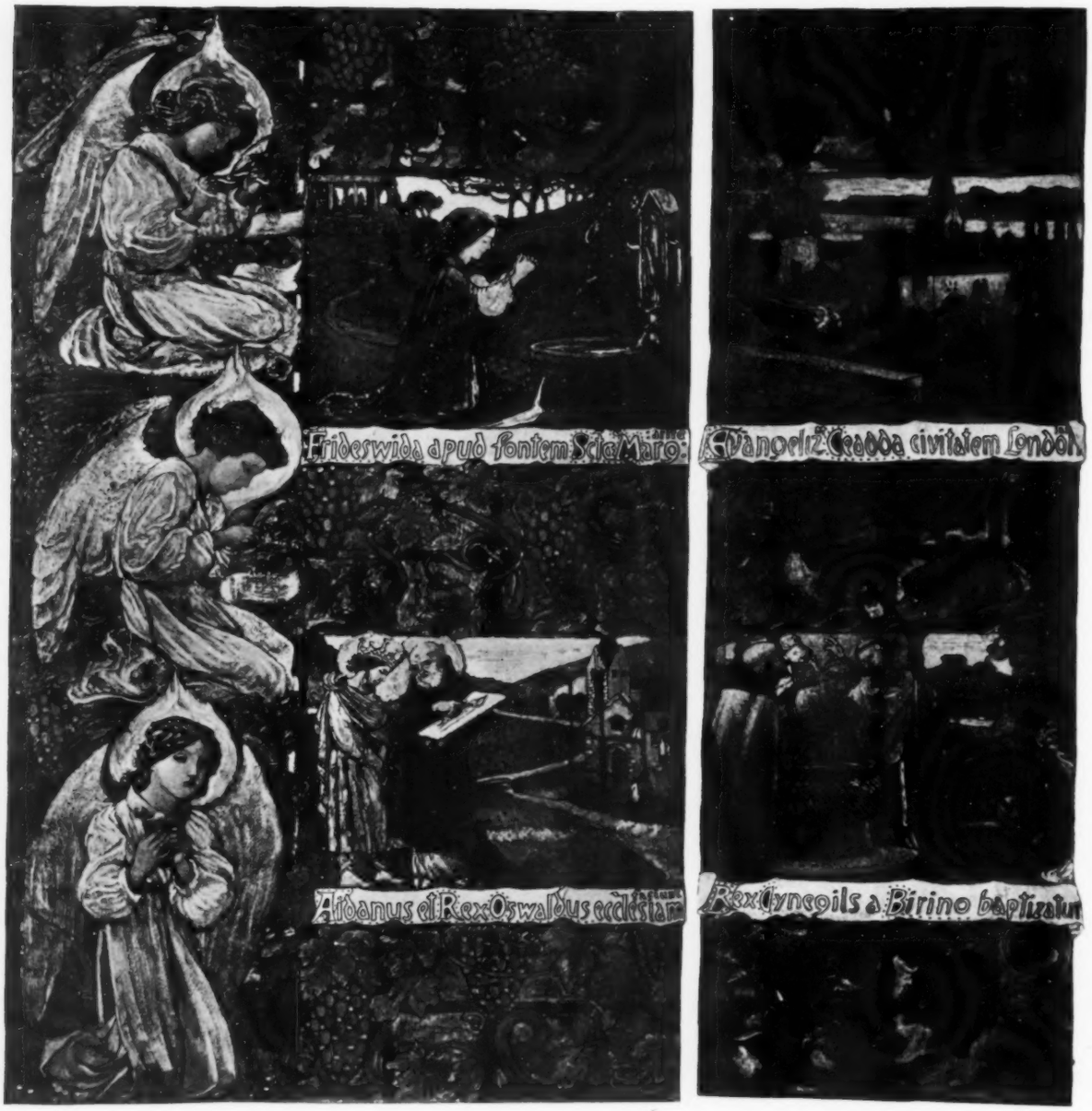
In the Garden at Waxwell Farm, Pinner.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

background with its bare and graceful tree branches set against a fading sky ; one feels it in the clear blue distance, and, perhaps, most of all in that serene little girl figure, carrying through the twilight a slender wand tipped with yellow daffodils.

As a book illustrator Mr. Davis will, perhaps, be best known by his designs for Dolly Radford's "Good Night," the prettiest book of verse ever written, not merely about children, but for children. Mrs. Radford found in Mr. Davis a sympathetic collaborator. To neither artist, it seems to me, has the door separating the child's world from the kingdom of grown-up folk ever been closed ; if it has been closed they know of a pass-word that is their peculiar heritage. Mr. Davis's figures, and the animals in these illustrations, beautifully designed though they be, have about them a sentiment that belongs entirely to the nursery. There is nothing of condescension about the conception of these human and animal folk ; one feels that Mr. Davis drew them with as much pleasure as he thought about them years ago : he has merely brought the art of a beautifully-trained artist to interpret in well-ordered forms the inhabitants of a world that has never, for any length of time,



October Showers.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.



Paintings in the Chapel of the Universities Mission at Westminster. (Scenes from the lives of early missionaries.)

By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

ceased to be his. And how beautifully found are the patterns of some of these little designs! The little circle of sweet peas on the book's cover has about it all the rhythm of an early summer day. And the quaint little landscapes! Do they not, too, deal with the facts that attracted us most when we were children? His trees, his armhouses, his dovecotes, his rows of pollarded elms, did we not see just such things years ago? And here Mr. Davis has put them before us again in a form that, with all its intimacy with the world of children's dreams, is so entirely artistic.

I have seen other designs by Mr. Davis that either have been, or are destined to be, placed upon the pages of a book. These have had a message more for children who are no longer of the nursery. In each one I have found a land in which the imagination can play about with delight. It is a land peopled with dragons, and knights, and sweet heroines; where there are forests, and mountain passes, and cities topped with quaint gables and innumerable towers—a world always remote, yet always without the tiresome sweetness of many modern illustrations to fairy stories, or the vague horror that characterized the designs of the great French draughtsman, Gustave Doré.

Notwithstanding all this accomplishment it is, however, as a designer of many stained-glass windows, as the maker of many mural decorations in churches and in other buildings, as a contributor to the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions, that Mr. Davis has obtained a great deal of his present position. All things of such kinds that I have seen of his have always just the distinction that marks his possibly less-



Paintings in the Chapel of the Universities Mission at Westminster. (Scenes from the lives of early missionaries.)

By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

known work. I remember two designs for the ornamentation of a staircase in Welbeck Abbey. In one there is a figure of Love—a delightful child in the garb of a hunter, half kneeling, half standing; he is looking out from the shadow of some dark pine-trees, out towards the two or three doves that are preceding him over a land of blue rivers and great distances. In the other we have the same god under the spell of winter; his weapons are at his feet, his cloak is over his head, and before him there is a little fire. Both these panels have charming qualities. Of course, they are designed well: the space is not only filled adequately, but with forms, and lines, and accents, that play on the senses like gentle music. And the Love! He is not the little person that was dear to Fragonard; he has not the swagger and assurance of Fragonard's cupids; he bears, indeed, the same relation to the Frenchman's little naked people that a girl's first dreams of love do to the thoughts of a mature woman. Mr. Davis's God of Love is an uncertain, wistful little boy, whose way should be strewn with primroses and spring flowers, and not with ruby roses.

There was also an altarpiece that he painted for the chapel of Wemyss Castle. In the doing of this the artist laboured under great difficulties. He had to make his painting appear brilliant and rich-coloured in a spot on which hardly any light fell. This he did with a scheme of colour that had no violent contrasts in it. Blues and reds and greens the artist interwove with the cunning of a magician, giving to the ensemble a glowing, many-coloured, prismatic appearance, although the whole picture formed a most delicious harmony. The subject of this picture was the Adoration of the Infant Jesus. Beautiful winged children,

and not Magi, knelt before the central figure: and the Mother—this seemed to me so characteristic of Mr. Davis—had about her face and figure no sign of care, or of motherhood, or of anything that differentiated her spiritually, or to any very great extent physically, from the Child on her knee, or the angel choir that surrounded them.

But of Mr. Davis as a designer of stained-glass windows, some reference seems to have been already over-long delayed, for it is in designs of this kind that he asserts himself as positively—and possibly more so—as in any other way. His coloured windows have two dominant characteristics—both to me very charming ones. Mr. Davis does not place before you, as do many glass designers, a perfect torrent of colour, one tint, as it were, toppling over the other in its hurry to strike the topmost note. He uses white in all its degrees, as to the best of my knowledge no other designer of this kind does. He uses transparent whites and



The Adoration of the Angels.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.



In the Garden at Woodside, Chenies.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

dull whites; some that are translucent, and others that are as suggestive as an opalescent cloud. To these he applies brilliant colour sparingly, but he puts his gem-like notes always in the right quantities, and always in the right places, so that their connection is never lost; so that they always in themselves make a rhythmic pattern, and so that the eye, whilst wandering over the plainer spaces that intervene between these brilliant accents, is still always to some extent under their influence.

The other chief characteristic of Mr. Davis's windows is his manner of treating his subjects. Mr. Davis loves to tell a story that has in it many scenes. He will trace the life history of his saint from the first scene that has any important bearing upon his or her martyrdom or development. And these scenes, how ingeniously he portrays them! Of the stock-in-trade properties of the common glass designer he will have none. Their hackneyed trade-marks of certain saints he ignores. He tells his story as freshly, as vividly, as if he were making an illustration from a book; his backgrounds are as intimate, his costumes as convincing, as if he had come fresh from an archeological study of his saints' lives, and all the incidents in his designs are full of humanity. And yet he never loses sight of his pattern; the decorative effect of the lines in his composition is always lively, fresh, well-balanced; the action of his figures is never unfamiliar, yet they always form a part in a design that is above everything else remarkable for its unity.

I have seen banners designed by Mr. Davis. I have

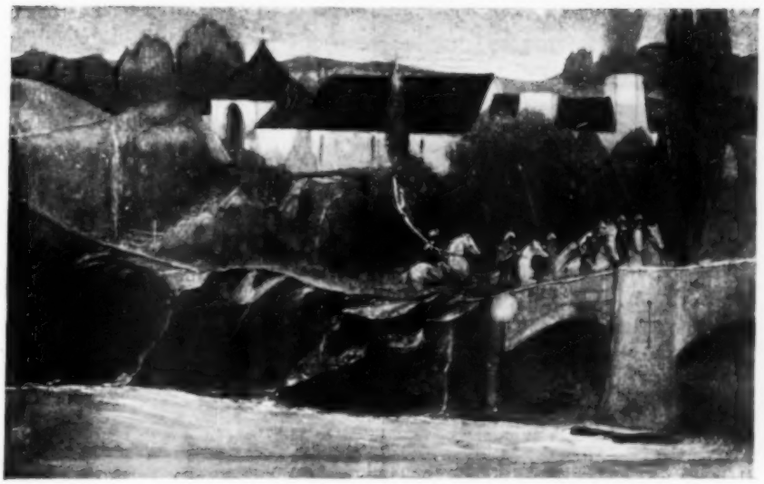
The Art Journal
Virtue & Co.



The Slayer of Hearts.
from the painting by Louis Davis
by permission of George Skilbeck Esq.

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seen plates planned by him, and hearthrugs too, and all have the same characteristics: there has been the same consideration of the material and use of the thing he has ornamented, and, together with that, the same freshness and ingenuity of device. Somewhat recently he designed the beautiful hangings in the Lady Chapel at Gloucester Cathedral, the work being most ably carried out by Mrs. Louis Davis. These hangings are worked in a wholly original way. A pattern of vine, conventionally treated and in colours of silver and pearl mingled with purple, is applied to a background of velvet of the most beautiful silvery blue. The whole of the work, gathered into many folds, is hung upon oak rods by means of leather bands.



The Road to Camelot.
By Louis Davis, A.R.W.S.

Mr. Davis has found the secret of eternal youth, and he imparts it to others. His designs have the dainty fertility of a child's imaginings set forth with the art of a cultivated man. While designing he has never ceased to play, and he makes those who sympathise with his work play too, which is in itself a protection against the encroachments of old age. And is not this a quality, when it is combined with so much art, to be grateful for? We are beset now with ugly realism on one side, and with every sort of false prophet on the other. To find an artist dreaming his own dreams, and setting them forth oblivious of schools and fashions, getting indeed out of the product of his own playful fancy as much delight as a child with his box of bricks, and as oblivious of his surroundings as a child is with his toys, is not this now as surprising and refreshing a spectacle as a green oasis must be to a wanderer in a desert land?

Sales.

THE most important auction at Christie's in December was on the 14th, when some valuable pieces of porcelain came under the hammer. A pair of old Chinese vases, 20¼ in. high, K'ang-Hsi (1662–1722), square-shape, famille-verte on black ground, enamelled with lotus plants, kingfishers, cranes, etc., made 3,700 gs.; a pair of beakers, 18¾ in. high, Yung Chêng (1722–35), ruby-coloured ground, with delicately enamelled panels of various shapes, 3,100 gs.; two mandarin jars and covers, Ch'ien Lung (1735–96), 52 in. high, mazarin-blue ground, 1,650 gs.; a Chelsea dessert service, mottled dark blue ground, 38 pieces, 1,450 gs.; a crinolined Dresden figure, 11 in. high, of the Countess de Kossel carrying a pug, 620 gs., four Chippendale mahogany chairs, finely carved, 700 gs. On December 12th two flounces of lace, seventeenth century point-de-Venise à la rose, about 4⅓ yards long, 12 in. deep, went to 300 gs. each.

On December 15th there came up two of the first drawings by Rodin which for long have occurred at auction. A beautiful chalk study 17½ in. by 1½, for a statue of a young mother playing with her child, dating from 1878, with something of the combined tenderness and force of Michelangelo, was extraordinarily cheap at 38 gs.; another chalk study the same size, for a statue, 'Spring,' made 38 gs. A view of a town with an old château, in black-and-white touched with colour, by Mathys Maris, fetched 100 gs.; two pastels of animals by Mr. J. M. Swan, 48 gs.

At Sotheby's, on December 15th, ten of the twelve drawings for 'Paradise Lost'—the other two belong to Mr. James Bryce, M.P.—signed and dated "W. B(lake), 1807," fetched £2,000. They were the property of Mr. Sydney Style of Liverpool, and have frequently been exhibited, the last time at the Carfax Gallery in the summer of 1906. At the Aspland sale, 1885, they made a relatively small sum, and it is improbable that Blake got more than £10 for the series. Another set of nine designs for 'Paradise Lost,' dated 1808, from the Butts collection, is in the Boston museum.

In the Uffizi is Raphael's masterly portrait of Leo X., painted in Rome about 1518. What is supposed to be a portrait of his brother, from the same hand, was bought recently in Berlin by Herr Oscar Huldschinsky for £17,000.

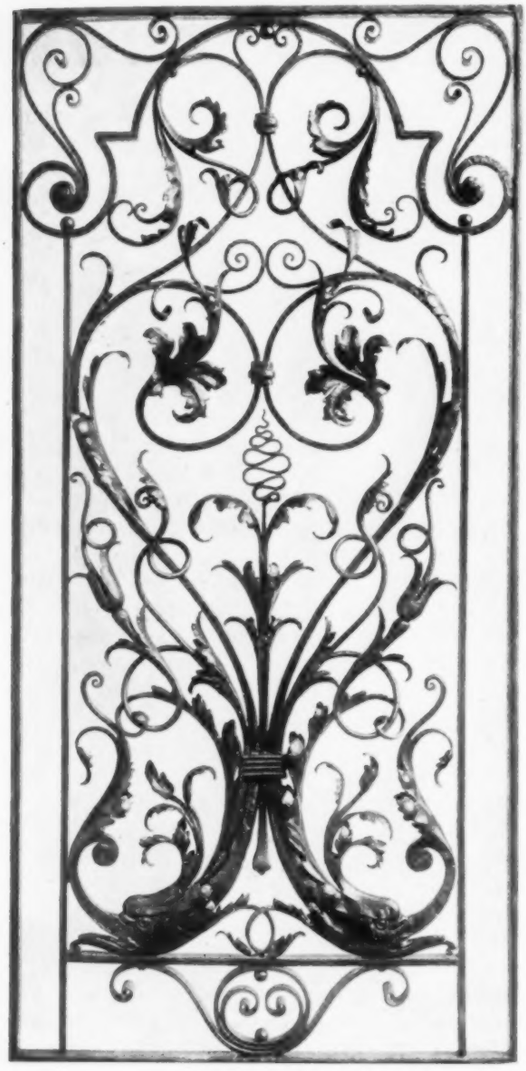
An usher of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives was favoured by fortune, when he picked up for a small sum an old picture, 'Priests playing cards,' since attributed to Rembrandt. He is said to have been offered 300,000 francs for it.

Arts and Crafts.

SYMBOLIC art had development in decoration. To enforce, to illustrate, the significance of the place or object was the inspiration of the great sculptures, frescoes, metal-work, pictures for church or monastery, carvings, mosaics, of the Middle Ages. The meditation and charity of the Christian community, the virtues of the true commonwealth, the revealed mysteries of religion, the industries of the city—in cloister, church, and public buildings these ideas were declared to the eyes, and entered with beauty into the consciousness of the people to whom art was a living language. The symbolic art of to-day, divorced mostly from any appropriate setting, has to claim attention as an isolated presentation of the idea, and to expound it with the completeness demanded of an unrelated work. It is not a part of a whole, not a completion. One has only to study Watts' pictures in the Tate Gallery to see how even a mind entirely attuned to the spirit of fine symbolic art suffers in simplicity and ease of utterance under the necessity to present a full image, to make a "painted allegory." Complexity is the result, a forcing of the note, a too ingenious and emphatic use of detail. And as long as art is unemployed in decorating things of use—from cathedrals to cups—so long symbolism will remain a formal or complicated language in our arts, and a bastard allegorising usurp its place. So that, apart from the extrinsic value of the work, each employment of art in public decoration is intrinsically valuable. The increasing use of fresco in public places, the more liberal conception of what materials can be used in decoration, are influences working through all modes of art for the hope of a free-breathing future.



Enamel Panel: "Hesperides."
By L. Fairfax-Muckley.



Wrought-Iron Grille.
Designed by C. Mason.
Executed by Henry Ross.

The execution of fifteen important panels in repoussé copper by Miss Agnes Vyse and Mr. Henry Ross for Zanzibar Cathedral is a significant addition to the recent history of metal-work. The use of wrought iron for altar-rails, screens, candelabra: of brass, of gold and silver for sacramental vessels, crosses, candlesticks: has produced much modern work of interest, some of it of beauty that is the best inspiration to believe in the development of art when its uses are apprehended. But these repoussé panels, illustrating the Old Testament types of the Saviour, are an extension of the use of metal in church-decoration. In place in the apse of the cathedral they are framed in a teak setting designed by the architect, and the treatment of the warm-coloured metal is designed to give full value to the effect of light on the conventionalised forms of the spiritual forerunners and symbols of the Light of the World. While design and execution consider the appropriate use of the material, and the necessary regard for the whole edifice of which decoration is a part, there is considerable range in the treatment and detail of the various panels. The framework of symbolic vegetation, the backgrounds to some figures, while others—as the Melchizedek—fill closely the panel-space, are means to give variety to the sequence. Miss Vyse and Mr. Ross have had an important work to do, and the result is suggestive of fresh possibilities for skilled metal-workers. The wrought iron grille, finely executed by Mr. Ross, is an example of his skill in another mode of art.



The Brazen Serpent. Melchizedek. Jonah.

Three of fifteen Repoussé Copper Panels for the Bishop Smythie's Memorial, Zanzibar Cathedral.

Designed by Agnes Vyse.
Executed by Agnes Vyse and Henry Ross.

The sense of decoration, the inspiration to new utterance of the eternal beauty, fulfilled itself at its highest when no great work of man's hands was shaped but to be beautiful for the use of man and the praise of what power it served. But it arose in humbler work, and, so long as in utensils and personal belongings beauty was an unquestioned need, so long the fine arts were quickened by the common life. The great opportunities for architectural decoration are few to-day. The desire for beautiful possessions is strengthening with each year, and in the revival of the minor arts, with a revival of that intelligent and particular attention to the object of art which possession or choice of possessions gives, lies an ever-increasing force that works for beauty in life.

The decoration of books, as the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition showed, is, with the crafts of the metal-worker and jeweller, excelling larger works in originality and charm. Book-binding, printing, writing, illumination, are modern arts, as furniture, for instance, is not. There is life in design and execution of these book-crafts not wholly derived from the past, and healthily free, in the best instances, from the spurious energy of l'Art Nouveau.

Miss Farran's gold-tooled binding of "The Gospel of Work" is an instance of expressive design and finished technique. A symbolism appropriate to the contents of the book informs the cover-design, where the cross intersects a star-sown sphere, interlaced with four hearts, and the



(Baillie Gallery.)

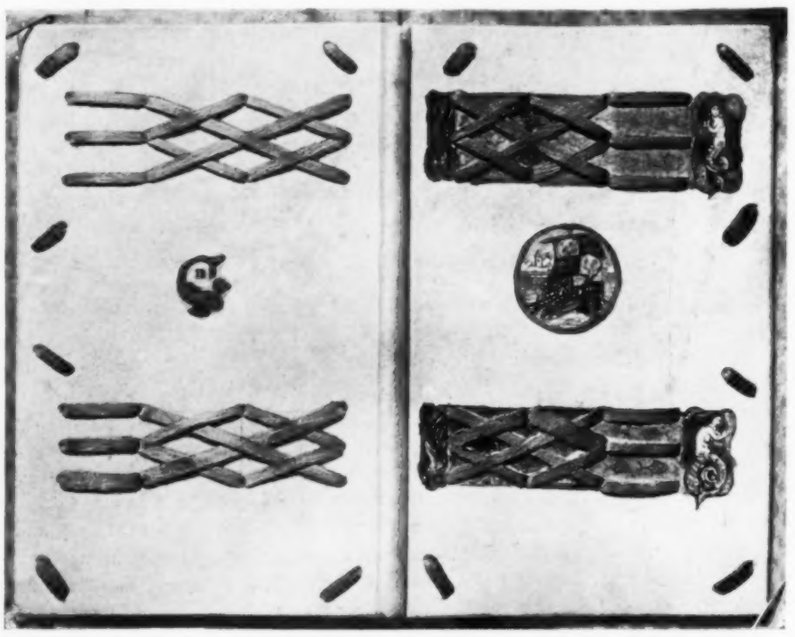
Casket: "Aucassin and Nicolette."
By Jessie Bayes and F. Stüttig.

finials of the four arms of the cross are spheres enclosing the circling wings of highest service. The bright fine gold of the wings on the red leather, the clearness and conciseness of the work, are admirable.

To illuminate and to illustrate a book are, in the meaning of the word, one art. In practice they differ widely. Illustration, before the revival of printing, had ceased to be an enrichment of the page, a decoration of the book as a unit of art, and become an interpolation of picture, independent, æsthetically, of the printed pages it illustrated. Illumination had ceased entirely, for the fancy-work that went by the name need not be counted. Its revival has sprung inevitably from the renewed practice of fair-writing, which, for the artist, leads as naturally to illumination of the page as, for the poet, the ordering of words leads to poetry. This is its root, and unless the blazon of gold, the brightness of pure colour, be related to the writing on the page, and the whole presents itself as one decorative conception, illumination is a vulgarity. For its imaginative fulfilment there must be in the modern mind, as there was in the mediæval, delight in the fair things of earth and in their use in story. The world of old romance, where youth and fleetness, and all that is fair and splendid, sounded a trumpet-call to the heart, must be no dim writing on an old page, but a land of free delight and enchantment. Legend, with its gentle shepherding of beasts into the world of man, its halo for the saint, and wings for the messengers of love, its grotesques and sanctities, must be for the illuminator an ardent interpretation of truth. Whether, in this happy sight the artist looks to the gorgeous East—as Miss Kingsford has done for some of her most exquisite designs—or to the mediæval world, as Miss Jessie Bayes does, there must be direct entrance into the "joyaunce" that has expression in pageant and festival, in bright array of life, if the illumination is to be a true brightness.

Miss Bayes has entered by two paths into the region of her art. The study of pre-Renaissance art and of old French romances have given her store of images. Two years of work in an engraving house disciplined her hand, and study and practice of lettering prepared and accompany her illumination. As an illustrator of the text of legend and romance she has a varied range of ideas. The setting of her gaily-clad figures– as in the illustration—is in a bright world, where are rose-gardens, and sunlit palaces, the greenwood, flower-bright meadow, hill-top cities of fair Italy. Study of real landscape and architecture as well as of their representation in mediæval art gives her work vividness.

In collaboration with Mr. F. Stüttig, whose carving and gilding is known to craft-lovers, Miss Bayes adds to her illumination of books, her tempera and illuminated pictures, and such pretty work as the leather card-case, the making of larger things, such as mirrors and caskets. The casket



(Baillie Gallery.)

Card-case with painted medallions and leather strap-work.
By Jessie Bayes.



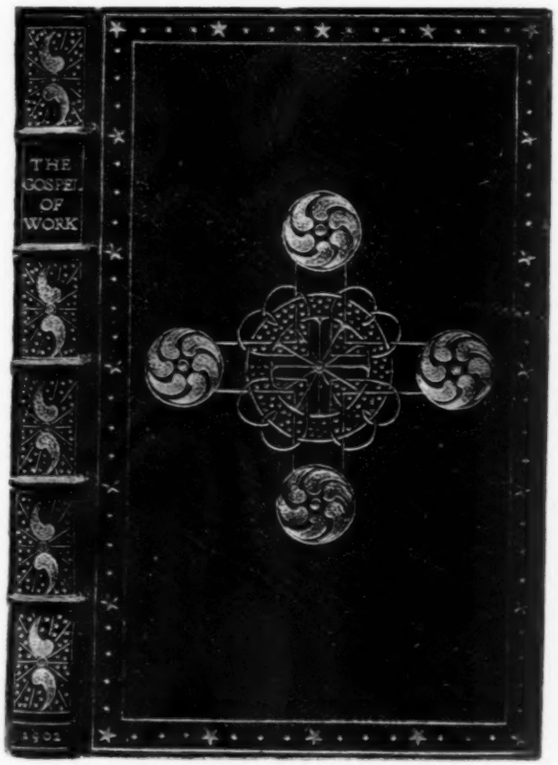
(Baillie Gallery.) Embroidered Casket. By Joan Drew

illustrated is of 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' whose faces in their eternal youth are daintily painted on the cover, while scenes from the love-story so exquisitely enfolded in the original decorate the sides. Of Mr. Stüttig's effective carving the oak screen, with pierced steel hinges of strong and simple design, is a good instance.

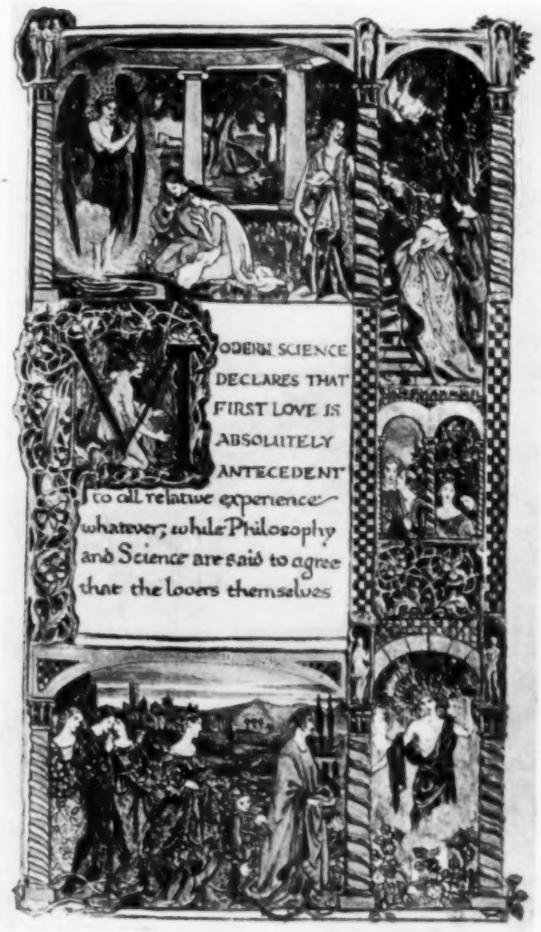
Mr. Fairfax-Muckley's enamels are the work of a draughtsman and designer as well as of an artist in the lovely qualities of his material. There is so much haphazard stuff produced in the vogue for enamel, so little that



Carved Oak Screen, with pierced Steel Hinges.
(Baillie Gallery.) By F. Stüttig.



Bookbinding in red Morocco, hand-tooled.
By E. Gertrude Farran.



(Baillie Gallery. By permission of Sir Frank Swettenham.) Illuminated Page. By Jessie Bayes.

is more than bright and pretty, that a serious figure design, executed with intention, is as much a needed example now, in the height of the beautiful craft's popularity, as in the days of its neglect. Other enamels by Mr. Fairfax-Muckley, exhibited with this at the Baillie Gallery, declared, equally, the earnestness and equipment of his art.

Miss Joan Drew's little embroidered casket is one of several pretty and delicate embroideries of the same kind that show her to invent and execute daintily. The treatment of the figure among the roses is happy, the flowers and leaves charming in colour and texture on the white silk.

The Royal Academy.

THE 136th annual prize-giving at Burlington House was remarkable chiefly for the success of women students, by no means unexpected by several of the visitors to the schools. Of thirty awards, seven were carried off by women. Both the President and the Keeper were prevented through illness from being present, but that mattered less as it was not gold medal year, when Sir Edward Poynter delivers his biennial admonition. Caron A. C. Oliver Lodge, who took the prize of £40 for the design for the decoration of part of a public building, is evidently an admirer of Blake and of Botticelli. Even the best of the studies of the nude are lamentably lacking in distinction and beauty of sight. For the most part they are just painstaking but commonplace studies of models, doubtless weary of posing. Rodin, it is interesting to recall, sets his face against professional models, and says he does not impose attitudes. But a master has liberty which a pupil does not enjoy. Impressionism of a kind has invaded the R.A. Schools, as several of the landscapes for the Creswick Prize show. Many of the successful students had carried off awards in previous years. The studentship for architecture went to William Harvey.

Winter Sports and Landscapes.

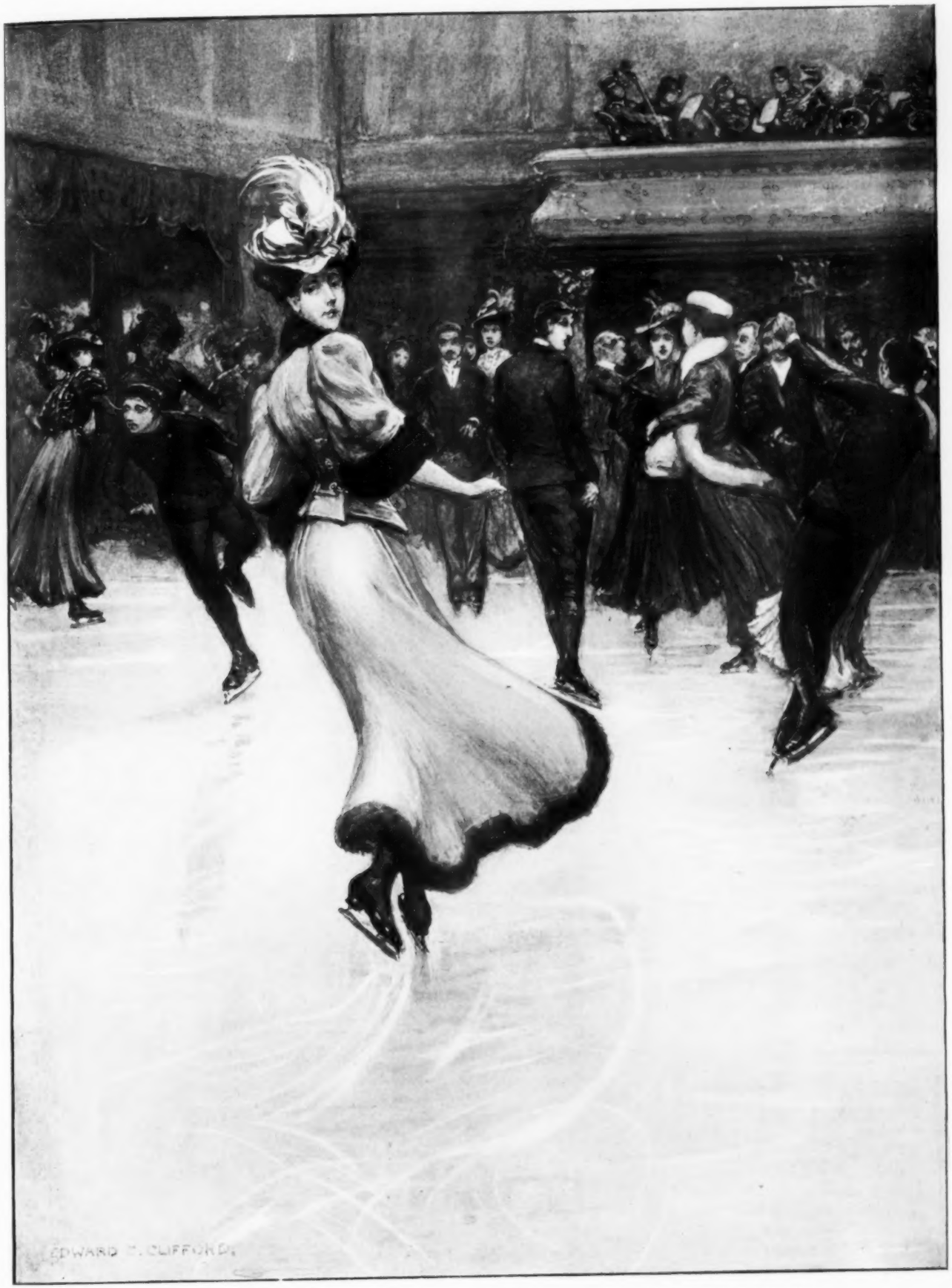
By Basil Hansard.

ENGLAND, to the joy of most people, is not often visited by a severe winter. Merely cold weather does not put thick ice on lakes and flooded fields, and in this country "seasonable" sports are a failure. We suffer the penalties of a winter climate, but rarely enjoy the privileges. Cities are made dismal by falls of snow, but wheels can be seldom exchanged for runners, and from New Year to New Year opportunities for sports on snow and ice are not provided. It seems a long time since the Sleigh Club met in Hyde Park; the National Skating Association hold their competitions abroad, or under cover in London; this year, the Ski Club of Great Britain will tour in Norway at the time of the great meeting at Trondhjem; the Curlers' International Bonspiel will take place soon at Kandersteg; and in February the bobsleigh "Derby" will be run at St. Moritz.

Agreeable though the absence of intense cold may be to those who cannot indulge in athletic games, it must not be forgotten that seasonable weather is desired by others than those interested in sports. Many trades suffer if summer is everlasting, and artists lose a source of inspiration. The point of view is everything. Swimmers in the Serpentine at Christmas may rejoice to find little or no opposition to their customary plunge, but that lake frozen over gave Richard Doyle a subject which could not have been imagined (p. 59). Fogs served Whistler, and snow has been an asset



Frost Fair on the River Thames, 1684. View taken near Temple Stairs.



Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



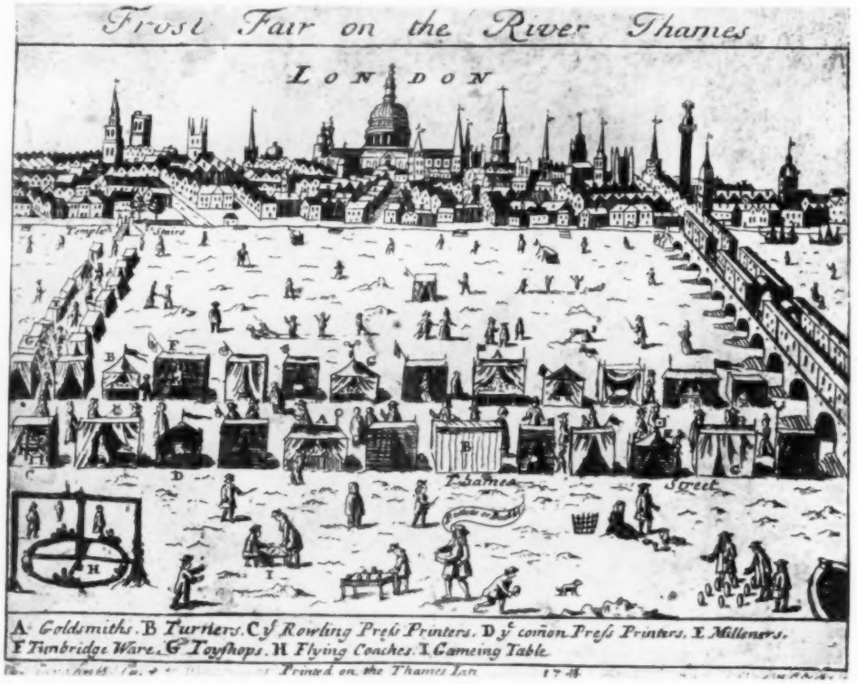
The Spread-Eagle.

to many painters. In previous centuries the Thames in ice brought profit to many citizens, and if the watermen grumbled, the proprietors of coaches were satisfied with a new source of revenue. Therefore, some ratepayers will regret that the prophecy in the *Signs of the Times* for January 14, 1907, has not been fulfilled, that the L.C.C. steamers would pay at last as sleighs. Picture-making was a prominent industry among the side shows on the hardened surface of the Thames. Art, always, it was not; but in many old prints some interesting facts are preserved. The game of ninepins was popular, and so was cricket. In the Frost of 1683–4, to quote from a ballad of the period, "the Dutch in great shoals used to meet, and clap't their crook'd scates on their foot." In 1890 a Fancy Dress Ice Festival was held on the river at Teddington, but in recent years successive frosts have not bridged the Thames to any extent.

Indoor skating has been arranged in London at several places, and if financial success has not been secured, many people have been able to practise a favourite exercise. At the present time Prince's Skating Club at Knightsbridge is the only place in London where skating, bandy, and curling may be enjoyed in defiance of the weather. The ice is kept in good condition, and figure-skaters have many advantages there which are not to be found at outdoor resorts on the Continent; but the fact remains that without the exhilaration of the air any sport loses much of its attraction. For this reason the sports associated with snow and ice have been transferred to other countries and native painters seek inspiration abroad.

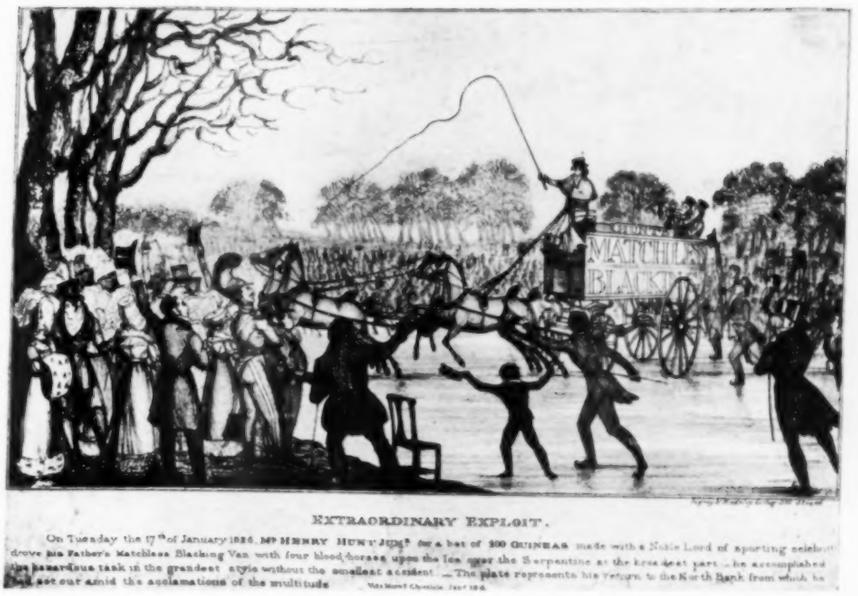
Switzerland is so easily accessible that it is favoured for both amusement and study. When green trees and slopes are topped by white glaciers the country is seen at its best, perhaps; but when the rivers are checked in passing and water is frozen in mid-air, when the trees blossom with snow and the land is lily-white, the scenery is so undeniably magnificent that the winter aspect challenges the beauty of more temperate seasons. The exhibitions of the Alpine Club show that in winter "the playground of Europe" offers many subjects. Painters go there, and photographers point lenses at snow-covered châlets and pirouetting skaters. How successful the attempts are to put such scenes on canvas or printing-out paper is for individual judgment.

Figure-skating is drawing plus the drawer; the skate is



Scene during the Great Frost in 1715.

the tracing point of the body. So writes Mr. H. R. Yglesias, and if the genius of the fine skater does not produce a negotiable masterpiece, no one will grudge the ice-draughtsman the qualification of artist. What a work of art is a Grenander or a Torromé drawing! The pity is that the material is perishable. Not only is the design clean without being too geometrical, but the poise of the artist-skater is a lesson in composition and adjustment. "Attitude! attitude is everything" are the words inscribed under an old print (p. 58), and the axiom is one to be remembered every moment by the novice if, in the words of the Pickwick ladies, he or she would appear elegant and swanlike.



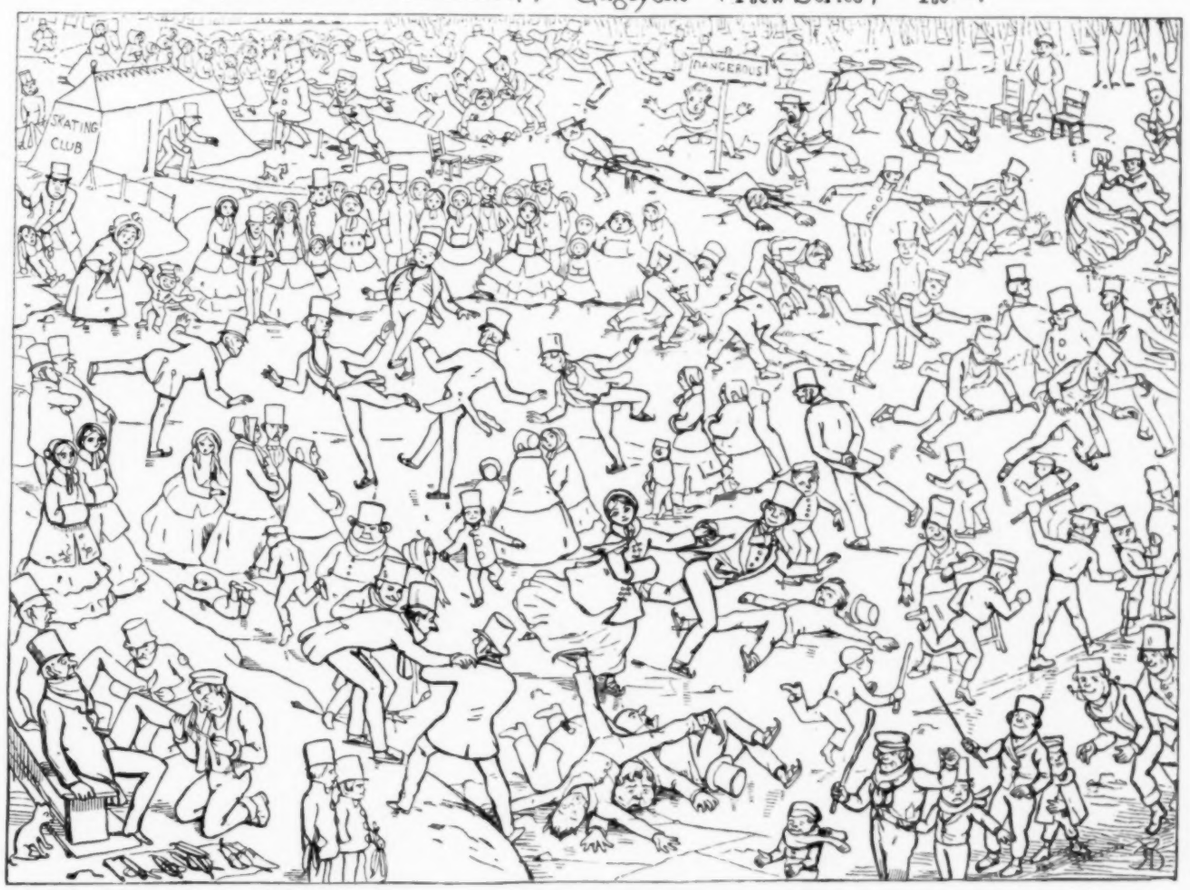
EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOIT.

On Tuesday the 17th of January 1826, Mr HENRY HUNT Junr for a bet of 100 GUINEAS made with a Noble Lord of sporting celebrity drove his Father's Matchless Blacking Van with four blood horses upon the Ice over the Serpentine at the less deep part ... he accomplished his hazardous task in the grandest style without the smallest accident! ... The plate represents his return to the North Bank from which he first set out amid the acclamations of the multitude

(From a print in the British Museum.)

Scene on the Serpentine, 1826.

Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe (New Series) No 1.



ye 'Serpentyne' duryng a hard frost. *Pubblycke upon it.

(From "Punch." By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

By Richard Doyle (1850).



The Glissade.

By Matthew Hale, R.I.

Jack Frost sets many hard tasks: it is no easy thing to outline the icicle, to do justice to the grace of the ski-runner, or to depict the skater on the edge. The curler, besides a language and a literature, has an art of his own; tobogganning has no champion in paint, though Mr. Sydney P. Hall has done a 'Descent upon Italy,' a party of Romans sliding downhill on shields. In time other inducements will be given for winter holidays by accelerated travel, under sea in the Channel Tunnel, perhaps, or over ground in the dirigible balloon which has succeeded so well in the experimental trip. Meanwhile no great hardship is experienced by those who go to the Continent with sketch-books or to take part in winter sports. It is not necessary for the ordinary traveller to be equipped with ice axe or climbing irons, and an arctic outfit is not desirable. The facilities offered in recent years have created a class of regular visitors to Switzerland under snow, and the winter season was promoted last year to a handbook of its own.* One of the associations for encouraging travel is the Public Schools Winter Sports Club, and had this body been formed early in the eighteenth century, instead of in the twentieth, undoubtedly the name of Samuel Johnson would have appeared among the members; for Boswell relates that when the future genius was at Lichfield School he never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions, but reserved his only amusement for the winter, when he took pleasure in being pulled along the ice by a barefooted youth. The Club is under the presidency of the Head-master of Eton.

From the time when carol singers and waits begin to inflict their melodies on unwilling ears until the end of February the great railway stations are sieves for travellers to Switzerland and other countries. Deserted by skaters and ski-runners is the land where ice is so rare and snow so unwelcome. Enthusiasm and appreciation for winter spreads rapidly, and each season the jingle-jangle of sleigh bells greets new visitors. Among them are men and women well known in the world of art and letters, and in many pictures and books experiences are reflected. The illustrated library of winter sports increases and improves, and if the year ever comes again when the forest trees of England are split by the frosts and the water in the Thames is hidden by ice there will be an army of experts to transmit the facts to posterity.

* *The Winter Sports Annual*, edited by E. Wroughton ("Field" Office, 1*s.* 6*d.*), a guide to the resorts in Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, with records of races and other information.

Passing Events.

MR. JOHN HONEYMAN, the architect responsible for the much-discussed restoration of Iona Cathedral, suggests that there should be an amalgamation of the National Gallery and the Scottish and Irish National Galleries: this because in the United Kingdom there can, strictly speaking, be but one National Gallery. His idea is that this would reduce the probability of competition for works of art and bring about a wise system of interchange.



(From a photograph.) Curlers at Kandersteg.

SNOW sculpture is a popular amusement in some Swiss winter resorts. At Villars-sur-Ollon in January a competition attracted a large entry, and the prize-winners were Mr. H. J. Bateman, Head-master of the Technical Institute, Leyton; Mr. Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S., who practised in a medium new to him, and Mrs. J. Foster Fraser.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, the poet-playwright, says that "there are no words—at least, there is no prose—to describe" three of the resurrected Turners at the Tate Gallery. "They are sheer miracle—only music might tell them over again. I believe the sunrises of Turner could be transmuted into music. Light is sound; the rainbow its diatonic scale. Everyone seems to feel this unconsciously, to know it intuitively." In an illuminative article, Mr. Davidson, leaping "a chasm with a hypothetical vaulting-pole," elaborates this theory of unity, and defines light and sound as "isomeric forms of the omnipresent ether, the one inaudible, the other invisible." He is re-enunciating an ancient teaching. Apropos of the Turners, Mr. MacColl's descriptions of them in the newly-issued catalogue are fine specimens of his power to write tersely and explicitly. But, as we all know, he is, as well, a maker of living phrases.

THE unveiling at Govan of the memorial statue of Mrs. John Elder caused the perhaps not quite accurate statement to be made that, apart from royalty, it is one of six statues to women which have been raised in this country. Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, whose bust of Robert Browning, his father, was unveiled at the Browning Hall, Walworth, on the seventeenth anniversary of the poet's death, studied for a time under Rodin, and, as a painter, has exhibited at the Royal Academy.

PUNCTUALITY in finishing work is far from being an invariable characteristic of artists. Matthew Maris, for instance, allowed a child sitter to reach maturity, and still the commission remained incomplete. Leighton was a signal exception. Mr. Val Prinsep said that the P.R.A. could always tell to a day when he would complete a work. Once only did he fail—with the 'Summer Moon.' Yet even then he was only three days after time. He locked himself in his studio and re-painted the picture.

M. GABRIEL FERRIER, recently elected to the Institute of France, is a brilliant draughtsman and, as one of the Professors at Julian's, a penetrative critic.

THE Scottish Liberal Association has resolved to present Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with his portrait. Whether it will be painted by Mr. Sargent or by one of C.-B.'s distinguished countrymen remains to be seen. Putting Mr. Orchardson aside on the score of health, there are Sir James Guthrie, who sees finely and paints beautifully, and among others, Sir George Reid, who is always forceful. Sir William Richmond is painting Dr. Arthur Evans, the eminent archæologist, the picture being a presentation to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford from admirers of its many years' able Keeper.



A Poster of the Swiss Federal Railways.

By P. Colombi.

A MEMORIAL exhibition of works by the late James Charles, admirably represented by three or four pictures at the Winter Academy, will shortly be opened in the Leicester Galleries. By the way, Mr. Barrie purchased from here one of the deft 'Peter Pan' drawings of Mr. Arthur Rackham, that showing Peter flying through the air, holding to the tail of his kite. The exhibition of works by Fragonard and Chardin at the Beaux Arts is assured of success, for M. Henri de Rothschild, the President of the committee, himself owns some fine examples. At a new Paris gallery—Shirley's near the Madeleine—there was held in December a show of water-colours from the time of Alexander Cozens, natural son of Peter the Great, down to Brabazon. Constable enthusiastically called John Robert Cozens, son of Alexander, "the greatest artist who had ever painted landscape."

TO celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, the American Institute of Architects resolved on the establishment of a medal to be awarded to those who had contributed most signally to the art aspect of architecture, irrespective of country. Sir Aston Webb, R.A., whose portrait by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon was lately placed with those of other past Presidents in the R.I.B.A., was the first recipient.

POSSIBLY Mr. Lavery's self-portrait for the Uffizi, which has been seen in Paris, will be exhibited in this country before it goes to Italy. Mr. Pennell has accepted the invitation of the Director of the Uffizi to contribute a selection of his drawings made to illustrate Mr. Maurice Hewlett's 'Road in Tuscany.'

A CASE of importance to artists came before a London magistrate in December. It turned on the question whether it is fraudulent for a dealer to obtain pictures from an artist on "sale or return" and immediately thereafter to pawn them. Judgment was in the negative. It is essential, then, that before parting with work to persons of whom they know little, an artist should make them sign a declaration to prove they are acting as his agent, otherwise it would appear that recovery is possible only on the ground of an ordinary debt.

"THE whole is right and good" was Ruskin's summary of the portrait of John Stuart Blackie by James Archer, R.S.A., who, when over eighty, died at Haslemere in the autumn of 1904. Archer achieved fame in England as well as in Scotland, exhibiting at the Royal Academy from 1850 till the year of his death, one of his 1872 contributions being a portrait of Irving as Mathias in "The Bells." 'Spring-Time' (p. 63) is characteristic of some of his broadly-handled fancy subjects.

THERE was a representative gathering of men distinguished in literature, art and society, at the dinner to Mr. Frederick Wedmore, when was presented to him a testimonial in recognition of his services to art as a writer. Mr. Wedmore is one of the few honorary members of the Painter-Etchers.

THE Dean and Chapter of Westminster have appointed Mr. W. R. Lethaby, F.S.A., to succeed the late Mr. Micklethwaite as "Surveyor of the Fabric." For some years Mr. Lethaby has been Professor of Design at the Royal College of Art, and is a recognised authority on early architecture. Apropos of the College of Art, several members of the Chamber of Commerce Delegation which recently visited Austria, Hungary, and other parts of central Europe, expressed the opinion that they had seen nothing abroad so good as the instruction given at South Kensington. On the other hand, they had no praise for the actual building at South Kensington.

THE Whitechapel Art Gallery is appealing for an extra £500 a year in order to make full use of the building. About two million persons have visited the exhibitions organised since Lord Rosebery opened the gallery in 1901. Mr. Aitken is an able Director of this centre of light in a squalid district, and the appeal should not be in vain. A new and admirable scheme is sketched for future spring shows.

THREE of the six artists elected to membership of the Institute of Oil Painters are, or have been R.B.A.'s. Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram and Mr. G. C. Haité still belong to Suffolk Street, and Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson, son of the Scottish R.A., withdrew not long ago. Mr. J. Buxton Knight is the able painter of the winter landscape bought from the 1906 Academy for Melbourne. Mr. Hugh G. Riviere, well known as a portraitist, is, of course, son of Mr. Briton Riviere. The other new member is Mr. Adam B. Proctor, who has exhibited at Burlington House since 1888. The Society of Twenty-Five has filled up its roll by the election of Professor Gerald Moira.

PRIOR to its exhibition now open at the New Gallery, the International Society elected twenty-three new associates and one honorary member, M. Bartholomé, the well-known French sculptor. The choice of artists of the standing of Messrs. A. E. John, W. Orpen, Charles Ricketts, Henri Le Sidaner, and Havard Thomas, is eminently wise. The three women associates are Olga de Boznanska, Cecilia Beaux, and Elizabeth Shippen Green. One is especially glad to see the inclusion of two or three talented New English Art Club men.

THE masterly miniature by Holbein, of a woman of twenty-three, which fetched £2,750 at the Hawkins sale, 1904 (reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL 1904, p. 233) is neither of Frances Howard, Duchess of Norfolk, as catalogued, nor of Lady Frances Vere, as some assumed. In the sumptuous catalogue of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection of miniatures, now in preparation, it will appear as the portrait of Mrs. Pemberton, daughter of Richard Throgmorton. The armorial bearings originally on the locket have helped towards identification.

AT the opening of the exhibition of his works in Manchester, Mr. Holman Hunt told the story of 'The Lady of Shalott,' for which a subscription was started with the object of presenting it to the nation. The picture was begun about fifteen years ago, and Millais and Burne-Jones saw it when partially advanced. When his eyesight began to fail somewhat seriously, Mr. Holman Hunt was assisted by Mr. Edward R. Hughes, R.W.S., with whose aid the picture was finished. Of course the artist is in no way associated with the movement to buy this 'Lady of Shalott' for the nation.

THE re-admission into the National Gallery of Reynolds' superb Cockburn group has necessitated several changes in Room XVIII. It has been hung as a pendant, on the west side of 'The Three Graces,' to one of the most masterly portraits of men in British art, Sir Joshua's 'Lord Heathfield.'

A GOOD deal has been heard of a picture bought for an old song at auction in December, 1905, for which £12,000 has been asked by the purchaser. It is said to be by Gainsborough, and to represent Mrs. Robinson as Perdita, as does the exquisite picture at Hertford House.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL has decided that the seventeenth century Flemish tapestries discovered in Holyrood Palace, where for nearly half a century they had been stored, form part of the national decorative treasures of Scotland. The tapestries represent kings of Scotland, from Fergus onward to Charles II., and were executed in the 1680's under a contract whereby James de Witte agreed to finish them within two years, the payment being at the rate of £120 a year. All the monarchs were to be "in large royall postures." Authentic originals were available for the portraits of the later kings. There still remains unsettled the question of whether the valuable old furniture in the same apartments belongs to the Duke of Hamilton or to the Crown.



(By permission of T. Threlfall, Esq.)

Spring-Time.
By James Archer, R.S.A.

THE majority report by the Committee of Enquiry into the work carried on by the Royal Hibernian Academy asserts that a new charter is necessary to remedy the defects in the constitution of the R.H.A.

NOTICE should have been taken of the 100th anniversary of the painting of Wilkie's 'Village Politicians,' a picture which brought him into general notice in 1806, the year after he came to London. It was the outcome of an introduction to Lord Mansfield by Stodart, a pianoforte dealer. There was no definite arrangement as to price at the start, though Wilkie is said to have vaguely mentioned 15 gs. After some acrimonious correspondence, Lord Mansfield paid him 30 gs. Jackson, in conversation with Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave, held that the picture gave Wilkie a place "second to no Dutchman that ever bore palette."

A LINK with a remote past was snapped on the penultimate day of 1906 by the death, in her ninety-fifth year, of Mrs. Goodman, *née* Julia Salaman. She exhibited portraits at the Academy from 1838 to 1863, and till three years ago worked regularly at her easel. Not long ago she reminded Mr. Frith of being his *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille, when her partner was Wilkie.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN continues his intrepid way as a picture-collector. Recent additions are the masterly pair of Hals portraits from the Mnisech Gallery, Paris, which he has already presented to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, where they will be hung early this year, and the celebrated 'Miss Farren, Countess of Derby,' 1790, for which Lord Derby had to pay Lawrence 100 gs. instead of 60 gs., because he postponed the purchase for a couple of years.

THE great ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, associated with some of the most dramatic events in our history, has been undergoing restoration. Charles I., carrying out the idea of his father, commissioned Rubens to paint it, which he did in Antwerp from sketches made in London in 1629–30. The huge canvases were kept rolled up for nearly a year because the artist would not part from them without the money.

MUCH has been written by the so-called scientific art critics or "pictorial detectives" about the 'Portrait of a Poet,' No. 636 in the National Gallery. First it was given to Titian, then it was officially "recognised as a fine work by Palma," later restored to Titian, under whose name it appears in the last catalogue issued since the appointment as Director of Sir Charles Holroyd. Nevertheless in an essay on the North Italian pictures under his charge Sir Charles has lately alluded to it as a Palma "very empty after Titian." No wonder the public is a little bewildered.

IN his *Personal Reminiscences* of Irving, Mr. Bram Stoker relates how Sir Henry bought for £20 or £40 one of many pictures by Whistler which were piled "several feet thick" against a wall of a dealer's gallery. This was 'Irving as Philip II. of Spain,' which made 4,800 gs. in December last, when the actor's collections came under the hammer. The picture now belongs to Mr George C. Thomas of Philadelphia, who after the auction made an offer of about £1,500 to the trustees for Sargent's 'Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth.' That picture, however, was sold to Mr. Joseph Duveen, who presented it to the Tate Gallery.

MR. G. F. BODLEY has with Mr. Henry Vaughan been commissioned to build one of the most important edifices of recent years. This is the new Washington Cathedral, which is to cost over a million sterling.

THE following note of purchase comes from the Art Institute, Chicago: A great altarpiece by El Greco, on canvas, 13 ft. 2 in. high and 7 ft. 6 in. wide, has been acquired. The subject is 'The Assumption of the Virgin.' It was painted for the church of San Domingo el Antiguo, Toledo, Spain, in 1577, where it is now replaced by a modern copy. It passed into the possession of a branch of the Bourbon family, has been exhibited during late years in the Prado at Madrid, and is now the property of the Institute, by whom it was bought in the summer of 1906 for 200,000 francs. Its authenticity is unquestioned, and it is probably the most important work of the artist out of Spain. It is thought to be excelled by only two of his works—'The Burial of the Count of Orgaz,' in the church of Santo Tomé at Toledo, and 'El Espolio' in the Cathedral of Toledo.

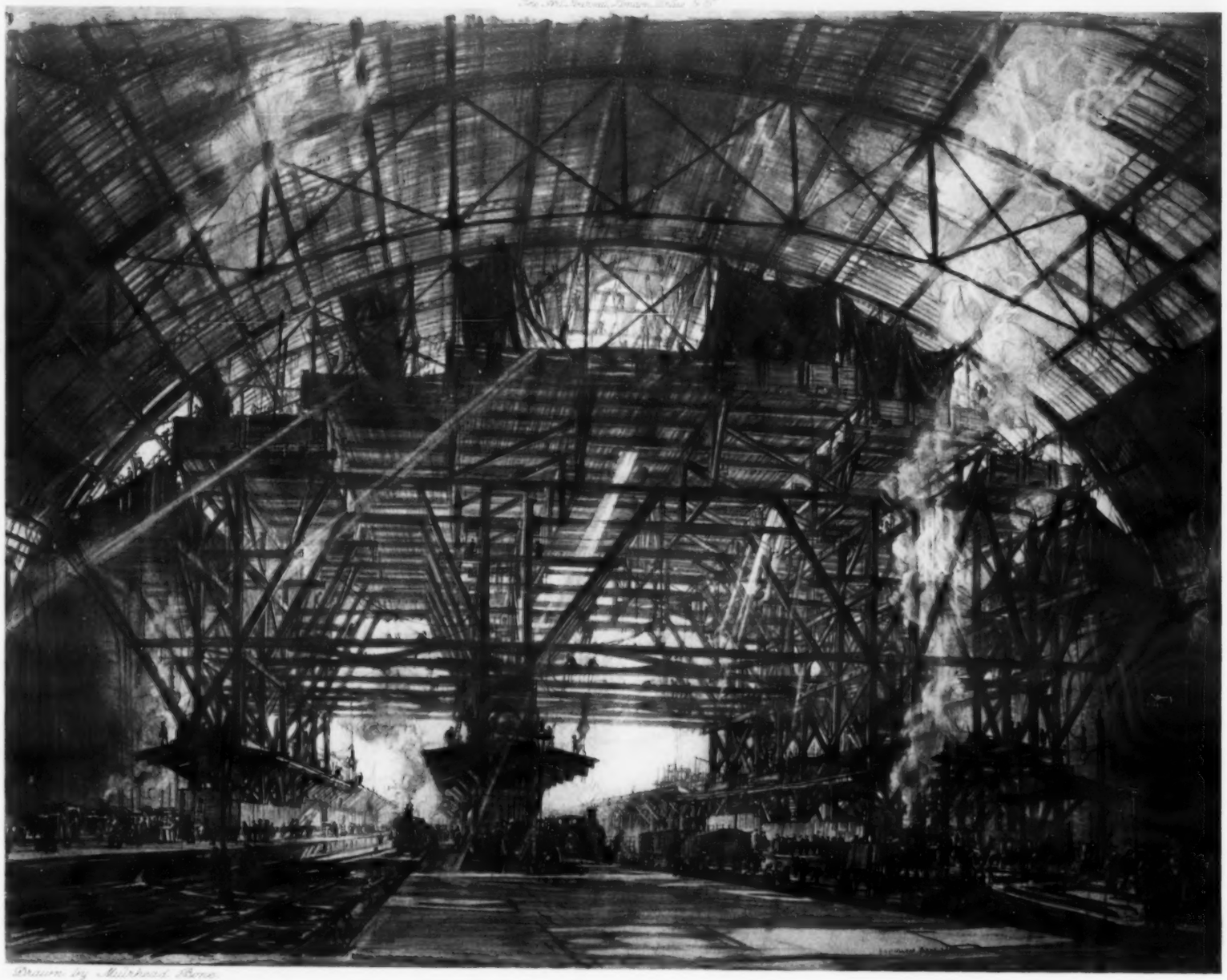
IF carried out, the determination of the Duke of Cumberland to remove from the Vienna Art Museum the Welfen treasures, which have been exhibited there for four decades, would cause the capital to lose one of its attractions. A fine twelfth century reliquary, formed as a Byzantine church, is chief among the treasures.

FOR some years there has been a Stock Exchange Art Society, which holds an exhibition within earshot of the clamour on 'Change. One of the latest amateur art associations, which may be accepted as a sign of the increasing "hunger for the beautiful," or merely of an age of "exhibitionitis," according as we will, is that of Sorters and Postmen. The inaugural show was at Mount Pleasant.

The Stage Scene Competition.

THE drawings to illustrate a Scene in a Theatre should be sent in by February 20, and the coupon printed among the advertisements (p. 6) should be enclosed in accordance with the conditions. Drawings in oil or water-colours are eligible.

Mrou



Drawn by Muirhead Bone.

The Great Gantry.
Charing Cross Station 1906

Sculpture in Jamaica.*

By Frank Cundall, F.S.A.,

Secretary and Librarian of the Institute, Jamaica.

THE wealthy planters in the West Indies in the eighteenth century paid, as a rule, but little heed either to Literature or the Arts. Libraries were rarely met with in the great houses, as the principal residences on the estates were called; and, with but few exceptions, no pictures of any value were sent out with the plate and glass which loaded their dining-tables and side-boards of liberal proportions. This was in part due to the fact that very few of them looked upon the West Indies as their home, preferring as they did to cut a dash in London, Bath or Brighton on the proceeds of their slave-grown sugar. It is perhaps to the credit of the Jamaica planters that the best works of art in the island are monuments expressive of gratitude to great men, and memorials to their celebrated and beloved dead.

Of the twelve principal pieces of eighteenth century sculpture in Jamaica, ten are from the chisel of Bacon. The two others are an iconic monument, in Halfway Tree Church, by John Cheere (a brother of Sir Henry Cheere, the instructor of Roubiliac), of James Lawes (who died in 1733), a brother of Sir Nicholas Lawes, a Governor of the island; and a monument, in Port Royal Church, by Roubiliac, to a Lieutenant Stapleton, who lost his life in 1754 by the bursting of a cannon at Port Morant. The former is a dignified piece of work, worthy to rank beside the productions of many a better known sculptor. The latter exhibits all Roubiliac's French theatrical effect, albeit graceful in treatment.

It was Rodney's great victory over de Grasse off Dominica on the 12th of April, 1782, that indirectly gave to Bacon his chance of work in Jamaica. Though the battle was fought one thousand miles from their shores, the Jamaica planters well realised what that victory meant to them and to the British Empire in the West Indies, if not throughout the world. Early in that year England's ownership in the West Indies had reached its nadir; all that was in her hands being Jamaica, Barbados and Antigua. Accustomed as they were to vote swords of honour, pieces of plate and addresses to soldiers and sailors who earned their gratitude, the House of Assembly at once saw that something more was required to perpetuate the glorious victory by which Rodney had shattered French hopes in West Indian waters, when they were at their highest.

On the 20th of February, 1783, the House of Assembly resolved to write to the Agent of the island in England (Stephen Fuller) desiring him "to apply to the most eminent artist in England, to prepare an elegant marble statue of Lord Rodney, with a handsome pedestal to the same, to be erected in Spanish Town, in commemoration of the glorious victory obtained by that gallant commander and the brave officers serving under him, over the French fleet, on the 12th day of April, 1782." Premiums for designs to be approved by the Royal Academy were to be offered, and the most eminent statuary employed to carry them out.

Instead of an anonymous competition for premiums open to all English sculptors, the Council of the Academy directed Bacon, Carlini, Nollekens, Tyler and Wilton to prepare designs. Only Bacon and Tyler sent models, and



Rosa Palmer Monument.

(Montego Bay Church. Photo. Isaacs.)

By John Bacon, R.A.

* This article was received from Jamaica before the terrible earthquake on January 14th last. The monuments which were in the Parish Church of Kingston have doubtless all been destroyed, but it is to be hoped that the famous statue of Rodney, which it was fortunately resolved by the casting-vote of the Speaker of the Assembly to erect in Spanish Town instead of Kingston, and the other monuments in various parts of the island, may have escaped destruction.



Photo. Brennan.] The Rodney Memorial Building, Spanish Town, Jamaica.

the work was entrusted to Bacon. We read in Leslie and Taylor's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds" that the President, according to Barry (Letter to the Dilettanti Society, 1798) was much disappointed at the poor result, complaining that it in some measure defeated the object of those who entrusted the commission to the Academy. But, inasmuch as Bacon was recognised as the best sculptor of the time, it is a little difficult to understand what Sir Joshua expected. The Royal Academy might, it is true, have gone outside their own body, and asked the young Flaxman to compete. He had already shown his genius.

Though a man of no special breeding, Bacon, unlike the uncouth Nollekens, was a born courtier. He slid into fame by obliging everybody, and taking no offence. In order to avoid the old-fashioned method of squirting water into the clay from the mouth, he introduced a silver syringe, which he first used to good effect at the first sitting granted to him by the King. This was about 1774, and for the next quarter of a century his success was assured. Out of sixteen competitions for monuments he won fifteen. Unfortunately, history does not tell us the name of his successful competitor on the sixteenth occasion.

Success seemed to make Bacon the more greedy. He was accused, not without a cause, for trying to secure a monopoly of the public sculpture of the country; and the outcry which arose from his brother-artists, when he blandly offered to do all the national monuments at a percentage below the parliamentary price, is not to be wondered at. One even sympathises with the acrid Fuseli, who said:—"Bacon is to do all the stonework for the navy and army; they ought also to give him the contract for hams and pork." When the sculptors asked "the presumptuous potter," as they called him, what he meant by his proposal, he replied that he desired "to employ monumental sculpture to an important moral purpose."

The Jamaica House of Assembly voted £1,000 sterling for the Rodney Memorial, as it is now called; but, as is usually the case in such matters, the monument cost them considerably more before it was completed.

The statue did not arrive until 1790; and in that year the inhabitants of Kingston and Port Royal, having heard with concern a report that it was to be erected in Spanish Town, petitioned the House that it might be placed in the Parade of Kingston. The petition says:—"Conscious that such an ornament can only be adapted to decorate a place equally conspicuous in point of situation, and convenient with respect to proximity to those harbours which his victory graced, they have anticipated the public approbation of seeing his statue erected in the centre of the first commercial town in the West Indies, and solicit us to improve

every advantage of position, as well as to add every possible embellishment, to this testimony of public gratitude. They some time ago subscribed a large sum of money for the purpose of conveying water from Hope River to the Parade, Kingston, by means of which they propose to form a spacious basin to surround the statue; and have lately subscribed a further considerable sum to assist in erecting it, but are penetrated with the greatest concern to find a report which prevails, of its being intended to be placed in Spanish Town."

The petition was rejected by the casting vote of the Speaker *pro t.m.* only, the House dividing equally; and a further sum of £3,000 was voted for a "proper building" to contain it in Spanish Town--making a total expenditure of £8,200. The whole expense of the monument (including the public offices which form wings to the colonnade) was, it is stated, £30,913 currency. The grant for the cupola was ill-spent. Memorial statues should be erected "plain, for all folk to see." It is difficult to get a good view of Rodney, placed as he is beneath a low-roofed temple, which, fitting as it might be for a statue of Jupiter or Venus, ill accords with the breezy life of a sailor. The statue would certainly have looked better in the centre of the Parade at Kingston.

Although West, in 1771, broke through tradition in painting in the matter of classic costume, and dared--to the great advantage of art--to represent Wolfe and his soldiers in their own dress, yet in sculpture the result was slower; and Rodney was, as a matter of course, clothed in the dress of a Roman. In general treatment the statue is not unlike



(Photo. Raves.) Admiral Rodney. By John Bacon, R.A.



(Photo. Raves.) Rodney's Statue, showing part of the Cupola.

that of Augustus Cæsar of the Capitol. Rodney is clad in a short-sleeved tunic, of which the part covering the body is, by artistic license, omitted, and wears his paludamentum (or cloak) over his right arm. He has no greaves, but wears sandals on his feet. From a torque, or necklace (usually worn by oriental barbarians), is suspended a Medusa's head. His left hand rests on the ordinary oblong shield of the Romans. The fondness on the part of sculptors for classic costume died hard. Gibson, it is said, refused to execute his statue of Sir Robert Peel (1850) unless he was allowed to clothe him in a toga.

Rodney's statue is mentioned in Cecil's Life of Bacon as one of his principal works; and it was doubtless through the commission for this work that Bacon gained the orders for the other monuments erected by him in Jamaica. When his success in securing the lion's share of the sculpture of his time in England is borne in mind, there is little cause for wonder that all the important monuments erected in Jamaica during the last decade of the eighteenth century are from his chisel.

Though Kingston lost its fight for the Rodney memorial, it was already in possession of an example of Bacon's art. In 1789 a monument was erected in the parish church to John Wolmer, a patriotic goldsmith, to whom Kingston is primarily indebted for its principal school. It represents a seated figure of Liberty, carved in high relief, holding a medallion, on which the crest of the school, the sun (of Learning) breaking through a cloud (of Ignorance), is represented. The urn now placed above the monument



Carr Monument.
(Kingston Parish Church. Photo. Raves.) By John Bacon, R.A.



Laing Monument.
(Kingston Parish Church. Photo. Raves.) By John Bacon, R.A.

has obviously no connection with it. This monument was evidently ordered of Bacon while he was at work on the Rodney memorial, and probably as a result of his obtaining that commission.

The next work by Bacon in Jamaica in chronological order is the memorial in Montego Bay church to Dr. George Macfarquhar, who died on Christmas Day, 1786, aged 44, after devoting 22 years to "the arduous but useful practice of the healing art." The monument bears Bacon's name and the date 1791. It displays, in relief, a seated figure of Benevolence resting her head on her left hand. On the background are the Pelican and her young, beloved by Bacon.

The monument of Dr. Fortunatus D'Warris, Custos rotulorum of the parish of St. George, and his step-daughter, in the Kingston parish church, comes next. D'Warris died in 1790. The monument bears the date 1792. It represents a recumbent female figure resting on an urn, gazing at an angel conducting the soul of the departed upwards. The poetry on the urn, descriptive of the scene represented, is hardly equal to Bacon's art :—

"Ascend to bliss, ye gentle spirits,
Where yon angel soars above :
There virtue her reward inherits,
Crowned with heaven's eternal love."

The next monument is probably that which, after the Rodney memorial, is the best known in the island—the monument of Rosa Palmer, also in Montego Bay parish church. It bears the sculptor's name and the date 1794. She to whose memory it was erected, the wife of the Hon. John Palmer, died on the 1st of May, 1790, aged 72 years. This monument has been for years connected with a legend of Rose Hall—an estate named, it is said, after her—owned by her husband, about ten miles to the west of Montego Bay. Into this legend of cruelty to slaves and murder of her several husbands by a certain Mrs. Palmer it is not necessary for us to enter. It is believed that the wicked Mrs. Palmer, Ann by name, was the second wife of John Palmer. Controversies have raged, having for their subject the identity of the figure on the monument ; some maintaining that it was the good, others the bad Mrs. Palmer. As a matter of fact it represented neither, but is merely an emblematic figure such as Bacon was very fond of putting into his memorials ; and in all probability the head in the vase represents the features of Rosa Palmer. In Lawrence-Archer's "Monumental Inscriptions of the West Indies," it is erroneously ascribed to Flaxman—an unaccountable blunder.



Wolmer Monument.
(Kingston Parish Church. Photo. Raves.) By John Bacon, R.A.

The monument to Malcolm Laing (died 1781) and his wife, in Kingston parish church, of the year 1794, represents a female figure seated, emblematic of grief: the phœnix, as usual, being introduced in the background. It is one of what one may call Bacon's workshop studies, kept ready to meet any demand—what painters would call a pot-boiler.

Of much higher value as a work of art is the monument erected by the people of Jamaica to the Earl and Countess of Effingham. The Earl of Effingham, who succeeded Sir Alured Clarke in the governorship of the island, arrived in Port Royal, accompanied by Catherine his wife, on the 17th of March, 1790. On the 13th of October in the following year the Countess died on board the H.M.S. *Diana*, on a voyage undertaken for the benefit of her health. On the



D'Warris Monument.

(Kingston Parish Church. Photo. Raves.) By John Bacon, R.A.

19th of November, the Earl followed his Countess, "whom he seemed unwilling to survive," and his body was deposited in the same grave; two special Acts were passed dispensing with the Act of 1789, which prohibited burying in churches, and indemnifying the Rector of St. Catherine from all penalties in this case. On the 7th of December, 1791, the Assembly voted £500 sterling for this monument; but it must have cost very much more. It bears Bacon's name and the date, 1796. On a pyramidal obelisk of marble is an urn, decorated with festoons of flowers and the arms of the Earl of Effingham. Above the urn are represented the Chancellor's Seal of the island, the mace and sword in saltire, and the usual emblematic Seals of Justice. On one side of the monument, supporting the urn, stands a figure emblematic of Jamaica, bearing the crest of the island (an alligator passant) on her zone. On the other side a lovely boy holding an olive branch in his left hand, resting on a cornucopia full of tropical fruits, while his right hand rests upon a shield on which are blazoned the arms of Jamaica; argent on a cross gules, five pine-apples; dexter supporter an Indian female, in her exterior hand a basket of fruit; sinister, an Indian warrior, in his exterior hand a bow, both plumed. Crest as above. Motto, "*Indus uterque serviet uni.*"

In two more years two more monuments by Bacon were erected in the parish church of St. Catherine at Spanish Town—those to the wife of Sir Adam Williamson, who died in 1794, and to Dr. Richard Batty, who died in 1796. Of these, unfortunately, that to Dr. Batty has been almost entirely destroyed, since Lawrence-Archer prepared his notes for his "Monumental Inscriptions of the British West Indies" in 1864–65. It is thus described by Roby: "White marble, relieved by gray, on which is represented, by the chisel of J. Bacon, London, 1798, a pensive female figure, bending over an altar, on which is sculptured a pelican feeding her young, and upon it an antique lamp with flame." The head of the pelican is now all that remains. The monument to Mrs. Williamson bears the inscription: "Jno. Bacon fecit, London, 1798." It represents a female figure in high relief, weeping, and turning away from a column, round which her right arm is turned, her hand holding some flowers. The column, which bears the arms of Sir Adam Williamson, is surmounted by an urn, on which are the initials A. W. (for Adam Williamson). After a record of her virtues, we read on the monument: "To such distinguished Excellence the Assembly of Jamaica could not be insensible. With general assent, and the universal approbation of their constituents, they voted this memorial of public gratitude, affection and esteem." Her husband, Major-General Williamson, became a Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in November, 1790; and on the death of the Earl of Effingham he assumed the governorship of the island, which he held till the arrival, in 1795, of the Earl of Balcarres, who invested him (a week after his arrival) with the Order of the Knight Commander



Effingham Monument.

(Spanish Town Cathedral. Photo. Raves.) By John Bacon, R.A.

of the Bath. Williamson then left Jamaica to take up the office of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of such parts of St. Domingo as then were or hereafter might be under the Government of Great Britain. As in the case of the Earl and Countess of Effingham, special acts were passed to allow burial in the church. In November, 1794, the Assembly directed the sum of £300 sterling to be remitted to the island agent for the purchase of this monument; but this cannot have been the whole sum paid.

The monument of Dr. Francis Rigby Broadbelt, who died in 1795, also in Spanish Town Cathedral, though bearing Bacon's name, has no date attached to the signature; but the memorial inscription tells us that it was erected in 1799. It represents a female figure, the personification of Medicine, supporting with her left hand the fainting figure of Hope.

The latest work by Bacon in Jamaica is also the least important—a monument of Mary Carr, daughter of Dawkins Carr (died 1798), in Kingston parish church. It is in the usual pyramidal form, and represents a classic urn on a pedestal. It is signed "J. Bacon, sct., London, 1799," and must have been one of the last works executed by him, for he died in that year. It is, at the best, but a workshop production.



Anne Williamson Monument.

(Spanish Town Cathedral Photo. Raves.)

By John Bacon, R.A.



Lawes Monument.

(Half-way Tree Church. Photo. Raves.)

By John Cheere.

Watts' 'Justice' Fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall.

THE copy which the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn commissioned Mr. Niels M. Lund to make of Watts' great fresco 'Justice: A Hemicycle of Law-Givers,' has been placed in a prominent position in the Bar Library of the Courts of Justice. Watts undertook this monumental work without fee, at the cost of his materials. It occupied him at intervals during five years, and was finished in 1859. The fresco, 45 ft. long by 40 ft. in the central height, covers the upper portion of the north wall, where in the old building was Hogarth's 'Paul before Felix.' There are in all thirty-three figures, with statuesque forms of Justice, Mercy and Religion throned above the triple ranks of Law-Givers. As with Raphael's famed 'School of Athens,' several portraits are introduced. Minos is Tennyson: the smooth-faced Justinian, Sir William Harcourt; the young Ina, Holman Hunt, then famous as the painter of 'The Light of the World'; the Earl of Pembroke, Edward Armitage, R.A.; Edward I., Sir Charles Newton; Theodora, Mrs. Dalrymple. This is the most important and freest expression of Watts' public art.



Bait-gatherers on the Sands of Dunfanaghy.

By W. Monk, R.E.

Adventures in Donegal.*

THE traveller must not quarrel with his luck if he arrives at any small town in its season, and finds that others are occupying the rooms he desires. Rather should he blame his want of prudence, and in future take care to signal his approach. The thirteenth day of August was unlucky for us. Precaution might have saved some of the trouble, but our spirits were reduced by genuine misfortune, and we were glad to touch earth outside the cheery hotel in Dunfanaghy. As we sat in the porch the idealised comforts of the night purged our thoughts of the real accidents of the day. Minor adventures on the road were forgotten, and pleasant memories of a previous visit were awakened. In that comfortable frame of mind we heard that we were to be bedded out. The news had no terrors. Had not we and others, in a town a few dozen miles away, fared well as an overflow contingent? One, Una, had taken charge of us, and we had no cause to regret that we had been transferred to her. So light-heartedly to the parlour, and, later on, to our lodging for the night. We were tired, we had dined sufficiently well, the rain had ceased to fall, the stars shone brightly, our guide was amusing; auspiciously, then, to the cottage of the new Una.

We escaped at cockcrow. Never from choice had either of us risen with so much promptitude at first call. We had not comprehended the significant words of our torchbearer, that our refuge was the last remaining one, and that positively there was no room in the town for one other stranger. A liliputian room had been partitioned with frail matchboarding, and as we crept out from our half in the morning, it might have been from the Black Hole of Calcutta. Better for you, argued Boots, was that half-room, and blankets therewith, than a sofa with table-cloths in the smoke-room. Possibly he was right, but, generous to others who might be coming that way, we left the apartment to be let, with an imagined invocation to fat Muckish to watch over other wayfarers, and to spare them from that last niche in Dunfanaghy.

It had been our intention to rest for some days at Dunfanaghy, so that we might enjoy its full attractions. The town had been starred on our programme and we were sorry to leave without completing our explorations in the neighbourhood. Turner was with us. Here, as at no other place in Donegal, the supreme landscape painter appeared in spirit. Every cloud adapted itself to his ideal, and the sun flared for him. He was with us on the sands and on the hills. The boats in the bay sailed into their artistic



The Bay, Dunfanaghy.

By W. Monk, R.E.

* "Ulster and Connaught." Continued from page 42: "Horn Head and Tory Island."



The Pig's Back. Muckish Mountain from Dunfanaghy.
By W. Monk, R.E.

place, and Horn Head composed itself majestically. Even a party of bait-gatherers suggested Turner, for his Calais subject might have been painted as well at Dunfanaghy. Greater splendours might be revealed in the future, but those before us were too real to be left without regret.

Cold rain chilled the air as we rode into Gortahork. The few houses which constitute the town did not betray the comforts we sought, and it seemed likely that the experience of the previous night would be repeated. But these uneasy thoughts were speedily changed by an inquiry at the Post-office. Bright rooms were opened at a signal from Michael McFadden, and by the fireside we sat down to enjoy the luxuries of this unexpected shelter. A substantial repast was readily attacked, and, like the disappearing mice in a magic-lantern show, a relay of steaming potatoes was brought in every few minutes to keep the meal alive. A ballad singer lifted his voice to float above the roar of the bluff weather outside, and entertainment never failed. It was a generous reception.

Tory Island is on the list of the places not served by the Post-office with a Sunday delivery of letters; once a week—Tuesdays—weather permitting, the authorities send to the mainland to exchange notes. The landing-place of their boat is near Magheraroarty, pronounced Maroty, with guttural variation of the "r" to get the local groll. The small islands between Tory Sound and the coast are not so inaccessible as the large one out at sea, and it is possible sometimes to walk over the sands to Inishbofin, a place for a quiet holiday. The mail-boat from Tory came towards the land as we waited at the coastguard station, and as her bow parted the indigo water, and speckled the track with silver, the opportunity for crossing to the island seemed to be presented. So we interviewed the skipper and his beaming mate. Had we the Gaelic? No. So in broken English the worthy pirate told us his family history, and all about the herring industry, spoke of the bad weather, and the necessity for top-shelf stuff on such an excursion. Pressed to state the cost to us, he asked for the loan of pencil and paper. Then began a wonderful sum, arithmetic extraordinary. After some minutes we became alarmed, and wondered if there was a misunderstanding. Perhaps this was a local Chief, who fancied we wished to purchase his property. The profit and loss calculation went on until the sheet was nearly filled, and then the balance was struck. So were we. It made us sad. Some day, we said, when we had provided for old age, we would return to consider his estimate, but at the moment funds were inadequate. With hearty handshakes, free, the islanders departed, and we returned to Gortahork.

It was a holiday. From near and far, men and women of all ages and weather-beaten were walking to Falcarragh to take part in a demonstration of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Workaday clothes had been discarded for finery, and the road was gay with colour. A happy little



A Pastoral.
By W. Monk, R.E.

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The Scene of an Eviction.

By W. Monk, R.E.

girl minding some cattle alone remained out of the procession. She had put on a bright red skirt to suit the great occasion, but there ended her share in the proceedings, and all she could do was to watch more fortunate mortals. She seemed indifferent to the cold air of the morning, and when rain drove us away she, more hardy, sat down on the side of the hill and merely wrapped her shawl more closely about her body. We passed the spot a few hours later, and she was still squatting serenely on the sodden earth. It was a lesson to us of endurance, and we vowed never again to shiver when the rain beat under our waterproofs.

The simple dwelling-places of the poor in Donegal belong so indisputably to the land that the charm of the scenery is often completed by their presence. Although these cabins are usually barren of comforts, they fit well into the coarse earth, and seem to have grown up in their places naturally rather than from human necessity. Occa-



Tory, Inishbofin, and other islands, from Magheraroarty.

By W. Monk, R.E



PAINTED BY W. MONK, R.E.

NEAR GORTAHORK, CO. DONEGAL.



Uncatalogued Wreckage.

By W. Monk, R.E.

sionally a superior one will show off its lime-washed sides to the impressed stranger; but as this happens mostly near trim and prosperous fields, examples are not often seen among the comparatively waste lands of the North-West. From one point of view this is well; for to the artist in search of the picturesque, a white wall and a corrugated iron roof is only a shade less displeasing in a landscape than a pretentious building trying to appear at home in rugged surroundings—a workhouse, for instance. But, although a Donegal cottage is just as unkempt in outward appearance as its environment, it must not be concluded that the people look miserable. Poverty itself seldom dulls the good-nature of the honest peasant. A labourer will grumble if a storm lifts the roof of his cabin to the ground, for then a new thatch has to be lashed on and weighted with heavy stones; but this is a domestic incident the like of which causes pain to a working man in any part of the world. In spite of obvious hardships, a more contented-looking people do not exist, and it is unfortunate that appearances are deceptive in this respect. Everywhere are to be seen signs of strife. The records of evictions usually take the form of roofless walls, and these skeleton homes do not fail to create sorrow for the unhappy victims of land troubles. No disinterested traveller, looking at such household ruins, can take the legal side. However just may have been the judgment of the landlord or his agent, sympathy must be with the tenant, of whose tumultuous careers so many gaunt reminders are to be seen.

A. Yockney.

William Blake.*

WHEN some designs by Blake were shown to George III. he threw up his hands and exclaimed "Take 'em away, take 'em away!" Many to-day, were they honestly to express themselves, would probably echo the words of the bewildered king. Nevertheless, Blake is of a surety coming into his own. The spiritual concords of this unfaltering seer, whose serene freedom is sovereign in "I possess my visions and peace," are entering as light into the lives of those who hold, with Mr. Santayana, that art is reason propagating itself. For them Blake is as a dawn, a prophecy, touched with divine innocence and

* *William Blake*, vol. i. Illustrations of the Book of Job. With a General Introduction by Laurence Binyon. (Methuen, 21s.). *Life of William Blake.* By Alexander Gilchrist. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes on the Colour Prints, by W. Graham Robertson. Lane, 10s. 6d.). *Letters of William Blake, together with a Life by Frederick Tatham.* Edited from the original MS., with an Introduction and Notes by Archibald G. B. Russell. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.).

strength. The rapid increase of works about him justifies Mr. Graham Robertson's exaggeration that a book on Blake has taken the place of the five-act tragedy in the desk of the literary aspirant. Professor Raleigh and Mr. John Sampson have recently given us critical texts of the Poems, the rousing essay of Mr. Swinburne, who heeded the magic call of Rossetti, has been republished, Mr. Edwin Ellis, joint editor with Mr. Yeats of "The Works," has delivered himself upon the inner meaning of the Prophetic Books, nor, though less permanent in form, should there be overlooked two weighty articles in the Literary Supplement of *The Times*. In fine, the flame-like figure of Blake, ardent and magnificent, begins to stand forth in true perspective.

Each of the three books before us is a genuine contribution to the literature of the subject. Gilchrist, whose "Life" appeared in 1863—that edition and the one of 1880 are now expensive—writes as a contemporary somewhat uncertain as to the verdict of the future, on occasions half apologetic for his enthusiasm. To this first apostle of Blake in literature—leaving out of account Garth Wilkinson, who edited the "Songs of Innocence and Experience" with an introduction as early as 1839—every student must go for facts. Mr. W. Graham Robertson contributes to the convenient one-volume edition a thoughtful introduction, and, not immediately identifiable as his, some interesting notes on the thirteen colour-prints, which as a series are for the first time reproduced. Mr. Robertson—now that the Butts gallery is dispersed, the possessor of the finest collection of pictures by Blake—has, it will be remembered, successfully experimented in Blake's method of colour-printing. Mr. A. G. B. Russell, who is at work upon an exhaustive catalogue *raisonné* to be published by Messrs. Methuen, is patient and scholarly in his researches into all that concerns Blake. The brief "Life" by Frederick Tatham is for the first time printed verbatim from the original manuscript, prefixed by its author to a coloured copy of "Jerusalem" in the library of Captain Archibald Stirling. Tatham was intimate with Blake during the last three years of his life, and on the death of Mrs. Blake much MS. material came into his hands, the greater part of which he destroyed, apparently because told by members of the Catholic Apostolic Church, to which he belonged, that they contained dangerous and pernicious doctrines. Mr. Binyon writes with the understanding of a poet, as one who perceives that "the poetic genius is the true man," and that "painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thought." Prefacing the good reproductions of the "Job" engravings, which constitute Blake's supreme claim to pictorial immortality, are essays by Mr. Binyon on the Man, the Artist, and the Poet, each with discriminating criticism and finely-phrased appreciation. Interesting, for instance, though it would be easy to strain the analogy, is the passage suggesting kinship between Blake and the Chinese painters of a thousand years ago. "They too dwelt on rhythmically sweeping lines; they too loved to evoke, in bold and happy symbol, the shapes of flame and water; they too cared nothing for full realisation, only for the seizure of life in what they saw; they too, led by the same instinct of the idealist, rejected chiaroscuro, and worked in light washes and vivid outlines of water-colour, or in glowing tones enriched with gold on a sombre ground."

Blake was born at 28, Broad Street, Golden Square, on November 28, 1757, the year Swedenborg said that the Old World ended, the New began. In a sense he was a solitary, a flame kindled out of due time. "Oh, why was I born with a different face" is the poignant opening cry of some lines sent to Mr. Butts in 1803. But an angel "presided at my birth." Blake was four when, as he told Crabb Robinson, "God put His forehead to the window." Onward from then till that Sunday in August, 1827, when "his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven," Blake's unworldly life was thridded with ecstasy. The story is simple and grand: an authentic image of the man. Those who came near him divined joy as a bursting shower. One or two facts may be chronicled. Catherine Boucher, after listening to Blake's sorrow as to a girl who had jilted him, said "I pity you." "Then I love you" he answered. That was the beginning of their courtship. And in the "Prophetic Books" Pity is the essential of a woman's soul. Catherine, so uneducated as to be unable to sign her name to the marriage register, became his comrade, and so true a disciple that she could colour almost as himself the prints and drawings. Their life together for forty-two years has few parallels for radiancy or tenderness. "You have ever been an angel to me" he said, a day or two before his death, up to within a few hours of which he was at work upon her portrait. "A wonderful man" were her simple, nobly expressive words of him, against whom her one complaint was that he was so often in Paradise. The testimony of the humble neighbour who, with her, witnessed his passing is "I have been at the death, not of a man, but of a blessed angel." His, indeed, was "The House of Interpretation": his kingdom, the Kingdom of Joy. Had a monument in stone been raised to his memory in the Campo Santo of Dissenters, Bunhill Fields—where, however, the place of his burial is unknown—as well as that more enduring glory wrought into the fibre of life, it might have had as epitaph words written to Mr. Butts from Felpham in 1802, when Blake perceived that the sore travail through which for three years he had passed, led to illumination:—"I have travelled through perils and darkness, not unlike a champion. I have conquered and shall go on conquering. Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God and in the abysses of the accuser. My enthusiasm is still what it was, only enlarged and confirmed." That enthusiasm is ecstatically expressed in the Job engraving of the Sons of God shouting for joy, their arms linked as an endless sequence of Song. It was expressed, too, when Blake bent over a little child of fortune, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me."

Blake's sole gospel was "the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination." Through sun and shadow he steadfastly held to that with the strength of a Titan. Coventry Patmore, among others, proclaimed that an exquisite life is the loftiest work of art, and the writer in *The Times* wisely says that "perhaps the most wonderful of all Blake's achievements was his beautiful and poetical existence, in the presence of every element to prevent it from being either." Blake's life was august.

As a pictorial artist his power was recognised by contemporaries to a greater extent than is generally supposed.

To the honour of Lawrence—who secured a grant of £25 from the Academy for the needy artist in the 1820's—be it remembered that his favourite drawing, commonly kept on his studio table where he could always see it, was a commissioned water-colour of 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins.' Mr. Russell states there is a note to this effect in the diary of the present owner's grandfather, a friend of Lawrence, who purchased the water-colour at his sale. Romney, whose designs Blake characterised as sublime, ranked certain of the drawings with those of Michelangelo; Fuseli's queer panegyric, that Blake was "damned good to steal from" testifying to his originality, is familiar; and of others, Flaxman was moved by the rhythmic majesty of the designs. There are those to-day who are blind to all but Blake's shortcomings. This is partial, distorted apprehension. Often, it is true, looking *through* not *with* the eye—using it, in Leonardo's phrase, as a window of the soul—Blake failed to inform his images with the essence of his vision; yet there is always revelation of a grand nature. Though a school of little Blakes would be pernicious, we could wish that more artists recognised in execution the chariot of genius, were convinced that the mind has sovereignty over the hand, that idea and technique cannot be divorced. One of the "Proverbs of Hell" is this: "When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of genius. Lift up thy head!"

Additions to Public Galleries, 1906.

ONE of the chief national "acquisitions" of the year was not a picture, but a person: Mr. D. S. MacColl. Erstwhile a trenchant critic of the Chantrey Trustees, of their sins of omission and commission, he was in Gilbertian fashion metamorphosed into the guardian of the very works which had served as target for his wit, as well as of others whose beauty had moved him to shape many a living phrase. Two important questions remain in connection with Sir Charles Holroyd's appointment to the Directorship of the National Gallery and that of Mr. MacColl to Keepership of the Tate. Is Sir Charles, at any rate in cases of emergency, to have power to purchase or to accept works on his own initiative, without being compelled to consult the Trustees; and is the Tate Gallery, with its separate needs, to be placed on an independent footing, and so give it a chance of becoming an English Luxembourg—nay, an advance upon its French namesake? There can hardly be two opinions as to the wisdom of an affirmative answer in each case. Our public galleries have on the whole fared better as to additions during 1906 than in many previous years. Several desirable and relatively inexpensive things have slipped through our fingers, Lawrence's sincere portrait of the Rev. W. Pennicott, painted in 1800, to cite an example. It has gone to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, to which Mr. Pierpont Morgan presented the pair of searching portraits by Hals, seen in the Old Bond Street Galleries. It is strange, too, if, as rumoured, the Trustees of the National Gallery refused for Millbank Mr. James Pryde's 'The Pillar,' and, for a small sum, Alfred Stevens' 'Blundell Spence.'



(Tate Gallery.)

A Ship Aground.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.



Portrait of a Lady.
By W. A. Smith.
(British Museum.)

Nothing was procured from the great Alexander Young Gallery, nothing from the Hainaeur collection, whose exodus from Berlin did not add to the serenity of the Kaiser. Again, no plan has been matured for the scheduling of the twenty or thirty matchless pictures by Old Masters which remain in British private collections, with a view to the nation having a first option of purchase in the event of their ever coming into the market. This is a matter of the first moment, upon which Professor Holmes has written excellently. Italy, by the way, purposes still more stringent laws as to its artistic patrimony.

Not since the founding of the National Gallery have there been presented to it till now, during a single year, two pictures with a money-worth of something like £67,000. The works in question are the 'Venus' by Velazquez, acquired by the National Art-Collections Fund at a cost of £45,000,—ninety times the amount said to have been paid for it by Morritt in 1805,—which was hung in Gallery XIV. on March 14; and the splendid Cockburn group by Reynolds, one of two signed pictures of his later period, reinstated as a national possession under the will of Mr. Alfred Beit, who gave some £22,000 for it. The first picture of the Barbizon School to appear in Trafalgar Square is Diaz's 'Sunny Days in the Forest,' given by the executors of the late Mr. Charles Hartree. The French Impressionist Fund, again, procured for £120 from Mr. Van der Veldt, who had it from the artist, a characteristic Boudin, 'The Harbour of Trouville,' with blacks and blues and greys wrought into a strong and persuasive harmony. To the Umbrian Room there have been added the 'Madonna of the Towers,' whose attribution to Raphael has been much discussed. The picture belonged to Rogers the poet, at whose sale it was bought by the father of Miss Eva Mackintosh, the donor. Shortly before his death Mr. Charles Locke Eastlake presented a landscape by Hermann Saftleven (1609–85), with the incident of Christ teaching from Peter's ship introduced. Saftleven was not before represented, but at Dulwich are several examples, including one regarded as his masterpiece. The twenty-seven pictures bequeathed by Miss Lucy Cohen, aunt of the late Lady Rosebery, were not hung during 1906, but they include a fine Guardi, a good Tiepolo, a portrait by Lorenzo Costa, four decorative Morettos, a Botticelli and an Alvise Vivarini. Marble busts of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Ellis—Wynn Ellis possessed the famous 'Stolen Duchess' of Gainsborough—by Sir Edgar Boehm, presented by Mr. S. W. Graystone, have been placed in the eastern vestibule.

The Turners resurrected from the cellars of the National Gallery, where they had remained since bequeathed by the artist in 1851, constitute the most important addition to the Tate, or, indeed, to any of our galleries during the year. Most of them were hung in the spring, but later there appeared several masterly works such as the 'Ship Aground,' of the 'Chichester Canal' period, a Brighton coast piece, showing the Old Chain Pier, and a pair of Italian subjects. The title of the work—'The Fallacies of Hope'— from which he so often quoted, probably his own, is not at last applicable. It is to be hoped that Charles Wellington Furse's unfinished equestrian portrait of Lord Roberts, lent by Mrs. Furse to the Tate Gallery, will ultimately pass to the nation. Not only is it heroic in scale but in conception, backed by knowledge and force. For the first time the moneys of the



Lady Hamilton dancing.
By William Locke.
(British Museum.)

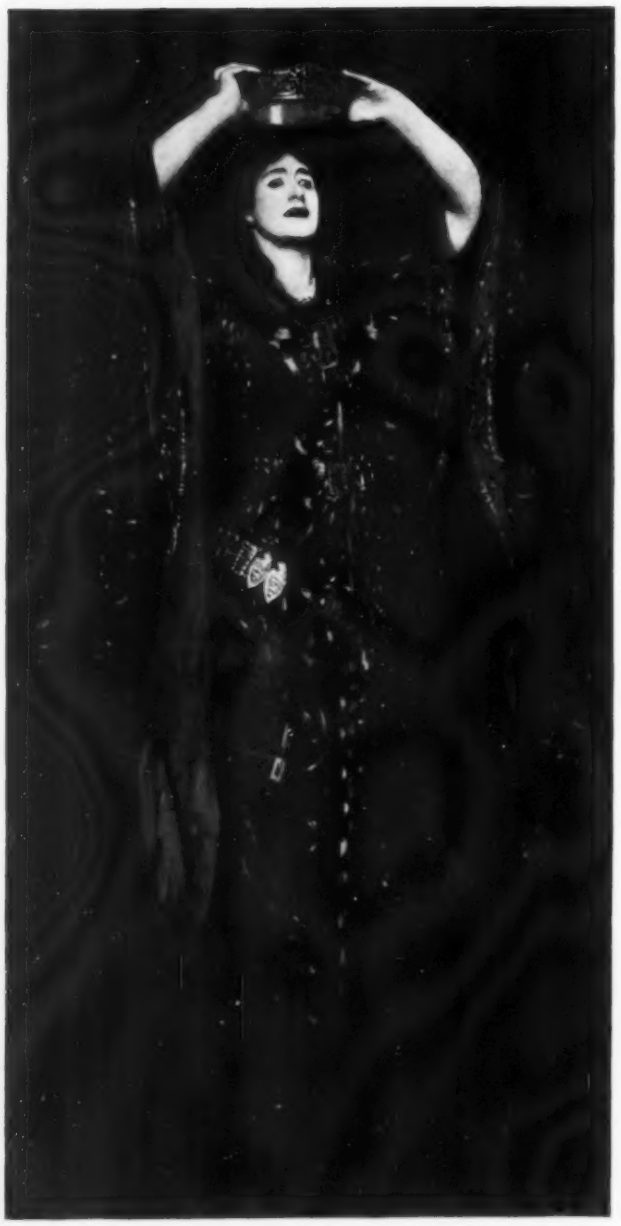
Clarke Fund were assigned to the purchase of a modern work: Furse's 'Diana of the Uplands,' a portrait of Mrs. Furse on a wind-swept common, holding two greyhounds in leash. This picture was at the Academy of 1904. The two canvases serve to emphasise the loss to native art sustained by Furse's premature death. Among the presentations are Sargent's 'Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth,' withdrawn from the Irving sale, 1905, at 1,200gs., and afterwards given to the nation by Mr. Joseph Duveen; 'The Last Load' by J. Linnell, from Mr. J. W. Carlile; a strong and beautiful pencil portrait of Mr. Henry Newbolt, by Mr. William Strang, given through the National Art-Collections Fund by Mr. James Maclehose of Glasgow; and a marble bust of Mr. W. P. Frith, by Mr. John Thomas, the gift of Mr. Lowenthal, which has been placed opposite the well-known 'Derby Day.' Among the bequests, respectively from the sculptor and Mr. Henry Vaughan, are Mr. H. H. Armstead's marble bas-relief, 'Hero and Leander,' and the marble statue of Gainsborough by Mr. Thomas Brock, which was at the 1906 Academy. Ford Madox Brown's 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.,' a reduced version of the picture in the Sydney Gallery, was bought for 250gs. at the Laurence W. Hodson sale, where Mr. Clausen secured a number of interesting things for the Melbourne Gallery. Still more acceptable would have been the study for 'Work,' which in April was bought by Mr. J. R. Holliday for 390gs., this being now on loan in the Birmingham Gallery. The Chantrey pictures of 1906, to which allusion was made at the time of purchase, are Mr. David Farquharson's 'Birnam Wood' (£1,500), Mr. G. D. Leslie's 'Deserted Mill,' Mr. Frank Craig's 'The Heretic' (£180), these three from the Academy, and from the Old Water-Colour Society Mr. Anning Bell's 'Garden of Sweet Sound.' Many of the fine sketches and studies by Alfred Stevens, which to the number of 116 were bought in 1905, have been hung downstairs. Fred. Walker's famous cartoon, 'The Woman in White'—"a first attempt at what I consider might develop into a most important branch of art"—has been added.

A somewhat acrimonious correspondence took place in connection with the purchase by the National Portrait Gallery of what is said to be a portrait of Charlotte Brontë, painted by Paul Heger in 1850. Mr. Clement Shorter holds it to be unauthentic, but the Trustees, who apparently are unconvinced, have not as yet placed the public in possession of the evidence which at the time at any rate they regarded as justifying the purchase. No doubt more will be heard of this matter. Meanwhile, if the claims made for it are sustained, the portrait is of utmost interest, as from the hand of one who exercised a profound influence on his celebrated pupil, one, indeed, for whom she cared deeply. Charlotte Brontë's husband died at an advanced age early in December, and bequeathed to the N.P.G. the celebrated portrait of her painted in 1850 by George Richmond. The Gallery makes the utmost of its slender annual grant. At Christie's in June there was secured for 115 gs. a small oval of Edward Gibbon, the historian, by Henry Walton, a portrait engraved by J. Fittler. It belonged to Lord Sheffield, who lent it, with other pictures, to the Exhibition of Historical Portraits at Oxford. Other interesting purchases are Heanage Finch, first Earl of Nottingham, the eminent lawyer and statesman, by Lely; Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, drawn in 1857 by Lowes Dickinson;



(British Museum.) Study for 'The Seamstress.' By George Romney.

Thomas Love Peacock, satirical novelist and poet, the friend of Shelley, painted by Henry Wallis in 1858; Sir Hector Munro, military commander in India, from an unknown hand, perhaps that of Robert Hone, 1785; Dean Vincent of Westminster, drawn by H. S. Edridge and engraved for Cadell's Contemporary Portraits: James Anthony Froude, the historian, by J. E. Goodall; William Farren, the actor, by R. Rothwell, R.H.A.; Michael William Balfe, the composer, possibly again by Rothwell; Samuel Warren, author of "£10,000 a Year," by an unidentified painter; and Matthew Bolton, F.R.S., a small medallion by S. Brown, 1807. The gifts and bequests are numerous and of considerable interest. They include John Addington Symonds, the poet-essayist, a crayon drawing by Carlo Orsi, from Mrs. H. J. Ross of Florence; Dugald Stewart, the moral philosopher, and Thomas Campbell, the poet, drawn respectively in 1811 and 1813 by John Henning, from Mrs. Lyell; Dr. Johnson, a study in oils by Reynolds, probably for the Knole portrait, from Mr. Humphry Ward; Thomas, second Lord Lyttleton, a copy of Gainsborough's portrait, from Viscount Cobham, a descendant of the sitter and Trustee of the N.P.G.; Samuel Cousins, by James Leakey—Lawrence once called Leakey the English Wouverman—whose little pictures had a considerable vogue during his lifetime; Mary Everett Green, the archivist and historian, by her husband, G. Pycock Green; Robert Dodsley, a small oval painting by W. Olcock; Richard Carlile, the freethinker, bequeathed by Mr. G. J. Holyoake; the first Earl of Cranbrook, a crayon by George Richmond, from the present Earl; and two sketches by J. Sanders after



Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth.
Tate Gallery.) By John S. Sargent, R.A.

Zoffany's famous Royal Academy group of 1772, which is at Windsor.

In addition to the splendid achievement in connection with the Rokeby 'Venus,' the National Art-Collections Fund did much good, unobtrusive work during 1906. Through the Fund, for instance, there were presented to the British Museum several most acceptable drawings. The Museum is not empowered to buy work, however good, by a living artist. But Mr. Campbell Dodgson, who has at heart the interests of the Print Room, where he so ably serves under Mr. Sidney Colvin, recognised the worth of Mr. Bone's first drawing, made on the spot, of the 'Great Gantry: Charing Cross Station, 1906' (see plate), and wisely organised a subscription whereby it became the property of the nation through the N.A.C.F. Mr. Bone has imposed no alien grandeur on the actualities of the scene, but, seeing deep into the structural verities, has evoked a majesty and a beauty at once forceful and delicate which moves the beholder. Each part is just and potent in the design, everything is credible, a verity of the imagination. It is an exactitude of ardent contemplation, this drawing of the great vaulted roof of glass which spans the multifarious activity of man and machinery, light dramatically piercing the dusty air and enhancing, in contrast with the shade, the value of the massive and intricate "gantry"—the proper term for a movable scaffolding—which rises almost to the top. To the N.A.C.F. we are indebted for a lovely drawing in quite a different kind: a study in black chalk by Gainsborough of a boy and a girl with a dog at a stile; as, too, for five elaborate pen-and-ink studies of operatic scenes by the late-seventeenth century artist, Ferdinando Galli, called Il Bibiana; for eighty-seven etchings of arms of Augsburg families of the sixteenth century by Hans Burgkmair, the younger; and for a book printed in 1620, whose woodcuts are for the most part by Hans Weiditz. Fortunately, artists continue to present examples of their work. Under this heading come three sheets of vital charcoal drawings by Mr. Augustus John; two of Mr. A. W. Rich's beautiful water-colours, views respectively of Ditchling Mill and Southwick Harbour; a slight pencil study by Mr. Muirhead Bone of the Avenue Theatre, as injured by the fall of Charing Cross station roof; lithographs by Mr. Walter Crane and Professor Herkomer. The Royal Academy had the pick of Watts' drawings, but the widow of the artist presented to the Museum a number of studies and paintings in black chalk, including those for 'Time and Oblivion,' for The Hours in the picture 'Chaos,' for Noah in 'The Sacrifice,' and for the fresco of 'Coriolanus' at Bowood. Mr. C. Mallord Turner, a relative of the great landscapist, gave an impression of a recently-discovered plate of the Liber No. 55, 'Moonlight at Sea,' an unpublished rarity, and—of genuine interest to students—ten specimens of drawing papers used by Turner at various periods, having their water-marks.

Other gifts of work by native artists include a caricature self-portrait in pen-and-ink by Aubrey Beardsley; twelve lithographs of prominent Manchester folk by Mr. Will Rothenstein; two pencil and water-colour studies by Ruskin for a plate in the 'Stones of Venice'; and a water-colour of Thomas Landseer by his niece, Jessica Landseer. One of the most extensive and in its kind, interesting purchases is that of 102 portrait-drawings of celebrities of the last half of the nineteenth century by Rudolf Lehmann, who directed in his will that the Museum should have a first choice of his vast collection. The portraits, many of which are exhibited in the King's Library, include those of the King, drawn in 1862 as the Prince of Wales, of Gladstone, Bret Harte, Huxley, Leighton, Lytton, Manning, Max Müller, and Tennyson. There were bought, too, a rare engraving of Thomas Blount, Lord Mountjoy, by Thomas Cockson, *c.* 1600, picked up by the late Edwin Truman for *2s. 6d.*, but now worth about 30 gs.; trial proofs of pp. 5 and 53 of Blake's 'Jerusalem,' coloured by him, a fragment valued at 60 gs.; highly elaborated drawings on vellum by R. White, who engraved the portrait of Bunyan for "The Pilgrim's Progress," and others by Thomas Foster, 1705, and Thomas Worlidge, 1736; three red chalk drawings by Alfred Stevens, which add to a large collection; twelve pencil sketches for political caricatures by Rowlandson, afterwards etched, and three similar subjects by Gillray; a study in

sepia and ink by Romney for 'The Sempstress'; two sketches of Lady Hamilton dancing the tarantella, by W. Locke; five charming drawings by George Mason, of figures, calves, etc.; and an elaborate study in pencil, tinted with colour, of a lady of 1790, by W. A. Smith, a Sussex miniature painter of whom little or nothing was known. He appears to have worked for the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood. Baron Six of Amsterdam presented an engraving by P. Dupont after the equestrian portrait of Dirk Tulp by Paul Potter; and the Cincinnati Museum gave seventeen etchings by Robert Frederick Blum (1857–1903), chiefly of Venetian scenes and figures, executed in the eighties. Blum, an American, was influenced by Whistler, and the plates etched by him are in the Cincinnati Museum. Chief among the purchases of work by Old Masters and foreign artists are a small pen-and-ink by Dürer, for a composition of Christ on the Cross with the Virgin and St. John, the principal group of which was etched by Hollar, so that probably the drawing, which is to be reproduced by the Dürer Society, once belonged to Lord Arundel; two studies in black chalk by Millet, from the Staats Forbes collection, 'Les Glaneuses' and 'l'Enfant Malade'; a fine silver point, heightened with white, of a child's arm, by Lorenzo di Credi, reproduced by the excellent Vasari Society; a study in oils on paper of the 'Assumption of the Virgin' by Tintoretto; and the only perfect impression known, with the monogram of the engraving of two knights in armour, by the Master B. M.

In the National Gallery of Scotland there have been deposited the diploma works of Mr. E. A. Walton and Mr. W. Birnie Rhind; and the N.P.G. of Scotland has added to its collection Sir John Macpherson, a bust portrait by Reynolds, bought at Christie's in June for 250 gs.; a half-length of 'Christopher North,' painted by Watson-Gordon in 1829; a study in oils by Wilkie for the head of the picture at New Byth of General Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Sahib; and Louisa Clift Stevenson, LL.D., the educationalist, by Mr. Alexander Roche. From the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition there were purchased for the Walker Art Gallery pictures by Messrs. La Thangue, R. W. Allan, T. Millie Dow, Herman Richir, Osman Handy (Bey), and a bust by Henri Weigèle. Mr. Sam Wilson presented to Leeds four decorative panels executed by Brangwyn for the English gallery in the Venice Exhibition, commissioning an extra one dealing with the woollen industry, and the same artist's 'Venetian Funeral,' prominently hung at the 1906 Academy, was bought. The Birmingham Gallery, again, profited by the generosity of a number of citizens who, supplementing a former gift, presented 300 drawings and studies by Millais, Holman Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, and Frederick Sandys. The purchases at Manchester include a small version of Mr. Holman Hunt's 'The Scapegoat,' 1864, Mr. Lavery's 'Violet and Gold,' and a landscape, 'Near Malmesbury,' by Mr. Leslie Thomson. The bequest of Mr. H. Herbert Andrew augments considerably the collection at the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. There are pictures by Messrs. Frith, Leader, Yeend King, Ludovici, Laslett J. Pott, and Gustave Jacquet, the Frenchman; water-colours by T. B. Hardy, father of Mr. Dudley Hardy, and F. Saltfleet. From the International Society's first exhibition there the City of Bradford purchased for the permanent collection in the Cartwright Memorial Hall, Mr. Lavery's 'Lady in Green Coat,' and pictures by Fantin Latour, and the able Dutch painter, Mr. Bruckman. Mrs. H. O. Wills presented to Bristol Professor Herkomer's



(British Museum)

Venice: an Etching.
By Robert F. Blum.



(South Kensington Museum.)

The Eve of St. Agnes.
By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

well-known 'Guard's Cheer,' 1898, said to have been sold, with the copyright, for about £3,000, though the re-valuation at Christie's in 1905 was 280 gs. Other gifts were Ernest Board's 'Departure of John and Sebastian Cabot from Bristol, 1497,' and 'The Awakening' of Mr. T. C. Gotch. Brighton purchased from the autumn exhibition pictures by Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, Mr. J. Taylor Brown, and Mrs. Harold Knight.

Graves' "Royal Academy Exhibitors."

MR. ALGERNON GRAVES is to be most cordially congratulated on the completion of a task which it is hardly an exaggeration to call Herculean, by the publication of the eighth and final volume of *Royal Academy Exhibitors*, 1769–1904 (H. Graves, Ltd. and Bell and Sons, 16 gs.). The foundations, so to say, were laid thirty years ago. He has laboured with his accustomed patience and skill; the issue is one of the most valuable works of reference in the art kind ever given to the public. Dr. Johnson tilted at exhibitions in general as vanity, and many since his time have attacked the Academy in particular. But eliminate from the annals of British art its 138 exhibitions of contemporary work, and what a sense of poverty we should have! As frontispieces to these volumes there are portraits of each of the eight deceased P.R.A.'s: Reynolds, West, Lawrence, Shee, Eastlake, Grant, Leighton, and Millais, an octave with some magnificent notes. Romney excepted, for he never sent to the Academy, nearly every native artist of distinction appears, with details of his contributions, though Alfred Stevens only crept in in 1876, the year after his death. Utility is vastly increased by the identification from authentic sources, such as the annotated catalogues of Walpole in the possession of Lord Rosebery, of many anonymous portraits of the late eighteenth century. In the last volume Turner leads with 17½ columns, mottos from the 'Fallacies of Hope' adding to the length of many of the entries. Two un-indexed pictures, by Thornbury, were overlooked. Wilkie makes a good second with fourteen columns, one of them being given to a description of the 'Chelsea Pensioners' lent to the present Old Masters show by the Duke of Wellington. Watts, who sent 148 works between 1837 and 1904, is another of the big figures. In 1858 he exhibited three portraits under the name of F. W. George. The eight tomes contain some 164,500 entries, with the numbers in the R.A. catalogues, the changing addresses of the artists, dates of election to the Academy, notes of Chantrey purchases, and so forth. The birth and death years, however, where obtainable, should have been given. This mirror of the greatest of our art societies, for which it is difficult to express adequate gratitude, should be on the shelves of every important public and private library in this country. The too-prodigally used word invaluable is without question applicable to it.

'Old Masters' and the 'International.'

THIS year the opening of the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House—the Academy's annual "Atonement," as some call it, for the sins of omission and commission of the summer—synchronised with that of the seventh exhibition of the International Society. It would be obviously unfair to institute a comparison. In the one case we have gleanings from an æsthetic harvest of five centuries, not scrupulously winnowed, it is true, but containing much that ministers permanently to the sense of well-being of Society—one of the sovereign functions of art. In the other case the bulk is insufficiently nurtured grain of to-day and yesterday, springing from an artificial soil, with a few blades of corn planted in the deeps and tended understandingly. It is well to remember, if only for charity's sake, that talent cannot rescue art from insignificance, from wavering between caprice and convention, when it does not emerge in response to a human call. A genius is never quite an alien to his time. When art again becomes a spontaneous self-expression satisfying human demands, an "adequate industry," there will be genuine art in plenty, and not till then. Always it has been so kindled and sustained. It is partly because we as a people love gain and display more than beauty—beauty which gives expression to the reconciliation of apparent contraries—because sight of beauty does not move us to rapture as it did the Greeks, because art and utility are separated, that to-day our art is so fitful, so bewildered.

Though the Academy cannot reasonably be expected to accept responsibility for owners' attributions, it accords ill with scholarship conspicuously to hang a copy of a well-known Cuyp, and to find room for an unauthentic Teniers. Outside aid should surely be enlisted if such results cannot otherwise be obviated. As usual, Gallery I. gives plenty of scope to the pictorial detective. Two of the fine things are lent by Lord Spencer, from whose Althorp collection come no fewer than nine noteworthy works.

The self-portrait by Sir Antonio More, left hand resting on the head of a hound, is of deep-breathed, simple strength. Here is no cleverness, no ostentation. On the other side of a newly-discovered portrait of a lady, whose gold-embroidered brown dress, coif, and the medallion are worthy of Holbein, to whom the picture is given, is Earl Spencer's beautiful example of Lucidel, the sound of whose name suggests the qualities of the picture: cool, clear and



(By permission of the Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G. Photo. Hanfstaengl.)

Portrait of a Lady.
By Nicholas Lucidel.

calm, with exquisite bits of decoration, such as in the black and white cuffs. Naïvely penetrative is the 'Dauphin Charles Orlandt,' a white-robed baby, ascribed to the Maitre de Moulins, whose masterpiece, much less primitive in temper, is the 'St. Victor with a donor' of the Glasgow Gallery. Other interesting pictures appear under the names of Benozzo Gozzoli, De Predis, Giovanni Bellini, Venetian School, as well as Raphael, for Sir J. C. Robinson's 'Buchanan' 'Madonna dei Candelabri,'—there is, too, the 'Novar' version, now in America—bought at Christie's in 1875 for 15 gns., about which the owner has written a pamphlet, has a centre. In Gallery II. are the Dutch



(By permission of the Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G. Photo. Hanfstaengl.)

John Charles, Viscount Althorp.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

pictures. Frans Hals' marvellous portrait of a man, still named Admiral de Ruyter, is as a bugle-call. Almost he seems of too sovereign a strength to descend to gesture, this indomitable man, standing, silently potent, in black dress slashed with white, as a majestic command embodied. It is immediacy, virile directness, exultant knowledge, carried to their utmost. The picture comes from Althorp, as, too, does the unfinished portrait of a boy, formerly



(By permission of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq. Photo. Braun Clément & Co.)

The Dauphin, Charles Orlandt.
By the Painter of the Bourbons.

called William of Orange, in which for once Rembrandt joined hands with Velazquez, and to wonderful purpose. The tenderly modelled young face, wistful and lovely, so congruous in its incompleteness, so fundamental in its fragility, is a fair issue of Rembrandt's effortless labour. It helps us to understand that to create may become as simple a self-expression as to breathe. Jan Steen, who often exploited his facility, brought his utmost surety of sight, precision of hand and sure sense of relationship to bear upon 'The Oyster Supper' and 'Grace Before Meat,' the last of which was in the Henry Hope collection. Parts of each rank in quality with examples at The Hague. A good, deep-toned landscape by Aart van der Neer, Lady Wantage's fine little coast-pieces by William van der Velde and Jan

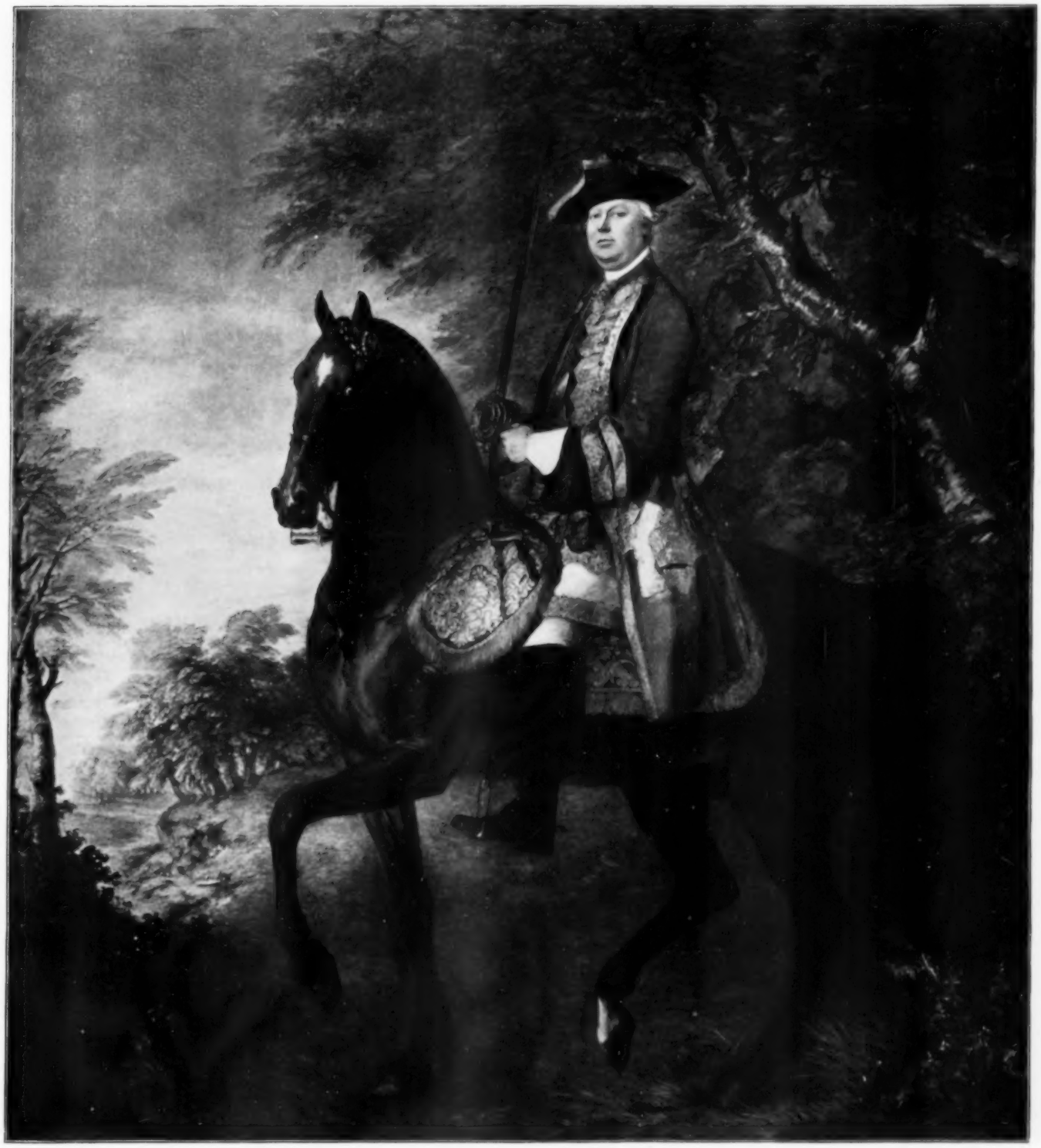
van der Capelle, each a 'Calm with boats,' two stormy marines by Jacob van Ruysdael, the capable portrait of an officer by Van der Helst, outshone by the Hals, and an accomplished still life by Heda are also in this room.

Save for a 'Venice' compassed in a big phrase of tone by Canaletto, the bust-portrait of Mariana, wife of Philip IV. of Spain, in huge headgear, treasured for half-a-century by Mr. Brabazon as a Velazquez, and one or two more works, the great gallery is given to pictures by British masters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. On the north wall are three boy portraits of descending merit: Reynolds' 'John Charles, Viscount Althorp,' in tempered white and blue, with rosy face and fair hair, as a flower in a radiant landscape—in its kind it is flawless; Raeburn's 'Sir George Sinclair of Ulbster,' in sunlit red jacket, a masterly simplification; and Hoppner's 'Earl of Darnley,' vulgar by comparison. Reynolds is represented, too, by the mature and beautiful 'Countess Spencer and Daughter,' the allegorical portrait of Dr. Beattie, which was beyond his range, and several more. The place of honour is given to Gainsborough's big equestrian portrait of General Honeywood, painted in 1765, with its fine landscape setting, but his genius is not in the swagger of horse and rider. More intimate, more magic throughout, are the 'Hon. Mrs. Graham,' in lilac gown, a study, seldom if ever exhibited until now, for the full-length in the National Gallery of Scotland, the 'William Pitt,' gracefully languorous, and the 'Harvest Cart,' animated in design, which used to belong to Lord Tweedmouth. Here, too, is the 'Miss Linley,' in white gold-embroidered dress, which created a sensation at Christie's in 1903. Romney, though not of the stature of Gainsborough or Reynolds, upholds a fine tradition in 'Mrs. Lee Acton,' No. 93. She does not stand very satisfactorily, but the pretty face beneath the big straw hat, the white dress with its dove-grey sash, are real accomplishments.

In Gallery IV. there are a good Romney, a sketch by Hogarth, 'The Happy Marriage,' gleaming into fulfilment, Wilkie's skilled 'Chelsea Pensioners,' belonging to the Duke of Wellington, a famous Morland, and Copley's Sitwell family group, which explains, probably, why Mr. Sargent introduced small full-length figures into his, presumably, companion picture. Sometimes Gallery V. contains little more than 'sweepings.' This year it is otherwise. Alfred Stevens' bust-portrait of W. Blundell Spence of Florence must be juxtaposed to the elderly Philip of Velazquez for its faults to become apparent. The drawing is intimate and exquisite, the characterisation sure, the colour expressive. Those grey-blue eyes, that calm brow, the rich dark of the dress, are phrases of a noble language whose inflections haunt the memory. Millbank, where is no man's portrait by this 'greatest of English designers,' as Leighton called the painter-sculptor, is the right home for 'Blundell Spence.' Near it are good examples by Sam Bough, Alexander Fraser, and James Charles, who, however, is more fully represented in the Leicester Galleries. The features of the water-colour room are twenty profile drawings of early members of the Academy by George Dance, twenty-five of Turner's water-colours and vignettes belonging to Sir Donald Currie, able landscapes by De Wint and Thomas Collier, and 'Mrs. Vesey and Lady Colthurst,' from the masterly pencil of Ingres.

For the first time the International Society, maybe with the aim of convincing sceptics of its unaided strength, has organised a "closed" show. In the early days of the Academy members who did not contribute were fined, but to no Society now is there any special obligation to send, and it must always happen that distinguished men go unrepresented. On the present occasion, for instance, Sir James Guthrie can ill be spared, and we hoped to see some of the searched work in the round and the fine drawings of Mr. Havard Thomas, who was recently elected. The retrospective section, less extensive than heretofore, includes, as one would expect, several immediately disengageable exhibits. Puvis de Chavannes' 'The Toilet' might almost have been painted by the sculptor of the Venus of Milo wielding the brush in the nineteenth century, he who ages ago "marked in marble the measured rhyme of lovely limb and draperies flowing in unison." The flesh is beautifully submitted to light, the modelling is subtle, the accent pure, the simplicity reverent and sincere, and the mood of high serenity is communicated to the material. It is a suave integrity of vision. Puvis is one of four deceased members represented. There are Whistler's tenuous drawing of Old Battersea Bridge, Segantini's uplifted 'Blessing the Sheep,' and a group of six pictures by Fritz Thaulow, in which, unfortunately, his art cannot adequately be studied. Though the International rails at the Academy for prominently hanging meretricious works, it is itself far from blameless in this respect. The "line" includes several rather empty, difficulty-dodging canvases.

But we may concentrate on a few of the interesting exhibits. More or less familiar, yet none the less welcome, are M. Besnard's 'Madame Jourdain,' a witty *tour-de-force* of shimmering robes and illuminated flesh, captured in a transitional flash, and M. Blanche's 'Venetian Glass: glittering, cold, fragile,' informed throughout with colour-sympathies. The same artist's 'Claude-Achille Debussy,' painted some years ago, is one of the most able and dignified portraits here. The Society's claim to internationality is enforced by the presence of M. Boldini's head of 'Mr. S.,' unerringly incisive, and his turbulent portrait of a lady with a wonderfully painted glove; a gravely realised view of the ramparted length of Avila by M. Cottet; a slight, clever 'Hiver à Berlin' by Ch. Storm van 's Gravesande; an alchemical poem in paint by Le Sidaner; several deft iridescences by M. Legrand; a scholarly study of a nude archer by Hans Thoma; an able Dorset landscape by Mr. W. L. Bruckman; and two coarsely-handled pictures, relying on emphasis, not on range or depth of sight, or on quality of paint, by Zuloaga. His is not the just emphasis, according to degrees of imaginative significance. He has not the penetrative power of his countryman Goya. If in 'Miss Alexander' Mr. Nicholson has not freed himself from the 'poster' convention, the original design is admirably expressive. The unfinished equestrian glazed picture on the wall, from which the figure of this healthy, independent young Englishwoman in black riding habit does not satisfactorily detach, most happily suggests the abandonment of a heroic work for a study more in accord with the mood of our time. The black, the pale browns, the gleams of silver, and the note of faint colour in the landscape, tell delightfully. Mr. James Pryde's art smacks of the proscenium, but within his convention what independence of design and of colour there is in 'The Pillar,' said to have



(By permission of W. Lockett Agnew, Esq.)

General Honeywood.
By T. Gainsborough, P.R.A.

been rejected by the Trustees of the National Gallery. There are lovely parts in Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'Golden Age,' though the rhythm falters and breaks. Mr. Lavery achieves much with little in his oval, 'Miss Mary Morgan.' By Mr. A. E. John is a masterly sketch, 'Washing Up;' by Mr. J. J. Shannon, a skilfully handled group round a fireside; by Mr. Sydney Lee, a solid eminently credible street scene; by Mr. Charles Ricketts, the weird 'Death at auction,' Daumier-like in its searching inventiveness, but far more than a mere derivative; by Mr. Cameron 'The Clyde,' simple and impressive in design; by Mr. Oliver Hall a sensitive, skyey landscape; by Mr. Oppenheimer a spontaneously expressed colour harmony; by Mr. Crawhall several of his wonderful bird studies; by Mr. A. E. John a Hogarthian 'Wild Beast.' Anglada Camarasa, the Spaniard, Mr. William Strang, M. Bauer, and among the drawings the new-comer, Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, are, again, of those conspicuously represented. In sculpture there is nothing comparable with Rodin's small bronze, 'Brother and Sister,' their bodies recreated to a fuller beauty

by unison. Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, Mr. Tweed, Mr. R. F. Wells, Mr. Stirling Lee and M. Lucien Schnegg are others who contribute notably to this section.

Other London Exhibitions.

WERE we to measure æsthetic enthusiasm by the number of exhibiting art societies, it would certainly seem to be on the increase. Times have changed since Dr. Johnson ridiculed the Association of Artists and spoke of exhibitions as "vanity." The youngest is the Modern Society of Portrait Painters—"New" would have more clearly distinguished it from the S.P.P. founded by the late Mr. Stuart Wortley in 1891—whose inaugural show opened at the Institute in January. Prominent among the thirty painters on the roll are several who are members of, or contribute to, the New English Art Club, the International, the R.B.A. and the Academy. Apparently a common desire for opportunity to bring their work before the public, rather than any artistic bond, links this new brotherhood. The excellent "single line" method of hanging is adopted—an unrealisable ideal in most big exhibitions since the International moved from Knightsbridge. A fair proportion of the 121 portraits are capably planned and painted, though there is little or nothing strikingly original or illuminate. The spectacle of life is not very impressive—it lacks grandeur and the element of surprise—for most of these painters, anyhow, as they express themselves. Among the interesting groups of works are those by Mr. George W. Lambert, whose skilled self-portrait, *à la* Velazquez, would have been better without the cigarette; of Mr. Francis Dodd, whose 'Rev. Benjamin Dodd' is penetratively sincere, an intense bit of pictorial characterisation; of Mr. Gerald Chowne, the charming flower painter, whose 'Lord Mayor' is said to have pleased the civic authorities no more than did Rembrandt's dramatic 'Night Watch'; of the zealous Mr. J. D. Fergusson, who rightly holds that what is on the surface may explain everything to one with real insight, though after that comes the difficulty to communicate; of Mr. Joseph Oppenheimer, whose 'David Neave' is in parts remarkably adroit—note, for instance, the painting of the shoes, the gloved hands, and the hat; and of Mr. W. J. Glackens, one of many Americans who have studied in Paris. Mr. David Neave is evidently an admirer of Mr. George Henry. The furniture and accessories in his four pictures are far more satisfactory than the figures, so primly seated and lacking any impulse of life. There may be noted, too, Mr. W. B. Ranken's big 'Viola singing'—would it have come into existence but for Furse's true open-air 'Diana of the Uplands'?—Mr. George Bell's capital realisation, 'A Paris Student'; and the earnest endeavours of Mr. Alfred



(International Society.)

'Venetian Glass: glittering, cold, fragile.'
By J. E. Blanche.

Priest. For the rest, there is much experimentation of a not very successful kind, a good deal of display.

There has been no change since last year in the personnel of the group of six landscape painters who each January organise an exhibition at the Old Water-Colour Society's. The motto for the catalogue is Millet's saying: "Every artist ought to have a central thought, *une pensée mère*, which he expresses with all the strength of his soul, and tries to stamp on the heart of others." Some may think that Mr. Peppercorn narrows this down to a formula of seeing nature in a uniform mood—frequently he is charged with monotony. That he is selective, as must be every artist, is true; but there is great variety within his at first sight restricted area. His 'The Cliff,' standing impressively against a sunset sky of muted gold, is not solemn only, but is touched with majesty, authentic grandeur. Serene as a composition, with a just independence of handling as well as of sight, is Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Blakeney,' with its notes of rose and silver and of nurtured green. The great church is most justly circumstanced. Mr. R. W. Allan, one of the most able of our "matter-of-factists," is more himself in the pictures of dour Scottish fishing villages than in the Cairo subjects. They are relatively inexpressive. Mr. Aumonier makes a bold bid for success in the large 'River Piave,' but the broad river in front is not brought into accord with the mountain peaks silhouetted against a finely radiant sky. Mr. T. Austen Brown concerns himself less and less with "a solid world of things in the round," more and more with rich arrangements of tone, of patterns in colour. To Boucher is attributed the admission that the direct study of nature "put him off." But nothing is so restorative—at any rate, for those who are not Blakes. None of the nine works by Mr. James S. Hill shows him at quite his best, though 'A Wooded Vale,' which owes something to Cox and Constable, has both refinement and breadth. Altogether the exhibition is as welcome as ever.

The Royal Society of Miniature Painters held its twelfth annual show at the Modern Gallery, where space was found for work by a number of non-members. Though no miniaturist of to-day is within distance of recapturing the potent minuteness of Holbein or the credible winsomeness of Cosway, this dainty art, once threatened with extinction, again seems to be freeing itself from the bondage of the trivial, the merely pretty, which is only the ugly spoiled. Some of the members are working in too loose and unfinished a fashion for miniature; "impressionism," in the generally-accepted sense, being here out of place. As a study of character there was nothing better than Madame Debillemont-Chardon's "Vielle femme," and of others who contribute we may name Miss Edith Mason, Mr. W. J. Neatby, who, however, has not Aubrey Beardsley's genius for lyrical design, Mrs. Lee Hankey, and the two Vice-Presidents.

Of signal interest was the exhibition of fifteen pictures by Mr. Charles H. Shannon at the Leicester Galleries. Nearly a decade ago it was said that he had run through the "measles of modernity" more successfully than any of his contemporaries, save perhaps Mr. Steer, and might do something great. If he has not yet quite touched greatness, his devotion to pure beauty has certainly carried him far—of necessity on a solitary road. Mr. Shannon, dispensing with definite literary or poetic motives, is resolved to express himself solely through design and colour. He aims at nothing short of creating a world from within himself. Fastidiously—sometimes, be it added, languorously—he gathers and winnows his material; meditatively he weaves it into luxuriant and rhythmic designs, often of rich and balanced colour. His pictures are somewhat remote from the tide of general life; none of them gives the spectator



(International Society. By permission of William C. Alexander, Esq.)

Miss Alexander.
By William Nicholson.



(International Society.)

Winter in Berlin.

By C. S. van 's Gravesande.

the shock of an inalienable essence pressed out of actuality—the actuality of form, which must be won from its inmost strongholds. That would be to ask what Mr. Shannon has not to give. Moreover, his imagination shies at grappling with the "intention of the soul," as expressed in sculpturesque form. But where is his equal to-day in the linking of form to melodious form, in certain adjustments of colour and of light and shade, in a pondered unity, with a note of the lyrical in it. Almost he is too scholarly, or, shall we say, too exotic—gives too little rein to impulse in winning to congruity. In the circular 'Hermes and Bacchus,' however, one of the most recent pictures, there is a new and welcome note of vigour. How splendidly the space is filled! What a happy variation upon the bounding lines is made by the long body of the fish round the base of the composition. Although often we are not convinced of the constructive necessity or of the organic justice of these pictures, tact and discretion are pale words to use about an art which frequently employs an exquisite language and is concerned pre-eminently with beauty.

The first annual Children's Exhibition at the Baillie Gallery—an admirable idea, which it is surprising none has before developed—contained many good things, certainly not least Mr. Louis Davis' imaginative drawing, 'The Home of the Goose Girl.' Mr. Tom Mostyn showed at the Doré Gallery a group of landscapes. The Constablesque 'Stratford Church' with its fluently-painted water was one of the best; in others the summariness being cruel, because lacking insight into structure. His 'Doss House,' the figures in warm fire-glow, was much better seen than at the Academy. At the Fine Art Society's were a number of the delicate, gently touched water-colours of Mr. Albert Goodwin: at the Leicester Galleries, promising water-colours of the South Downs by young Miss Ruth Dollman; at the Goupil Gallery, drawings and sketches by Mr. Stacey Aumonier, who has not yet found his æsthetic feet; at Graves' a collection of landscapes in water-colour on silk, not very convincing in their slightness, by two artists of the New Old School of Japan. The second exhibition of the International Art Gallery, King William Street, contained satisfactory examples by Bosboom, Neuhuys, Millais—a drawing—Mr. Rich, and a number of others.

Special allusion should be made to the exhibition of photographs at the New English Art Club, the galleries being most sympathetically circumstanced for the occasion by the two organisers, Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, the young American of extraordinary talent, and Baron A. de Meyer. Each is proud of being a photographer, and maintains that in photography many artists find the best possible medium for self-expression. At this, the best photographic exhibition yet held in London, or probably anywhere, there were original and beautiful examples by the organisers, as well as by M. Robert Demachy, the French amateur; Mr. F. Holland Day and Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, representing America; and Mr. J. Craig Annan, the Scotsman. Some of Mr. Bernard Shaw's brilliant aphorisms prefaced the catalogue. Despite them, however, the position of Velazquez is not menaced.

Passing Events.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER, who, by the way, contravened the Academy Law by mentioning the work of living British artists, does not believe in "stodgy" addresses to art aspirants. His first message to Academy students in this age of "scorching" was not to scorch. Then he warned them against following in the footsteps of the false Impressionists, more justly to be called Imperfectionists or Idiotists. He was hard on Millet, who painted only "a downtrodden peasant, without a face, without a hope," whereas our own Walker and Mason saw in the English peasant "both a face and a hope." But could either fathom and express, as did Millet, "*la vraie humanité, la grande poésie?*" Did either rise to epic grandeur as an interpreter of those who "say nothing, but feel themselves overburdened with life"? Very salutary, properly understood, was the citation of Diderot's story of a painter who, before he took up his brush, prayed: "Good Lord, deliver me from the model." There is such a thing as the art of seeing nature and the human form. A model may be, often is, a tyranny. A mighty artist said that natural objects always weakened, deadened, and obliterated imagination in him.

APROPOS of Fred. Walker, whose cartoon, 'The Woman in White,' now hangs in the sculpture room at the Tate Gallery, Mr. Frith says he was the most absent-

minded creature possible. Dining with the R.A. at Pembridge Villas, Walker suddenly broke into whistling in the middle of the meal, quite unconscious of where he was.

WHILE in this country we are bewailing the non-existence of a British Luxembourg, some French critics, in connection with the extension of the Paris Luxembourg, consequent on the Seminary of Saint Sulpice having been evacuated, point out that there has been too much of the "all-accepting eye" as to contemporary works. Certainly Paris has "discovered" genius in some of our artists where we do not see it.

THE biography of Whistler, upon which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell have for some time been engaged, will not be issued before August. This was made clear during some proceedings in the Chancery Division.

WHERE was Rubens born? In the official catalogue of our National Gallery, in "Bryan," and elsewhere, Siegen, in Westphalia, is given as his birthplace. A document recently discovered in Antwerp, however, points authoritatively to Cologne, scholars belonging to which place have all along claimed him. Probably there will be general agreement now.

THE first exhibition of the R.B.A. under the Presidency of Mr. Alfred East had gratifying results. There were a thousand more visitors than in 1905, and sales were doubled.

THOSE who are so severely criticising the new edition of the National Gallery catalogue should remember that Sir Charles Holroyd had to get it to press very rapidly, as supplies had run out. He cannot be held responsible for any but the new entries. For the promised subsequent issue he will no doubt undertake exhaustive revision. Ford Madox Brown, by the way, held that entries should consist only of the title, the name and birthplace of the artist, the provenance of the work and details of acquisition. The 'Portrait of a Poet,' No. 636, a place of tourney for Ascription Knights, he recommended as one of half a dozen heads in the gallery which students would do well to copy.

THE Guildhall gallery has never been put to better use from the humanitarian standpoint than early in February, when a number of artists contributed sketches and studies sold for the benefit of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund. The exhibition in April is to be of Danish art, under the patronage of the King of Denmark.

MR. JOHN COLIN FORBES, R.C.A., whose portrait of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, standing by a writing-table in the Banquetting Hall, 10, Downing Street, was presented to the National Liberal Club by Mr. Alexander Ritchie, is the Canadian artist who painted the King and Queen, as seen at the 1906 Academy, for the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa. He was born at Toronto in 1840, studied art at South Kensington, and afterwards in the Academy Schools. Fifteen years ago he came to England to execute the full-length of Gladstone presented by Canadian Liberals to the political headquarters in London. Many prominent folk have sat to him, including the Marquis of Dufferin.



(Baillie Gallery. By permission of Messrs. Warne.)

The Three Bears.
By L. Leslie Brooke.

THE curator of the Nottingham Castle Museum is to be congratulated on the organisation there of an Arthur Melville exhibition. Melville had amazing talent, sight of which stimulates. The New English Art Club held another excellent exhibition outside London at the Victoria Art Gallery, Bath. It included Mr. Sargent's portrait-sketch of Brabazon.

MR. J. PERCIVAL HUGHES, the new chief agent of the Protectionist Party, is versatile. He has won distinction alike at the Parliamentary Bar and by his able defence of at least two notorious murderers, while in 1903 he was represented at the Academy by a statuette, 'Blind Fortune.'

ALEXANDRE BORISSOFF, the Russian artist to whom Paris amateurs are indebted for a new emotion, and whose works were in February transferred to the Grafton Gallery, where some years ago were Verestchagin's, was born in 1866, in a remote corner of the province of Vologda. At fifteen, in order to fulfil a vow made by his parents during his severe illness, he made a pilgrimage to the Solovetski Monastery, on the shores of the White Sea, and three years later abandoned the peasant house of his father to obtain admission to the ranks of the sacred painters of that monastery. His experiences in the Polar Circle, where he often sketched when the thermometer was 23° Centigrade below zero, make a stirring tale. M. Borissoff says, "The



(International Society.)

Corfe Castle.
By W. L. Bruckman.

brush often broke, my hands became numb, but I painted with the ardent desire to fix on the canvas all the fantastic and obscure phenomena of the Far North, so instinct with charm."

MR. TOM MOSTYN'S 'Christ in the Wilderness' is first to be exhibited in Manchester, the city with which he is associated, where in 1898 his 'Gethsemane' attracted quite 30,000 visitors.

THERE is much difference of opinion even among experts as to the best way of preserving frescoes. The question has recently been eagerly discussed in connection with those of Ford Madox Brown in the Manchester Town Hall. Those who favour a glass covering —the "glaziers" as they have been called for short— include the Curators of the City Gallery and of the Whitworth Institute, while the "anti-glaziers" vehemently assert that the pictures could not in those circumstances be seen.

IT cannot longer be said that no money is spent on nurseries for æsthetic genius. For instance, the new school of art at Taunton, exclusive of equipment, has cost some £6,550.

A YOUNG Dundee artist, Mr. Thomas Ross, found an opportunity to show forth his ability as a draughtsman at the enquiry into the cause of the lamentable Arbroath railway disaster. His knowledge of process helped him considerably.

MR. EDWIN ROSCOE MULLINS, who died at Walberswick on January the 9th, aged 58, was a sculptor who regularly exhibited at the Academy and the New Gallery. For years he had been on the list of those nominated for associateship, his claims resting on his faithful likenesses of Gladstone, Dr. Martineau, W. G. Grace, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Evelyn Wood, and many more, and on his small statuettes and reliefs. He studied at Lambeth, at the R.A. Schools, and at Munich. Onward from 1873, with two exceptions, he has been represented at Burlington House. His is the bronze statue of the Dorsetshire poet Barnes in Dorchester, his the curious Circus Horse which constitutes the memorial to Mr. Ginnett in Brighton Cemetery.

MR. ALLAN WYON, F.S.A., Chief Engraver of His Majesty's Seals from 1884 to 1901, died at Hampstead on January the 25th. He was born in 1843, and fifty years later became Vice-President of the British Archæological Association. Several well-known medals, notably the Royal Jubilee Medal of 1887, are of his design.

SOME of the many who speculate as to the A.R.A. who will be raised to full honours in the stead of Mr. Hook, regard Mr. A. S. Cope as a "certainty." The King has been giving sittings to Mr. Cope, and his extensive gallery of prominent folk includes the German Emperor, Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, the late Duke of Cambridge. If it be not a portraitist, Mr. Clausen's claims are not likely to be overlooked.

ITALY is not yet satisfied with its statutes for protecting national art treasures. Signor Rava, the Minister for Public Instruction, has drafted a bill whereby no article of artistic, historical or archæological interest over fifty years old, belonging to the State, provinces, towns, villages or ecclesiastical bodies can be sold, and whereby private owners are compelled to supply details of works of art in their possession, the State having the option of purchase should they come into the market. In this country we lack even a register of the finest pictures and objects of art in private hands, any of which may be exported without public comment.

SIR ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM, who bulked large in connection with the Jamaica disaster, is brother of Sir Frank Swettenham, whose presentation portrait by Mr. Sargent dominated the north room of the New Gallery exhibition in 1905. His lithe, military figure, in white linen suit, had authority.



Decoration in Newgate Sessions House.

By Gerald Moira.

The New Old Bailey: Frescoes of Justice.

AN important and versatile achievement of interior decoration in public buildings has prepared Professor Moira for the decoration of London's new hall of justice. The artist brings to this great opportunity an invention practised in expressive design, and a thorough experience of decorative materials. Church, library, restaurant, concert room, the council room at Lloyds, and the pavilion of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company in the Paris Exhibition, are some of the buildings for which Professor Moira has designed and executed decorations, in each case appropriate in idea and material to use and circumstance. The new Old Bailey offers a higher labour than these, and demands of the artist—if Art is truly used as the utterance of the aspiration and purpose to be served by the building—a penetrative and illumined conception of his great theme.

Professor Moira has looked steadily and with earnestness into the idea he represents. His frescoes in the central hall symbolise a generous and true aspect of Justice, one in which the imagination which inspires Justice with love has power. The carvings and stained glass which complete the enrichment of the marble interior are other expressions of the artist's conception of his work, but it is in the frescoes, where the relation of Justice to types and forms of life is his subject, that its significance is most fully uttered. In the frescoes of the great dome there is initial affirmation of perception. Four powers enthroned occupy the four chief sections of the dome, and among them is Labour grasping the spade, emblem of the office of man's strength in the government of the earth, as is Truth's mirror of the office of his spirit to reflect the Divine, or Wisdom's scroll of the mind's service of record and interpretation. Three wall-frescoes carry into the world of energy the function of Justice. The Virtue herself rules and adjusts the minds of men, and receives their homage, in the design on the south

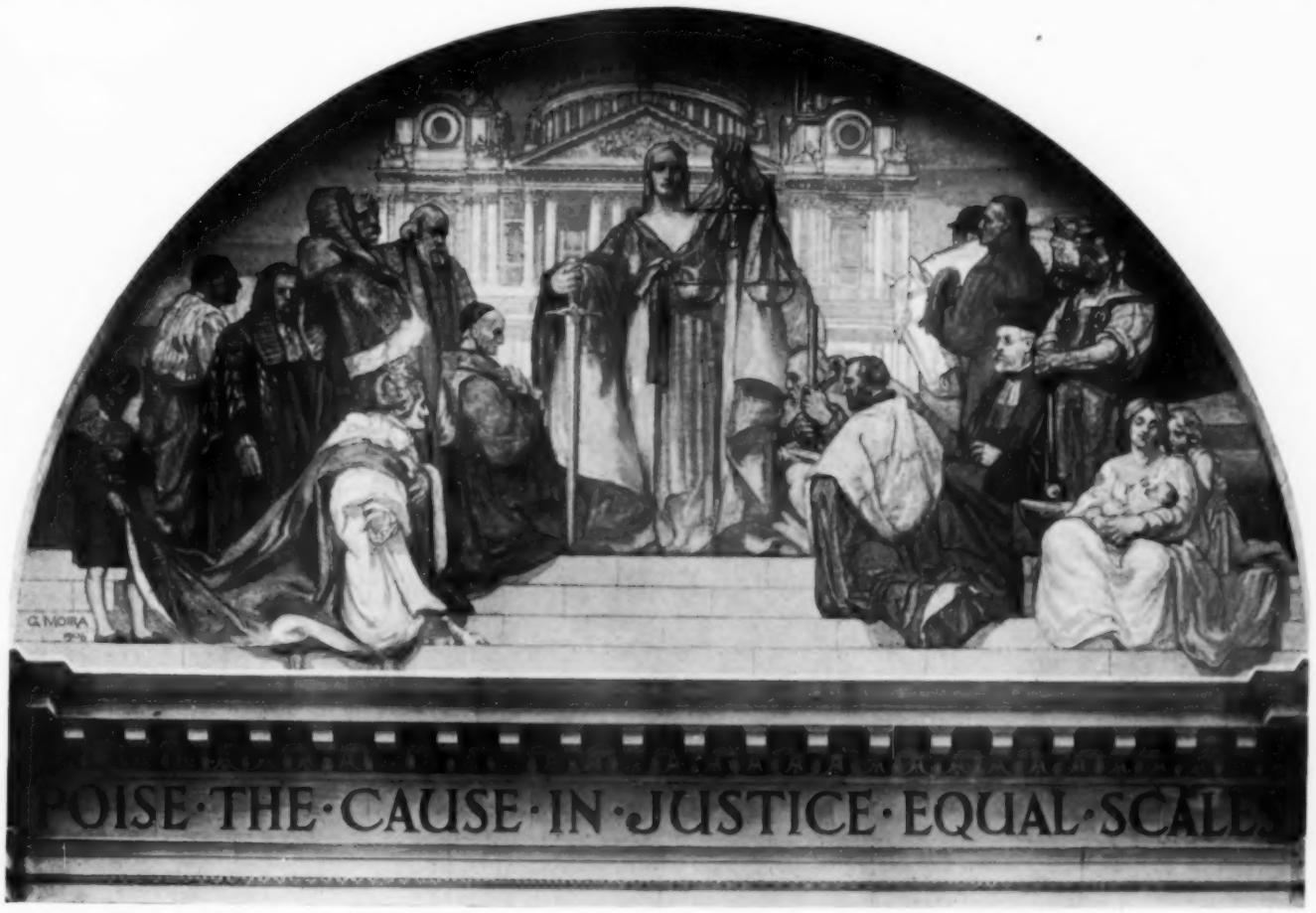


Decoration in Newgate Sessions House.

By Gerald Moira.

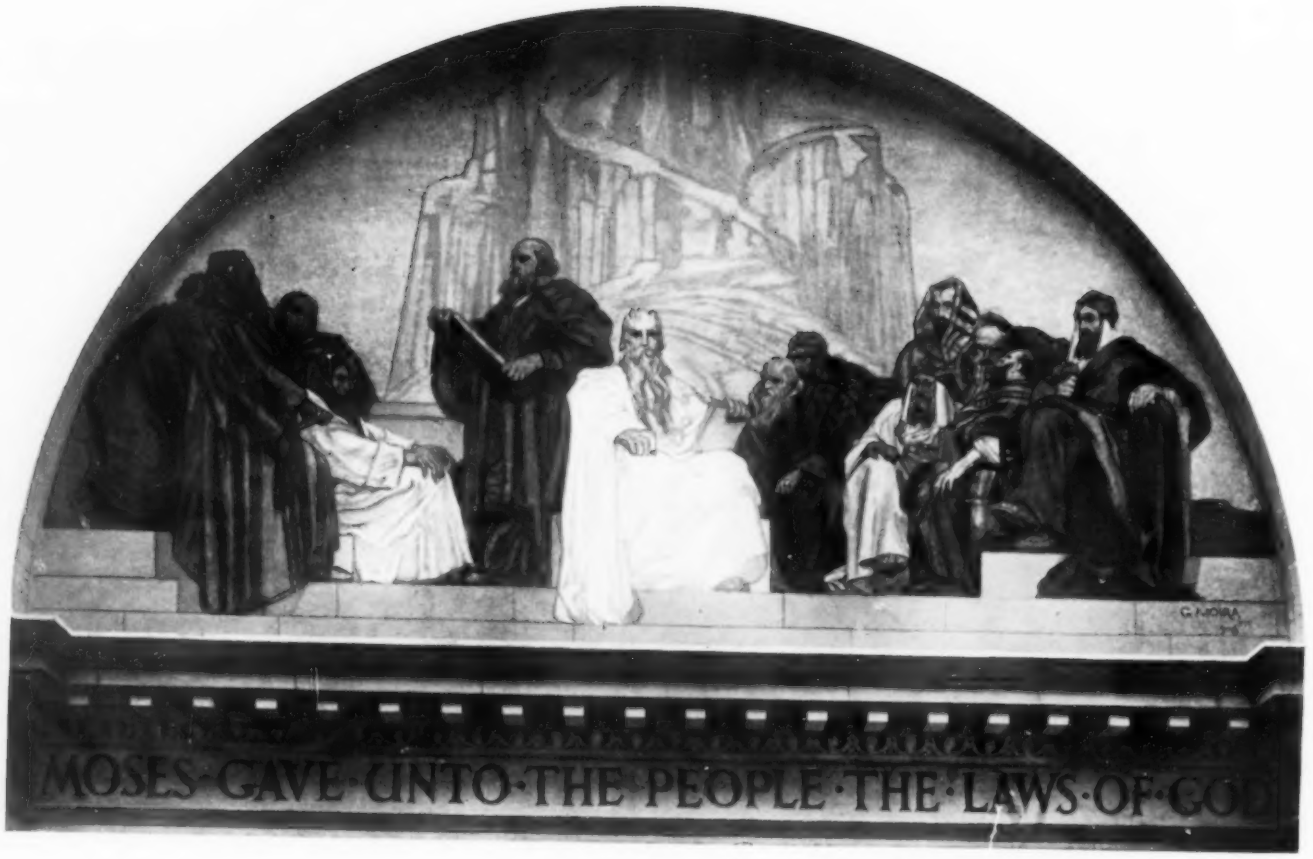
wall, where effective use is made of portraiture—as in Raphael's 'School of Athens,' or Watts' fresco in Lincoln's Inn—to give living force to the idea of representative life. Priests—Archbishop Temple, Cardinal Vaughan, Doctor Adler—statesmen, among whom is the late Lord Salisbury, and judges, are among the figures to whom wide-eyed Justice, now first set among the guardians who never close their eyes, administers her decree. The background in this, as in the two frescoes where Moses and King Alfred are the chief figures, is symbolical. The mount of inspiration, hewed and erected stones of the Druids, the great church, are true backgrounds for the types of law-giver, spiritual and temporal, and of those who seek justice and search out wisdom. Opposite to the design of Justice receiving homage is Sir William Richmond's fresco of 'The Golden Age.' Professor Moira's work is done, though its public effectiveness only fully begins with the opening to the public of this new Palace of Justice.





Decorations in Newgate Sessions House.

By Gerald Moira.



Fresco in Newgate Sessions House.

By Gerald Moira.

Royal Academy Election.

MR. GEORGE HENRY'S success at the poll on the evening of January 30, when there was an Assembly at Burlington House to fill the Associate vacancy caused by the promotion to R.A.-ship of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, was, in one respect, almost unprecedented. His name appeared for the first time on the nomination list, printed in connection with the election, the other new ones being Mr. R. Anning Bell, Mr. Sigismund Goetze, Professor Gerald Moira of South Kensington, Mr. Julius Olsson, Mr. Charles H. Shannon, painters; Professor Edward Lanteri and Mr. Albert Toft, sculptors; Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, the architect. The chances of a well-known landscape painter were in advance regarded as most considerable, though the position given on the line in Gallery III. at the 1906 Academy to Mr. Henry's 'Blue Gown' suggested what might and did happen. Only twice before had Mr. Henry exhibited at Burlington House: in 1904, when he had 'The Blue Veil' and 'The Marchioness of Tullibardine,' and in 1905 'The Chinese Kilim.' It seems probable that the nomination list, which at present contains the names of 92 painters, 17 sculptors, and 28 architects, will be considerably reduced.

Mr. George Henry was born in Ayrshire in 1859. First an engineer's draughtsman, he passed into the Glasgow School of Art, and later studied in Paris. Initially he worked as a designer in black-and-white, but afterwards became a prominent member of the so-called Glasgow School. In collaboration with Mr. Hornel, he in 1889 painted the 'Galloway Landscape,' which was subjected to much criticism at the time. Onward from then he has been a more or less regular exhibitor at the R.S.A., of which he became an associate in 1892 and subsequently a full member. Mr. Hornel, it will be remembered, refused A.R.S.A.-ship when it was conferred upon him. In 1893 Mr. Henry and Mr. Hornel went to Japan, the influence of whose life and art remains considerable, though less with Mr. Henry than his companion. He was one of the original associates of the International, from which, however, he resigned in 1904, for reasons that have never been made public. His portraits of Dr. Robert Crawford and of Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, both painted in 1903, are in the Glasgow Corporation Galleries, and in the City Chambers there one of the four wall decorations is by him. 'Poinsettia' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1904, p. 195) is a typical example of his sweeping decorative art. As again and again he has demonstrated, Mr. Henry is one of the wittiest of after-dinner speakers.



Painted by John Pettie, R.S.A.

Vol V.

The Chieftain's Candlesticks

By permission of Mrs Morten



(Glasgow Gallery. Photo. Mansell.)

The Duel: Sketch for 'The Sword and Dagger Fight.'
By John Pettie, R.A.

John Pettie, R.A., H.R.S.A.

By Martin Hardie.

THE little village of East Linton lies six miles from Dunbar, and about twenty-three miles south of Edinburgh. Though the expresses from London go thundering across the bridge that spans the Tyne in the very midst of its red-roofed houses, the village offers no obvious attractions to the tourist, and still preserves much of the quiet remoteness which characterised it some sixty years ago when John Pettie was a boy. After the railway track crosses the border at Berwick, there is no bit of scenery more picturesque or attractive than that glimpse—alas, too rapid—of the red roofs of East Linton, and of the old stone bridge, where the river goes tumbling over dark masses of rock into the deep pool, or "linn," that gives its name to the village.

It was in East Linton that Pettie spent his early years. The *Dictionary of National Biography*, and even his own tombstone, honour it as his birthplace; but that is an error. John Pettie was born in Edinburgh, in 1839, and it was not till ten years later that he accompanied his parents to East Linton. Alexander Pettie, his father, was the merchant of the village, and among the manifold wares that he sold were the casks of raw crude pigment, red, blue, yellow and white lead, for the use of house-painters, that furnished the young artist with the materials for his first experiments. Pettie's parents were simple, honest, God-fearing Scottish folk; his father kindly, humorous, and of a singularly gentle nature; his mother—the active force of the household—a woman of wide sympathies and wide reading, educated in the fullest sense of the word.

East Linton now has its traditions, for it has long been a haunt of landscape-painters, a Scottish Barbizon. But it was the infinite variety of human character rather than of nature that appealed to Pettie, even in his boyhood years. East Linton had no traditions in the 'fifties of last century, and a village lad could obtain no knowledge of the world's inheritance of art. Max Nordau would say of him that he possessed the peculiar susceptibility and keenness of the optical



Self-portrait at the Age of Sixteen
By John Pettie, R.A.



(By permission of Mrs. Morten.) The Cardinal. By John Pettie, R.A.

centre which is the organic hypothesis of the talent for drawing. Scientific explanations are sometimes strangely futile, and it is simpler to say, in plain and adequate language, that Pettie was a born painter. Art was in his blood. His father, naturally enough, wanted him to follow his own trade, and it irked him sorely to see the boy, heedless of his work, making surreptitious sketches of customers or of passers in the street. Everything subserved his purpose, and his early taste grew to a passion. More than once young Pettie, despatched on an errand to store-room or cellar, was discovered making drawings on the lid of a wooden box or the top of a cask, totally oblivious of his journey and its object. Even in these early days it was portraiture and *genre* that evoked Pettie's talent, and he made the most of subjects that came ready to hand. Various members of his family served as models for portraits in crayon, washed with a slight tint; and a portrait of himself, at the age of sixteen, reproduced for the first time (p. 97), is remarkable work for the untrained hand of a country lad. Of great interest, too, is a drawing in colour, perhaps of an even earlier date, of a village "character"—one John Little, who went his rounds with a donkey, carrying coal and what not. The simple and untutored sketch (p. 111) is instinct with keen observation and subtle rendering of character. "Losh me! If it isna' Jock Little an' his wonderfu' cuddy: it's sae life-like that it's no' canny," was the village verdict. Even the father, though he might not admit it, was consciously proud; and at last there came a day when the mother's sympathy intervened. Greatly daring, she carried off her son to Edinburgh, a bundle of drawings beneath his arm, to visit Mr. James Drummond, one of the leading members of the Royal Scottish Academy. They were courteously received, and Mr. Drummond, after listening to the mother's story, threw out every discouragement—"Much better make him stick to business." After a long and kindly conversation, during which the boy stood by, silent and miserable, Mrs. Pettie ventured with a sigh, "Then it's no use my showing you his drawings?" Mainly to cheer the boy, who looked so downcast, Mr. Drummond readily expressed his willingness to see the work. Eagerly was the parcel undone, and sketch after sketch was handed to the painter, who studied them in silence, one after one. The boy watched his face tensely, like one who awaits a great physician's verdict of life or death. Not a word was spoken till the great man handed them all back, and, turning to the mother, said: "Well, madam, you can put that boy to what you like, but he'll die an artist!"

There was no longer any idea of thwarting Pettie's natural inclination to art, and in 1855 he went to Edinburgh to join the brilliant band of students who were working at the Trustees' Academy under Robert Scott Lauder. In



(By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.) Jacobites, 1745. By John Pettie, R.A. (1874).



(Photo. Caswall Smith.

The Flag of Truce.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1873).



(By permission of Kenneth M. Clark, Esq.)

The Solo.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1875).

every community of art-students there is always one placed on a pedestal of high esteem by all the rest, whose word is law, final and absolute. Pettie always remembered his first walk with a fellow-student down Prince's Street, the sudden clutch at his elbow, and the reverential whisper, "There's Orchardson!" Among other students, destined to make their mark, were J. MacWhirter, Peter Graham, Tom Graham, G. Paul Chalmers and W. McTaggart. These Scottish students, born of the soil, were not overburdened with this world's goods, and the spacious studios of Fitzjohn's Avenue, with tapestry and armour, and curios rich and rare, were undreamt-of castles in Spain. But they had the Scottish temperament of energy and ambition, that led them to supplement full days with evenings of work as well as relaxation. About the year 1856 they formed a Sketching Club, which met alternately in each member's studio—often a bed-sitting-room in those hopeful and struggling days. C. E. Johnson, though not one of Lauder's pupils, was a member of the club and a close friend of all the rest.



Evening Prayer.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1859).

At the very outset of his career Pettie astonished teachers and fellow-students by the indomitable vigour and energy which he threw into his work. Mr. Johnson tells how he could not even walk from school to studio—"he was always on the trot." In 1858 he sold a small picture called 'The Dead Rabbit,' and at the Royal Scottish Academy exhibited a scene from "The Fortunes of Nigel"—'In Trapbois' House,' and portraits of his mother and sister. In 1859 came his first commission, for a frontispiece and vignette to a prayer-book published by Messrs. Blackie, and this put a welcome £15 into the student's pocket. His subjects were 'Morning Prayer' and 'Evening Prayer,' and models were sought in Pettie's home at East Linton. The latter subject, which he painted on a larger scale, noteworthy already for completeness of composition and power of chiaroscuro, contains a striking likeness of his father, while the other figures are those of his mother, sister, and their servant. In 1859 the Royal Scottish Academy accepted his 'Prison Pet,' a manacled prisoner watching a rat feeding on the crumbs of his scanty meal. The picture



(By permission of Kenneth M. Clark, Esq.)

The Step.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1876).

was bought by the Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts for £35. It was included in their distribution of prizes, and went to a Mr. W. H. Challoner, of Adelaide. The picture is probably still in Australia, but the existence of an old photograph enables it to be here reproduced. His other exhibits for the year 1859 were 'The Young Student' and a 'Scene from "The Monastery,"' for which the artist received £25. Three years later, at the Royal Academy in London, he again sold for the same price another scene from "The Monastery," 'The Sub-Prior and Edward Glendinning.' These figures are taken from the artist's own notebook, where they stand in curious contrast with the thousand to two thousand pounds which was an ordinary price in the prosperous 'eighties. He made his first venture at the Royal Academy in London with 'The Armourers' in 1860, and it was hung on the line. This was followed in 1861 by 'What d'ye lack, Madam?' an amusing piece of historical *genre*, a gay prentice pressing his wares upon passing dames in the manner so vividly described in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." In 1860 he had four exhibits in the Scotch Academy—'False Dice,' 'The Water-gate,' 'The Minstrel' and 'Morning Worship.' In 1861 he sent 'Distressed Cavaliers,' and three other subjects, and in 1862 'One of Cromwell's Divines.' Hanging beside this was 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son,' in which the painter evinced his growing power as a colourist. This picture, for which he received £55, was a commission from Strahan, the publisher of *Good Words*, and was painted in illustration of a story by Dr. Norman Macleod, the editor of the magazine. Pettie at this time occupied a studio in the house of his uncle Robert Frier, a teacher of drawing in Edinburgh, and one day the eminent divine climbed Mr. Frier's stair in India Street to see what progress the picture was making. Pettie received him at the door, showed him the picture, and while he was examining it made a rapid sketch of the great man's back view to send to his mother. "Well, my boy," said Dr. Macleod, preparing to leave, "tell Mr. Pettie that I am sorry to have missed seeing him, but that I am delighted with the picture." There were profuse apologies and compliments when the youthful painter modestly acknowledged his handiwork.



Morning Prayer.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1859).



(By permission of Messrs. Wallis & Son.)

Charles Surface sells his Ancestors.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1885).

Pettie's connection with Strahan brings him into the brilliant group of illustrators of books and periodicals, whose work, engraved on wood, has made the decade from 1860 to 1870 so prominent in the history of black-and-white art. Orchardson, Tom Graham, and Pettie all contributed largely to the early success of *Good Words*. In 1861 there were two illustrations by Pettie, not of any special distinction; but in 1862 his drawings for "What sent me to Sea" and "The Country Surgeon" show his growing talent. In the volume for 1863 he had six illustrations, among the best being that to "A Touch of Nature," a boy following a caravan along a country road, and that to "The Monks and Heathen," showing the monk Sturmi, as he rode into the wide wood, axe in hand, singing his psalms. This was his last contribution to *Good Words*, with the exception of a single illustration in 1878 to Black's "Macleod of Dare." In 1869 some of Pettie's work appears in *Good Words for the Young*; and in 1868 and 1869 he supplied an illustration to the *Sunday Magazine*. Books illustrated by Pettie were "The Postman's Bag" by J. de Liefde (1862), "Wordsworth's Poems for the Young" (1863, in conjunction with MacWhirter), and "The Boys of Axleford" by G. Camden (1869). Various *clichés* from the above appear in 'Touches of Nature" (1866), "Pen and Pencil Sketches from the Poets," and "Rural England" (1881). In 1884 he received 50 gs. from Longmans, Green & Co. for an illustration to Bret Harte's "Sarah Walker." It may be added here that, as a recreation, he occasionally used the etching needle. With Samuel Palmer, Holman Hunt, Millais and others, he was a member of the "Etching Club," and in its publication of 1879 is represented by two spirited plates, 'At Bay' and 'The Highland Outpost.' Another etching appears as an illustration to "The Abdication," by W. D. S. Moncrieff, published in 1881.



At Bay.
(From an etching.) By John Pettie, R.A. (1879).

Pettie's strong and ambitious nature called for the stimulus of the fullest competition, and the success of his 'Armourers' and 'What d'ye lack, Madam?' incited him still further to try his fortunes in the south. His last picture painted in Edinburgh was 'Cromwell's Saints.' At the

time of its painting he was sharing C. E. Johnson's studio in a building known as Short's Observatory, erected originally to contain a camera obscura and other popular attractions. Standing high, with a glass roof, just below the Castle Esplanade, the studio commanded a magnificent view across Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth. One day Pettie had just put down his palette and risen for a smoke and a rest, when with a tremendous crash of breaking glass a great bundle fell through the roof on the very stool where he had been seated with head bent forward to his work. His easel was broken, and the bundle turned out to be a girl, who had clambered on to the roof, and was seriously, though not fatally, injured by her fall. A minute sooner and Pettie might never have come to London.



A Sketch, probably used in "The Clash of Steel."
By John Pettie, R.A. (1878).

The year 1863 found him sharing a house in Stanley Street, Pimlico, with Orchardson and Tom Graham. In the following year, they moved to 37, Fitzroy Square, a house afterwards occupied by Ford Madox Brown, and here they were joined by C. E. Johnson. They lived a pleasant, very Bohemian existence. The odds and ends of furniture which they pooled between them were, I am told, quaint and curious. Mr. Johnson to this day preserves a table that served occasionally for meals, with their initials hacked



(Photo. Caswall Smith)

The Clash of Steel.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1885).



Scene from "The Monastery."

By John Pettie, R.A. (1859).

upon it, and gaps whence toothpicks were removed. Guinea-pigs and white rats ran over the sketches that littered the floor. Their general factotum was one Joe Wall, an old model of Landseer and Frith, who had been a prize-fighter, and gloried in the remembrance of his celebrated encounter with the 'Skinny Butcher' of Bermondsey. He figures prominently in Pettie's 'Drum-head Court-Martial' (1865) and other works of this period. By 1866 Pettie and Johnson were married to sisters, and lived in neighbouring houses in Gloucester Road, Regent's Park. I have dwelt deliberately with some fulness on the biographical incidents of these early years, because their record so far remains unwritten. In the later days at Fitzjohn's Avenue, where he built "The Lothians" in 1881, Pettie lived the prosperous, if somewhat uneventful life of an honoured and successful artist. He was surrounded by a circle of artistic, musical and literary friends, and his death in 1893 is so comparatively recent that many, who may read with interest the story of the earlier years, can themselves recall his large hospitality, his sunny and genial nature, and his rare enthusiasm.

Even before Pettie's removal to London, such pictures as his 'Old Lieutenant,' and his first two exhibits in the Royal Academy, had revealed his fine sense of colour and his brilliance of craftsmanship. The alert temperament which inspired his instant perception of the dramatic moment and historical arrangement of his subject, combined with the training and tradition of the school to which he belonged to give both vigour and finesse to his brush. In his successive exhibits at the Academy—'The Drum-head Court-Martial' (1865), 'The Arrest for Witchcraft' (1866, now in the Melbourne Art Gallery), 'Treason' (1867), and 'The



(By permission of Messrs. Wallis & Son.)

Who goes there?

By John Pettie, R.A.



The Prison Pet.

By John Pettie, R.A. (1859).



(Photo. Caswall Smith.)

The Violinist.

By John Pettie, R.A. (1891).



(Tate Gallery.)

The Vigil.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1884).



(By permission of James Murray, Esq., M.P.)

"The World went very well then."
By John Pettie, R A. (1890).

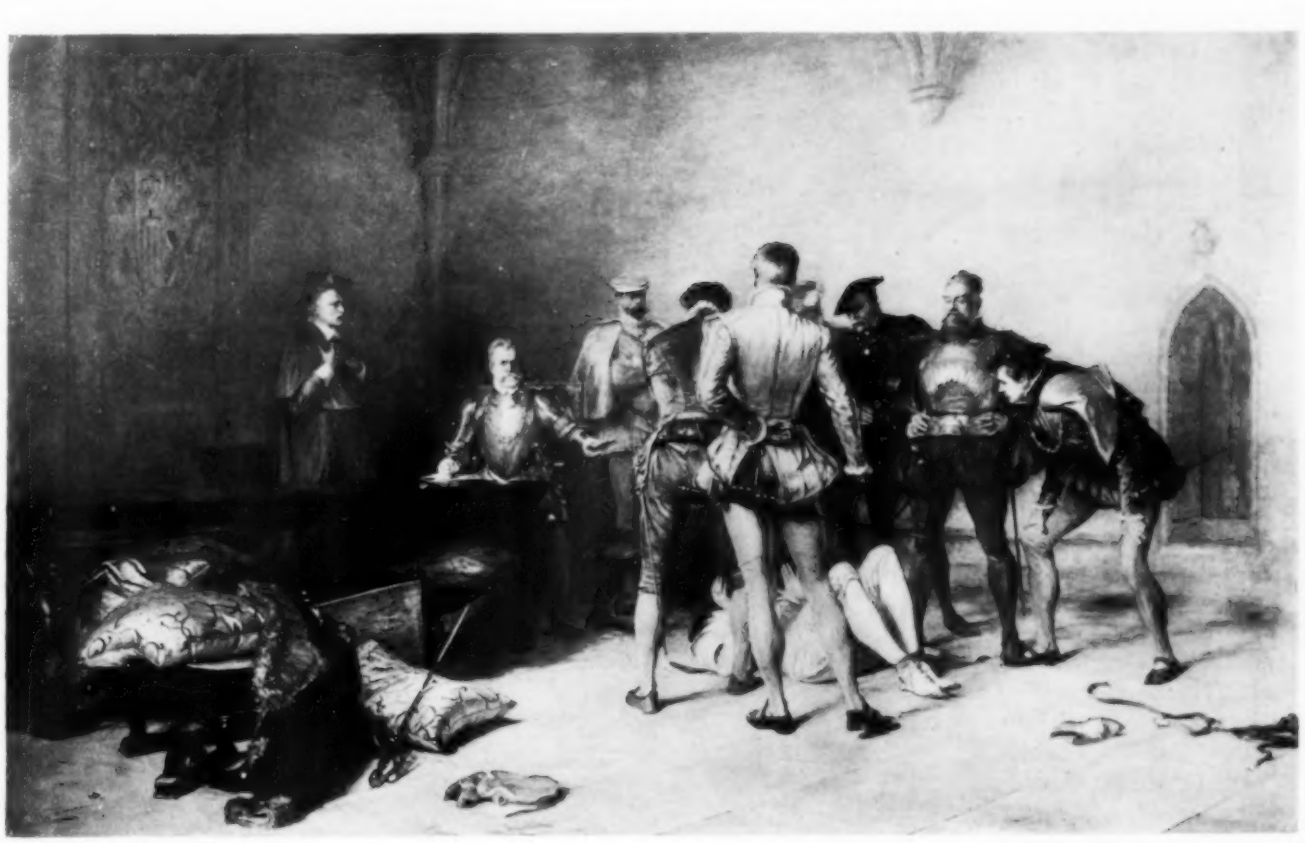
Tussle with a Highland Smuggler' (1868)—the tension and dramatic power of the scene gain infinitely from the delightful adroitness of his technique. It was this happy combination that enabled him at once to take a leading place in the Academy exhibitions and to win his Associateship in 1866, a year before his comrade Orchardson. Each picture of his contributed a note of force and vigour; and its rich, resonant colour sang out from the walls. After a series of notable exhibits—among them 'The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey' (1869), 'A Sally' and 'Touchstone and Audrey' (1870), 'Terms to the Besieged' and 'Silvius and Phebe' (1872), and 'The Flag of Truce' (1873)—Pettie was honoured with the full membership of the Academy. 'A State Secret' and 'Ho! ho! Old Noll' were exhibited in 1874, and in 1875 'A Scene in Hal o' the Wynd's Smithy' and his diploma picture, 'Jacobites, 1745.'



(By permission of J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.)

Sketch for 'Ho! ho! Old Noll!'
By John Pettie, R.A. (1874).

During this period the old Sketching Club was revived. McTaggart had remained in Edinburgh, but most of the other members had gathered in London, and renewed their meetings, while Frank Holl, Colin Hunter, David Murray, and others joined their ranks. The subject for a sketch was usually embodied in a single word. 'Destruction,' for



(Photo. Caswall Smith.)

The Traitor.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1888).



(Photo. Caswall Smith.)

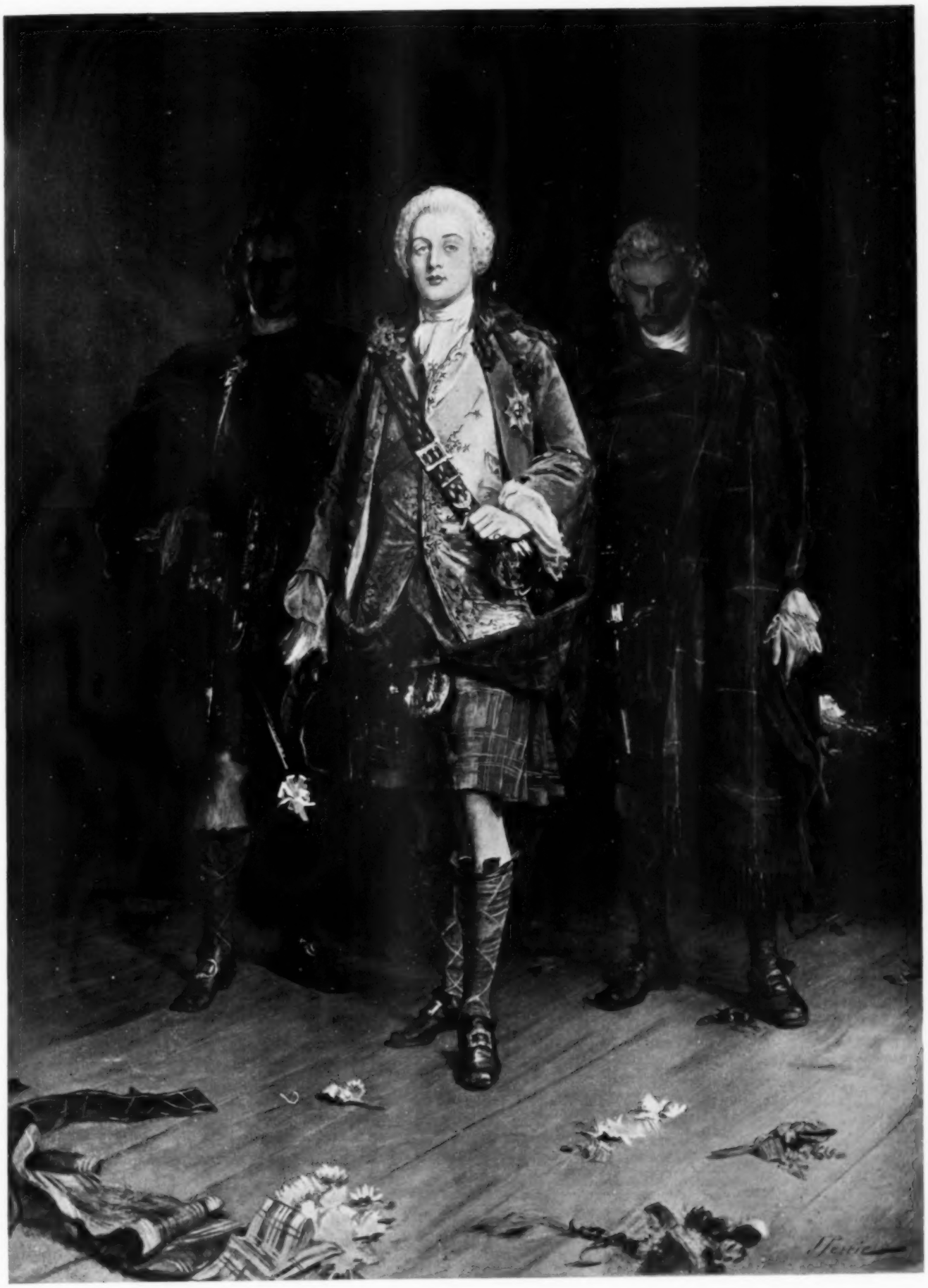
Peg Woffington.
By John Pettie, R.A.

instance, on one evening suggested to Pettie the despondent figure of Palissy seated before his furnace with his pottery shattered on the ground; to MacWhirter, a burning castle; to Johnson, a shipwreck. There is a strong similarity between Pettie's sketch, here reproduced, of two Highland chiefs and their retainers disputing with targe and claymore the right to the "head o' the causeway," and the background to 'The Clash of Steel.' Many, indeed, of the drawings were definitely worked out on a larger scale. 'The Challenge,' exhibited at the Academy in 1885, had its origin in an hour's sketch done at a Club meeting. In all the sketches of this Scottish *coterie* you will note a strong leaning towards the dramatic in episode and incident. There was no notion, as in some sketch clubs of to-day, of producing a finished drawing for exhibition or for sale. The sole aim was to embody some motive, to give full expression to some one idea, to point a moral, or adorn a tale. When I went to Pettie's studio once to borrow an old silver-mounted pistol for a still-life group, my uncle was instantly up in arms against dulness and convention—"You can't manage a figure, but why ever



(Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.)

A Drum-head Court-martial.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1865).



(By permission of Charles Stewart, Esq. Photo. Caswall Smith.)

Bonnie Prince Charlie.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1892).



By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College. Photo. Caswall Smith.)

A State Secret.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1874).

don't you put the pistol on a counterpane, with a little smoke coming out of the muzzle, and call it 'The Suicide's Pistol'?" Pettie could have painted that pistol on a tablecloth, and made its dark wood and its silver mountings glitter as if it were alive; but the picture to him would have had twice its value with the wisp of smoke and the humped counterpane to tell its tragic tale, to appeal to mind as well as eye.



Illustration to The Monks and the Heathen.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1863).
(In "Good Words.")

It was the dramatic in life, action, and colour that appealed to Pettie. Like many other painters of his nation, he was powerfully affected by the novels of Scott, by his richness of romance and stirring incident, his masterly portrayal of character, his glow of life and colour. Scott supplied the inspiration for several of his pictures. Early Saxon and Norman life yielded themes for 'The Orientation of the Church,' and 'The Vigil.' But the Elizabethan and Cromwellian periods were his greatest favourites, and enabled him to select incidents where red-robed cardinals, richly costumed cavaliers, and armoured soldiers largely figured. He delighted in costly stuffs, in frills and ruffles, silks and satins, the glitter of a sword, the sheen of military accoutrements. Clothes with him were never theatrical properties, never things of tinsel and pasteboard, with a suggestion of fancy dress or a *tableau vivant*. Costume and accessories were correct without any consciousness of archæological research. He inspired them, in every scene he painted, with life, movement and reality. His pictures rarely come under the category of historical art, for he preferred hypothetical subjects, which might well have been history, but which allowed free play to his own imaginative resource. It was with the genius of a historical novelist, and the instinct of romance, that he painted such pictures as 'The State Secret,' 'The Drum-head Court-Martial,' 'Treason,' 'Ho! ho! Old Noll!' and 'A Scene in the Temple Gardens.' It is no mean art that can give on one canvas the whole spirit and environment of a period in history. In his love of tragic and dramatic scenes, he was

betrayed at times into perhaps a touch of melodrama, or a note almost of farce, as in the case of the trussed prisoner in 'The Traitor,' or the Duke of Monmouth grovelling before James II. Full of sympathy and humanity, he could pass from tragedy to pure humour, as in 'The Trio,' 'The Tonsure,' or 'The Jester's Merry Thought,' or to subjects full of light fancy and the joy of life; comedies in little, like 'Two Strings to her Bow,' and its companion 'The World went very well then'; or Shakespearean subjects such as 'Touchstone and Audrey,' the quaint rustic lovers of 'As You Like It,' and its pendant, 'Silvius and Phebe.'

Present-day criticism tends to look askance at the storied picture, and to demand pure subjectivity in the highest art. This is due, no doubt, largely to a natural reaction after all the tawdry and trivial inanities of mid-Victorian *genre*. With many subject-painters the matter has far transcended the manner, and the intellectual side of art has ranked above the technical. Narrative interest is no substitute for art qualities, though too often it leads the casual and ignorant observer to lavish admiration on what is debased and pernicious art. But the "literary idea" in a picture does not necessarily preclude it from a niche in the temple of art. The great picture depends for its greatness on a combination of qualities of line, form, colour and chiaroscuro. The subject-painting may possess all these qualities, and it has a further advantage in the width of its appeal. It may touch



(By permission of J. Kennedy, Esq.)

John Little and his "Cuddy Cairt."
By John Pettie, R.A. (c. 1855).

passions that all can feel, and express truths that all can recognise. To-day the artist depends on universal suffrage; the people is his patron. The greatest painter in a sense, therefore, is he who can paint for the cultured and the connoisseur, and at the same time meet the apprehension of ordinary men. In literature, Bunyan, Scott, Burns,



(Photo. Caswall Smith.)

The appearance of the Countess of Derby in the Golden Room (Scott's "Peveril of the Peak").
By John Pettie, R.A. (1887).



(Photo. Caswall Smith.) The Musician. By John Pettie, R.A. (1886).

Dickens are among the hierarchy, because they satisfy cultured criticism, and win the sympathy of the masses by never losing touch with the elemental interests of humanity. Subject-paintings like those of Pettie make the wide appeal; and in his case, every picture is not merely a subject, but a problem of line, colour and illumination. Whether one ranks him with the great painters of all time, depends therefore, on the estimate formed of his colour and his technical power.

"Great art," says Ruskin, "is the expression of the mind of a great man: and mean art that of the want of mind of a weak man." Pettie's art was great, because his was a strong personality. Never, I think, has an artist's individual temperament been more absolutely reflected in subject as well as style. His work was the immediate response to his own vigorous nature. Though colour was almost the be-all and end-all of his existence, he rarely lost sight of the structural qualities that in pictorial anatomy are the bones where colour is the flesh. One of the most rapid of workers, he painted in a white heat, almost a fury, of strenuous effort. His technical achievement of draughtsmanship is decisively unquestionable, and his hand was trained to work in quick sympathy with the swiftest perceptions of his brain. His essentially dramatic genius led him at times, as has been said, to the verge of melodrama, and similarly in his later developments, rapidity of work is responsible for an occasional deficiency—whether he deals with the history and social life of the past, or the portraiture of his contemporaries—in the large balance of composition and restful beauty of design that are the outcome of a different temperament and organization. There was a something of reticence in the pictures of his earlier days, which was hardly compensated for by the larger scale and more brilliant technique of his prime.

In 1875, after a silence of fifteen years, Ruskin renewed his Royal Academy Notes. "Mr. Pettie, a man of real feeling and great dramatic force," he writes, "is ruining himself by shallow notions of chiaroscuro. If he had not been mimicking Rembrandt he would never have . . . vulgarised the real pathos and most subtle expression of his Jacobites by the slovenly dark background, corresponding virtually to the slouched hat of a theatrical conspirator. I have been examining the painting of the chief Jacobite's face very closely. It is nearly as good as a piece of old William Hunt, but Hunt never loaded his paint, except in sticks, and moss, and such-like. Now there's a wrinkle quite essential to the expression under the Jacobite's eye, got by a projecting ridge of paint, instead of a proper dark line. Rembrandt's bad bricklayer's work, with all the mortar sticking out at the edges, may be pardonable in a Dutchman sure of his colours; but it is always licentious." A falser piece of criticism was rarely written. Pettie, of all men, was sure of his colours, and in his "bricklayer's work"



"What d' ye lack, Madam? What d' ye lack?" By John Pettie, R.A. (1861).

and in his chiaroscuro alike, might well be content to stand or fall in Rembrandt's company. In spite of Ruskin's talk of shallow mimicry, chiaroscuro was an element in Pettie's conception of his subjects which he thoroughly understood, and used with the utmost skill to enhance the dramatic action of his characters. His pictures, with all their colour, never lack breadth and atmosphere, like those of the pre-Raphaelite School. He had the art of concentrating attention on his main group, and leading up to it by a subtle and well-conceived scheme of light and shade. To day we can appreciate the repose of blank spaces—how cunningly used, for instance, in 'Ho! ho! Old Noll'—and the luminous envelopment given by backgrounds that in Ruskin's day might seem bare and unfurnished. But, after all, Pettie is greatest as a colourist. As a young student in Edinburgh he used to visit G. Paul Chalmers at his lodgings, and stay talking with him till he had to remain for the night. So they would retire to bed, still talking till they fell asleep; and, says Chalmers' biographer, "their talk was all about colour." Whether in shadow or light, Pettie's colour has, in a high degree, those qualities of resonance and vibration which distinguish the masters of that essential of the painter's craft. He was happiest when he carried every tint to its highest power, gaining rich harmonies of contrasted tones with a full and sumptuous brush. His palette was of great range and variety, but he excelled in combinations of black and blue and yellow. In some of his later costume por-



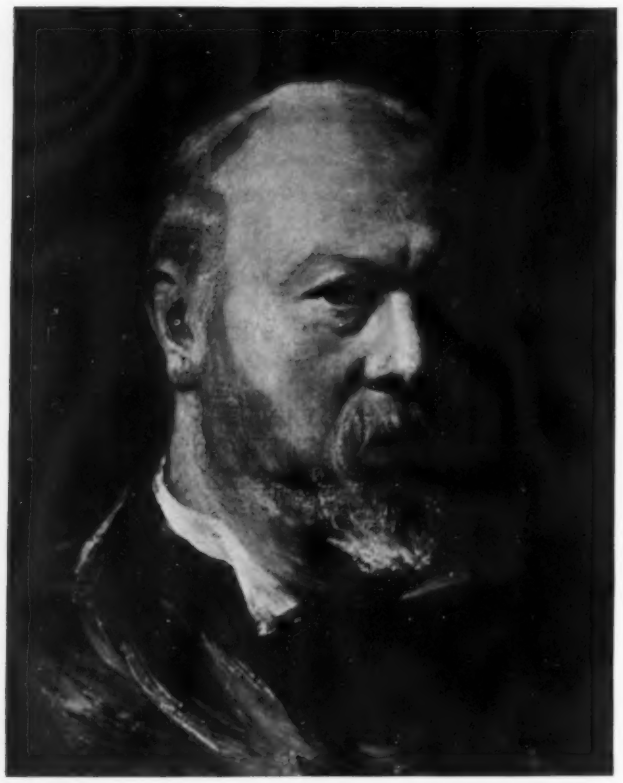
(Sir) Charles Wyndham as David Garrick.
(Photo. Caswall Smith.) By John Pettie, R.A. (1888).

traits, white and pale blue sheeny stuffs are rendered with rich effect, and happily employed to enhance the radiant flesh tints of some 'Fair Lady.' The bust portrait with that title, which so long adorned the studio at "The Lothians" is one of the best examples of this treatment. In his subject-pictures, too, the glow and warmth of his colour sometimes gave place to cooler and more silvery tones, as in 'Dost know this Water-fly?' (1883), 'The Vigil' (1884) and 'The Challenge' (1885). In the last picture the bearer of the cartel is dressed in yellow silk, the bewildered recipient in silver grey. "In point of colour," says Muther, "this is perhaps the most delicate work produced in England since Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy.'"

As to Pettie's position in the Scottish School and his colour faculty, I may quote an illuminative passage from a letter written recently to me by Mr. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., whose valuable work on the *Scottish School of Painting*, published last year, unfortunately stops short at Scott Lauder, and gives little more than a mention of Pettie's name as one of his pupils. "I question if John Phillip," says Mr. Mackay, "had as much influence on Pettie's colour faculty as one might be inclined to think, though it would no doubt have its weight. But John Phillip's finer work only commenced to find its way to our exhibitions about 1861–2, when the other J.P.'s technique was already well formed. He, and others of that school, use their colour in quite a different manner from Phillip. With the pupils of Lauder there is less of the broad and simple fusion of the great masters of the past, and a manner is used which has, I think,



The Threat.
(By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.) By John Pettie, R.A. (1876).



Self-portrait.

(By permission of J. MacWhirter, Esq., R.A.)

By John Pettie, R.A.

been partly dictated by the keener search after verisimilitude, rendered necessary by the realistic mid-century movement. They all, more or less, use broken colour, and this is more likely to have come to them—though unconsciously perhaps—through the numerous fine works of the pre-Raphaelite school, which were shown at the Scottish Academy during the 'fifties. They use this broken colour in a different manner, it is true, but when Ruskin likens the principal head in 'Jacobites' to the work of William Hunt—who, though not a pre-Raphaelite, was strongly influenced by the naturalistic tendency of the times—one can quite understand what he means; though Pettie's virile technique is, in my opinion, far finer than the 'chopped straw' method of old William. The splendid colour of Millais' 'Ophelia,' 'Autumn Leaves,' 'The Rescue,' and other such works, cannot fail to have influenced the young Scottish students, and I can myself remember hearing that when, about 1861 or 1862, Holman Hunt's 'Claudio and Isabella' was exhibited at Paton's Gallery in Prince's Street, Pettie had been much impressed by it. The broken colour notion of their early years developed differently in the different members of the school, but it is visible through all their careers."

Some of the more important of Pettie's later pictures still remain unmentioned. In 1876 he exhibited 'The Step,' showing an ancient lady giving a first lesson in the stately dances of the eighteenth century to her little grandchild. The girl's blue dress and golden hair are a delicious note of pure colour against the luminous darks of the



George Fox refusing to take the Oath at Houlker Hall, 1663.

By John Pettie, R.A. (1864).



Painted by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. 1878.

By Permission of Messrs. THOS. AGNEW & SONS.

THE LAIRD.

background. To 1877 belongs 'The Sword and Dagger Fight,' a duel *à l'outrance*, in its vigour and dramatic intensity one of the artist's finest works. The original picture is in the Mappin Art Gallery at Sheffield, and the finished sketch belongs to the Corporation Art Gallery at Glasgow. In 1879 Pettie painted a picture that is another of his most notable achievements. 'The First Death-Warrant' has a sonorous glow of colour: there is concentration and reserve in the keenly characterized heads of the grave councillors, and rare beauty in the sad, hesitant face of the boy-king. The Kunsthalle at Hamburg is fortunate in the possession of this fine and typical work: the first sketch for it belongs to Mr. C. E. Johnson, R.I. From about 1880, Pettie was largely occupied with portraits, and though the present article deals with his subject-paintings alone, mention must be made of that fine piece of characterisation—(Sir) 'Charles Wyndham as David Garrick.' In portraits Pettie's swift touch and keen accent gave instant grace and vivacity, and though at times he was betrayed into a certain amount of forced illumination and rigidity of contour, in most of them, such as his 'Silvia' (1891), or his portrait of J. Campbell Noble, R.S.A., there is a sustained solidity and flower-like richness of colour that recall Rubens' finest work. And in 1892 was exhibited Pettie's last subject-picture, 'The Ultimatum,' a brilliant study of a man in armour, with stern face, and open hand of defiant challenge. It was Pettie's final challenge to the world; and what is to be the world's reply? I venture to think that the answer lies in the utterance of Pettie's predecessor, Sir David Wilkie, on the paramount importance of colour. "If not the first," he wrote, "it is at least an essential quality in painting: no master has as yet maintained his ground beyond his own time without it; in oil painting it is



John Pettie, R.A. (1892).
By A. S. Cope, A.R.A.



A Member of the Long Parliament.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1878).



Sylvia.
By John Pettie, R.A. (1891).

richness and depth alone that can do justice to the material." The starved surface, and the subdued, sombre tints of pictures that now seem astounding masterpieces of tone and quality must inevitably melt into nothingness beneath the dust and decay of passing years. Time and varnish, "those greatest of old masters," will mellow and harmonise, but never obscure the brilliance of Pettie's work. He possessed other qualities that make for greatness in art, and he was a great colourist. Colour will prevail.

Though some of Pettie's early pictures are reproduced here from old photographs, it has been impossible to trace their present *locale*. We shall be very grateful to any owners of his pictures, specially those painted before his election as an R.A., who will send particulars of the work they possess.

London Exhibitions.

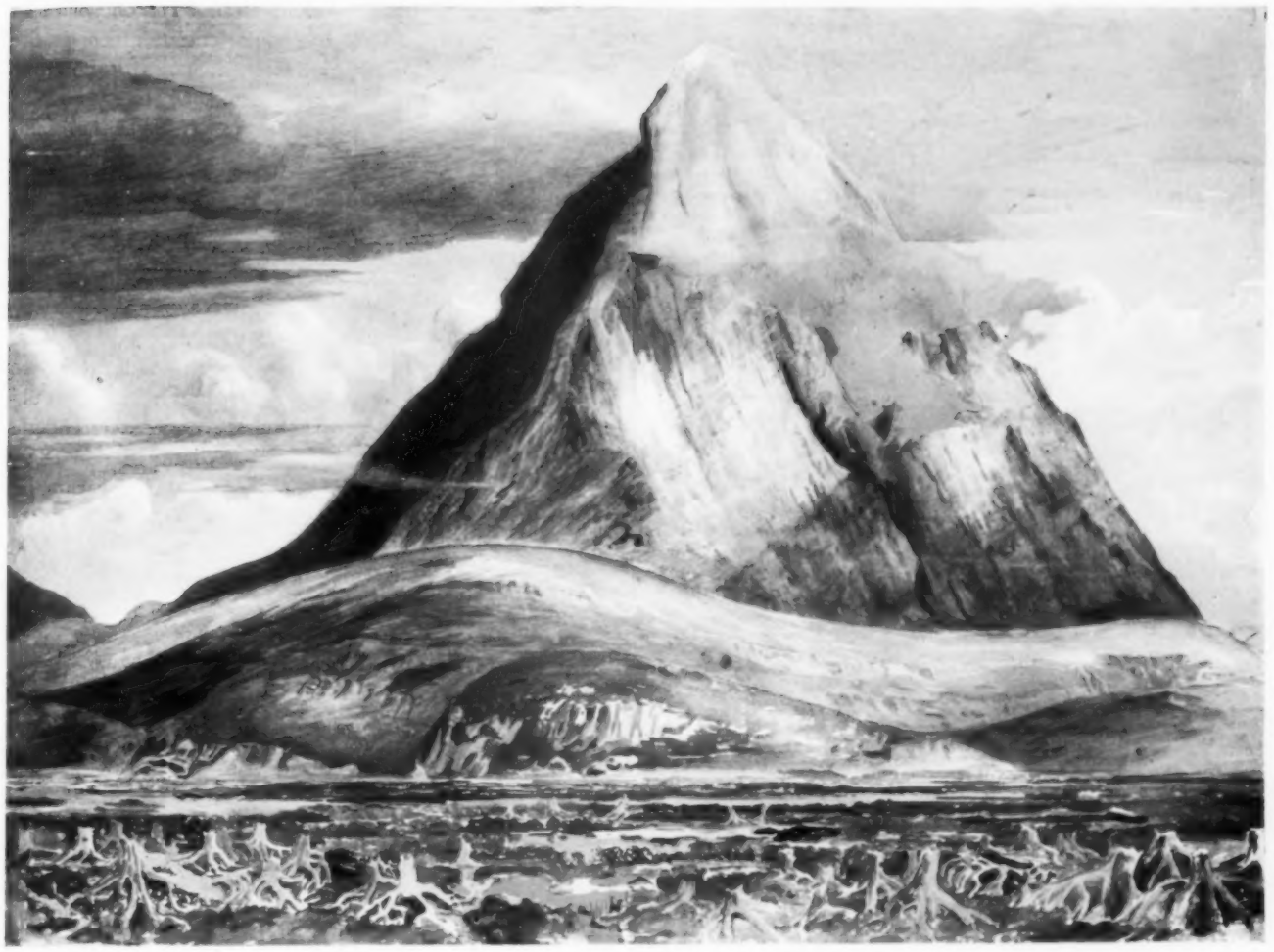
AFTER a break of a year, Messrs. Agnew resumed the series of annual gatherings of Water-Colours by British artists, onward from John Cozens to living men and women of note. The fine array of Turners varied in date from the early 'Llanthony Abbey,' probably of the 1790's, to the wonderful vision of Zurich, done in 1842, so elusive, so enchanting. The grave, noble sight of Peter de Wint is admirably shown in his 'Lincolnshire Landscape,' the drawings by David Cox were breezy and representative, and Brabazon, neglected by the Old Water-Colour Society, appeared for the first time. The Spring Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society—which has adopted the prefix "Old" to distinguish it from the rebuilt gallery in Piccadilly, where were on view Mr. W. Russell Flint's clever drawings illustrative of the Song of Solomon—was of average importance. The President, Mr. L. Burleigh Bruhl, who is working hard for the Society, Sir William Eden, though hardly at his best, Mr. James Cafe, Mr. G. C. Haité, Miss Margaret Bernard, and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, who contributed some studies in black-and-white, were seen to advantage. The fifty-second exhibition of the Society of Women Artists, at the R.B.A., was of the accustomed kind—hardly more can be said. Though the sex-restriction be accepted, the exhibition even then is not representative of the best that is to-day being produced.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is young compared with the Women Artists, and in technical achievement the contents of its twenty-fifth annual exhibition are, as need scarcely be said, on a much higher level. Among the outstanding exhibits were scholarly plates by Sir Charles Holroyd, the 'Hamadryad,' so purely modelled, for one; Sir J. C. Robinson's 'Cintra, Portugal,' with its castle on the height; an excellent street scene, and the eloquently arranged 'On the Medway' of Mr. Sydney Lee; some adroit Chinese heads by Mr. Mortimer Menpes; several of the brilliant dexterities of M. Helleu; some able studies of Paris, with horses and carts a feature, by M. Béjot. Fantasies by Miss Amelia Bauerlé and Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead, a good portrait by Mr. Luke Taylor, and studies of animals by the new member, Miss Winifred Austen, deserve mention. Professor Legros, "the most lofty and sincere of all classic romantic artists living," was the chief figure at the Painter-Etchers. But the range and the fineness of his vision, the surety, the sympathy of his hand, were still more authoritatively to be studied at Mr. Gutekunst's in King Street. Had not Legros produced six hundred or so plates, a number far in excess of Rembrandt's, many of them would to-day be sought with utmost eagerness by connoisseurs. That time must inevitably come. At the Rembrandt Head in Vigo Street there were exhibited thirty-one of the bold, big etchings on zinc by Mr. Brangwyn. Though one may have misgivings as to the ultimate verdict on the rude handling and the scale of these etchings, Mr. Brangwyn, working courageously his own vein, is again and again impressive. Another member of the Painter-Etchers, Mr. E. M. Synge, held his first separate exhibition at the Connell Gallery. The dainty Venetian pieces suggest admiration of Whistler.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of the month was that at the Dowdeswell Galleries, of thirty-five new pictures by Mr. Oliver Hall. He has come into his kingdom. Sometimes one has felt the influence of Matthew Maris to be over-dominant, but that is of the past. Many of these landscapes by Mr. Hall are intimate, alike in the tender surety of their design, with perhaps, the buildings of a far-off town silhouetted against a low horizon, and in colour, reticent yet rich, with play of Nature's eternal green, and of gold distilled from light and life. The Chantrey Trustees, if they be wise, will not neglect these genuinely interpretative pictures of Mr. Hall.

Messrs. Obach brought together some masterly drawings by French artists of the nineteenth century, including Corot, Decamps, Delacroix, Daubigny, Millet, Rousseau, Vollon, and present-day men such as Harpignies and Lhermitte; Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, forty-seven out of the 150 or so engravings by Charles Turner, beside others from the hand of Valentine Green, J. R. Smith, and several more; while one-man shows included the paintings and sketches of Polar regions by M. Alexandre Borissoff at the Grafton Galleries; at the Goupil Gallery, talented essays by a young Dutchman, M. de Groot, who has drunk of the wine of the Quartier Latin; Italian landscapes by Mr. Harold Speed at the Leicester Galleries; interesting studies of cypress-guardianed Italian villas by Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck, R.B.A., at the New Dudley; scrupulously finished water-colours by Mr. Wake Cooke, and records of cruises from Spitzbergen to the Golden Horn, with whaling incidents introduced, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie at the Fine Art Society's; pleasant water-colours of Holland and Venice by Miss Emily Paterson at McLean's; and among several shows at the Doré, pictures by Mr. S. H. Hancock, the London "postman-artist." In Baker Street there were a number of incisive caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. G. R. Halkett and others, as well as a group of pictures, 'Romance and Symbolism,' by Mr. F. F. Foottet.

Articles will appear in later pages on the Whitechapel Gallery and on the James Charles and Robert Brough Memorial Exhibitions.



Errigal Mountain.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Gweedore and the Poisoned Glen.*

By Alfred Yockney.

TO think of Kilkenny without a cat, or of Ostend without a rabbit, is to deprive each town of an attribute that gives it distinction. History or commerce brands, sometimes heavily, sometimes lightly; and as a man may be marked unfairly, so may a town. For at least half a century Gweedore has been a "famous" district, and about twenty years ago the place became notorious for its prisoners. It also became known for the ingenious tactics of defence invented by the people. The police were pelted with stones from behind a movable bulwark of women, and the officers deemed it wise to retreat rather than to fire through that living shield. The hard facts of those dark days are printed in newspapers and books, but as knowledge of them will not help the stranger to enjoy his visit, they may be shunned. It may be true that at one time peace could be maintained only by the organised deportation to Australia of the flower of the labouring population, but no traveller will be bothered with the history of that redistribution. The Gweedore exodus was a necessary social move. Men with nothing much to do are a danger anywhere, and the local acres offer so little scope for agricultural enterprise that emigration, voluntary or enforced, was a desirable thing. So the visitor will do well to delete the incriminating word, and think of Gweedore without prisoners or ejectments.

It has been well said that a Gweedore peasant is not a farmer, but a labourer in England and Scotland, with a cabin and a potato patch in Ireland. That hint of outside assets is scarcely needed, for it is obvious that the land is too barren to yield material for the support of many human beings. Even the periodical gains of absentee labour can only provide for bare existence, and in years of unexpected trouble the diminished resources of the people must be a serious menace to life. We of cities are accustomed to processions of the unemployed; a piano-organ heralds the approach of an unhappy regiment, and draws wide attention

* "Ulster and Connaught," continued from p. 75.



A Dunlewy Interior.
By W. Monk, R.E.

to the appeal for assistance. But the cry of distress is very different on the wild moors in Donegal. One can only conjecture what tragedies of poverty have been seen there, far away from civilization and out of touch with a sympathetic audience. Proud, grey Errigal may serve as a monument to the starved and the unnourished, and the bleached tree-roots at its base are as the bones of the departed.

Gweedore is not, however, a dismal place. If ghoulish thoughts beset the traveller when he sees shapes weird and white against the black turf, it is only the effect of moonlight fancy. The plains may be desolate and the heather stained, but nothing said or written against Gweedore has taken away its character as one of the best resorts for pleasure in the North of Ireland. It is no place for the excursionist, of course, although served by the railway: an innovation not altogether acceptable to those few who preferred complete isolation. But its fishing waters are so good that it is known to an army of sportsmen, and the wild scenery attracts all lovers of nature. It is free from artificial entertainments, and there is no fear that the place will be Brightonised or Blackpooled. Its picturesqueness is savage, not gentle, and the stranger is impressed rather than charmed. The one place of popular entertainment is the Hotel, an oasis of comfort, protected by trees, and as welcome a house as could be desired. It is not quite Hobson's choice, but nearly so; so take care to name your day of arrival, or you may be left out in the rain. This hotel is the living record of the efforts of the late Lord George Hill to commence an era of self-support for his poor neighbours. About the year 1835, at a time when the inhabitants of Gweedore were described as naked and needy, he interested himself in local affairs and brought the district out as one of the world's sporting centres. That it still retains this creditable reputation, is due to the promoter's good organization and to the attention of his successors.

Gweedore so far plays down to ordinary requirements that it sends visitors to a fashionable "walk." Every holiday resort must boast a Dene or a Chine or a Fairy Glen, and if the surrounding land happens to be flat, the authorities invent a Lover's Walk. So, although such tricks are new to the North of Ireland, Gweedore provides a Poisoned Glen, and no stranger escapes without seeing it, or parts of it. The Poisoned Glen, so named because its wild mineral and vegetable products would corrupt any pure growth, is worth a journey of many miles. Somewhere



Gweedore from the Railway Bridge.
By W. Monk, R.E.



The Poisoned Glen.
By W. Monk, R.E.

about here, in the bad old days, an enterprising process-server from Letterkenny thought to perform his duty. But the villagers saw the humour of the idea, met the man on his way, and made him tear up the processes and eat them. Only wings could have saved the man, and he might have called for help till the crack of doom without raising a friendly echo. The romantic solitude of the Poisoned Glen is remarkable ; there no tame thing of the animal kingdom can be seen. There is no grazing land, and no harnessed creature of civilization could make it a highway. Even wild fowl seem not to favour the Glen, although birds and beasts probably lurk there in some seasons. To the common eye the living interests are the coarse plants of the earth only.

If the traveller wishes to go through the Poisoned Glen to Lough Veagh, he will have to imitate the gazelle in agility and endurance. The going is heavy, and the reward may be considered light, but to the active adventurer there will be satisfaction merely in the accomplishment of the feat. Everywhere the valley is studded with rocks, and the spaces between one and another of these land islands often may be jumped. All is then well, and quick, dry progress can be made. But when the track merely rises and falls, one is apt to misjudge the firmness of the next hummock, and then the quality of boots and equipment is sharply challenged. Stand still and listen to the invisible falling water, or watch the water rippling peacefully over the grass. The Glen will seem anything but poisoned then. All vivacious and burnished landscapes of memory are merely pretty scenes compared to the grave dignity of this solemn abandoned gorge. Even the charm of a distant prospect is despised under the close influence of the vast sullen walls, frowning haughtily on human intruders. Down this valley one slides and slushes rather than walks. Forward on high is the thick mist topping the apparently impassable end ; backward are the churches at Dunlewy, with conical Errigal supreme and magnificent. Not on account of distance, but of difficulty, the landmarks will seem to have been passed hours since. Hours will have passed indeed, and the journey has only begun. The end of the straight is reached, and with a few weather-beaten, stunted trees to mark the spot the water-course turns to the left. It is now necessary for the pedestrian to follow the track with such caution that he will have little inclination to stand amazed at the scenery. If he is fortunate, he will strike the path mentioned by his guide and, passing down Glen Veagh, reach the castle on the Lough.

From Glen Veagh Castle, with its planned and planted gardens, the return to Gweedore is made on a serviceable road. To right and left the views are as stimulating as any to be found in Donegal. For some miles a river plays hide-and-seek alongside, passing from one to another course with fascinating liveliness. Mountains are in every background and heather colours the near surface. Presently, below, is



The Gweedore River, from Crolly Bridge.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Bog-land, Dungloe.
By W. Monk, R.E.

to be seen the church-toothed mouth of the Poisoned Glen, and in front is the lake and village of Dunlewy. The Pass of Dunlewy is justly celebrated for its superlative grandeur, and the traveller will not be contented until he has returned to it, to enjoy at leisure the particular attractions of the neighbourhood.

From Gweedore to the sea the road runs by the side of the Clady River to the port at Bunbeg. Northward is Derrybeg, where in 1880, during the floods in Donegal, the swollen river underneath the parish church rose to a height of ten feet, and drowned two of the worshippers. The river has since been diverted. Derrybeg is one of the centres of the Cottage Industries movement, established by Mrs. Ernest

Hart. Southward of Bunbeg is the district known as The Rosses, and the village of Burtonport, one of the places developed by the Congested Districts Board. Near here farms of 19 acres are put up for auction at a rent of £1 6*s*. a year. The inducement "good turbery" is a hint also that the quality of the soil is not very rich; but as turbery (turf) cutting seems to be a profitable occupation, the landlord does not seem to ask an excessive rent. The bogland near Dungloe depresses the spirits with its dreary uniformity, and the traveller will not be sorry to cross the Gweebarra Bridge into the brighter, more cultivated land about Glenties.



Water Carriers, Glenties.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Passing Events.

MR. JOHN FINNIE, who died on February 27, was a native of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1829. After being apprenticed to a house decorator in Edinburgh, he spent five years at Newcastle as a glass painter, and at the School of Design there was under William Bell Scott. In 1855 he became Head Master of the Liverpool School of Art, and since then has been intimately associated with that city, of whose Academy he was elected President in 1886, a decade before he retired from the Head Mastership. Two of his pictures are in the Walker Art Gallery: 'Snowdon from Capel Curig,' purchased from the first autumn exhibition of 1871, 'The Mere' from the 1893 show. He



On the Road to Ardara.
By W. Monk, R.E.

contributed pictures and original mezzotints to the Royal Academy onward from 1861, and as a member of the Painter-Etchers his work was well known. 'A Reminiscence of Corot' was in Pall Mall East this spring.

MR. WILLIAM STRANG, whose portrait-drawings in the manner of Holbein have proved so popular, has received the King's commission to execute several for the Royal collection at Windsor. They include those of Sir Richard Rivington Holmes, late Librarian at the Castle, of Lord Knowles and of Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn. Henry VIII. rebuked one of his courtiers for insulting Holbein: "You have not to do with Holbein, but with me; and I tell you that of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but not one Holbein." Nor, for that matter, can Edward VII. make a William Strang.

WHEN addressing the students of the Birmingham School of Art at the annual prize distribution, Mr. Clausen suggested as worthy consideration the idea of developing a genuine school of painting there along the lines of those of the great Italian towns in Renaissance times. No doubt the decoration of public buildings would do more to stimulate public art than almost anything else.

M. AIMÉ MORET, whose Paris studio was visited by the King and Queen during their sojourn in the French capital, is widely known as a skilled painter of horses in swift movement. If fortune had not made him an artist, he says he would have been a riding master. Moret is a pupil of Cabanel, he who is railed against by Véron for cabanellising, emasculating French art.

THE house at Leyden, hard by the "White" or Western Gate, wherein on July 15, 1606—for that is the now generally accepted year—Rembrandt was born, was destroyed by fire on February 21, the flames spreading rapidly in a violent gale. "I struggle and rise," the motto of his native land, tells of the aspiring soul of Rembrandt. He was a master of light, and the light he kindled not only shines for us in England, but is an effulgence in the world. The Leyden house must not be confused with that in the Joodenbreestraat, Amsterdam, in the midst of the Ghetto, where Rembrandt lived with Saskia and worked. With poetic justice it was bought by the town in connection with the master's tercentenary last summer.

MR. HUGH P. LANE, who has done so much for art in Ireland, has, as a token of gratitude, been presented with his portrait from the brush of Mr. Sargent. It forms part of the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, where the titles of some works and the name of at least one artist, Mr. George O'Fagan, are printed in Irish.

ADMIRERS of the late Robert Brough are interesting themselves in the project of a memorial volume to contain reproductions of a number of representative pictures. Mr. Sargent gives his active support.

MR. JAMES PRYDE, one of the talented Beggarstaff Brothers, lost his father in February. David Pryde, M.A., LL.D., who married a daughter of Robert Scott Lauder, was for twenty-three years Lecturer on Literature in the Old Schools of Art in Edinburgh. He was a member of the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club, and few excelled him in telling a good Scottish story.

THE Children picture show, arranged for the first time at the Baillie Galleries during the Christmas season, proved so attractive that by the invitation of the Corporation it was transferred to Manchester.

DR. MARTIN, Assistant Director of the Mauritzhuis and Professor of Art History at the University of Leyden, who writes so ably, has been delighting and instructing audiences at the Royal Institution on the subject of Dutch art. He paid a tribute to England's perspicuity in acquiring fine examples by most of the masters, down to Matthew Maris of our own day.

NOT long ago the King appointed Sir Aston Webb, the Earl of Plymouth, and the First Commissioner of Works to advise him as to a site for the statue of William III. of Orange, to be presented by the Kaiser. His Majesty approved the south front of Kensington Palace, facing down the avenue towards Kensington Gore.

M. ALEXANDRE BORISSOFF, to whom even Parisians are indebted for a new sensation, is a kind of pictorial Nansen. Born forty-one years ago in a remote village of Vologda, at fifteen, in order to fulfil a vow made by his parents during a severe illness, he had to make a pilgrimage to the Solovetski Monastery, on the shores of the White Sea. That kindled an enthusiasm for experiences in the ice zone. Later, entering the Monastery as one of the painters of holy images, he attracted the attention of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and became a student in the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts. In 1896 he set out for the first time to sketch in Novaya-Zemlya, and has since made several expeditions for the purpose of painting in a region where even turpentine freezes. He tells how some of his sketches were made in the open air at 23 to 30 degrees below zero, Réaumur: "I had to put on fur gloves to hold the brush, and to work with rapid and energetic strokes. There were moments when my hands were frozen and refused service, my brush splitting with the cold. Yet I continued, having the ardent desire to fix on the canvas all those fantastic phenomena of the Far North, so full of fascinating charm." Count de Witte was one of his early supporters, and in gratitude M. Borissoff named a glacier after him. Several of the pictures at the Grafton Galleries were lent by the Czar.

THE *Year's Art*, in its twenty-ninth year (Hutchinson, 3*s.* 6*d.*), contains just the information needed by artists and those interested in art. Mr. A. C. R. Carter is responsible for the compilation of the annual, and this year, in addition to his own review of the year, he introduces an article by Mr. E. F. Strange on Applied Art in 1906. It is curious that, with all the care taken to avoid mistakes, some slips are repeated from year to year, such as Duveen, Old Bond Street, W.C.; Beechy; and Patler for Patten, A.R.A.



Entrance to 25, Portland Place.

An Adams House.

By E. Avery Keddell.

"The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones."

THE beautiful house in Portland Place designed, decorated, and built by the Brothers Adam for Robert's own occupancy during that progressive eighteenth century period of decorative art is amongst the best of their private dwelling house work both architecturally and decoratively, and from it many of our best architects have derived fine inspiration. There has, we know, sprung up within the last century a style of architecture totally ignoring in principle every method laid down by Adam, and again the new art of the day has undoubtedly led both designer and craftsman into strange and twisted paths. In the building of homes, even as in the building up of our own souls, there is seemingly nowadays a constant desire to find better and newer ways of expression mated to styles never before attempted, and whatever may be said of the individual, it is true that, so far as architecture is concerned, this desire has led, all too often, to a mixture of style whose perversion of taste is wholly regrettable.

Number 25, Portland Place is so entirely expressive of Robert Adam's best work that it is a thousand pities so few people know either its history or personal connection with the greatest designer of his time. Born in 1728 at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, Robert Adam was but two years younger than Sir William Chambers, R.A., his great professional contemporary. Robert received his education at Edinburgh, where he formed friendships which must have left their mark on his career with a number of young men who afterwards made for themselves lasting places in the world of letters: David Hume, Dr. William Robertson, Adam Smith, and Dr. Adam Ferguson.

At the age of twenty-six, and following the example set him by Inigo Jones, Robert Adam went abroad to study architecture, and spent a considerable portion of the years 1754 to 1758 on the Continent, and the greater part of that period in Florence and Rome. Sir Joshua Reynolds, reviewing his subsequent works in view of the artistic perception and power claimed for them, is reported to have asserted they possessed "a greater display of imagination than others had achieved," and also praised with evident sincerity the skill of composition Robert Adam evolved. It was whilst in Rome that Adam conceived the idea of a careful study of some ancient Roman private residences (previous knowledge of ancient architecture had been wholly derived from old-time temples and large public buildings), so, in 1757, Adam left Rome for the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato in Dalmatia. His reason for his selection of Diocletian's villa is evident when we remember that Herculaneum had only been discovered in 1718 and Pompeii in 1748, and that little could then be seen at either place. The notable Villa of Tiberius at Capri appeared an almost hopeless ruin, just as Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli was in an equally, if not in a more dilapidated condition. On the other hand, the Palace at Spalato was not only in better



Staircase and Landing.



The Dining Room.

preservation all round, but up to that time had not been illustrated.

Upon Robert Adam's return to London he commenced to practise, and was soon busy; not only did his own experience, travel, and unique research bring him into prominence, but his father's wide reputation helped him, and amongst his first important commissions was his notable Gateway to the Admiralty, and this screen and gateway is undoubtedly amongst Robert Adam's best work. Its treatment, simple in effect, is sober, restrained and expressive in a measure of its purpose. Latter-day critics have claimed it to be a little too delicate and lacking in the boldness which such a man as Inigo Jones would have displayed, but we must remember that restraint has its victories no less renowned than too bold a freedom.

In 1759 Robert Adam made the design for Harewood Church, and three years later he first produced a type of ceiling decoration that became characteristic of him, and there can be no doubt his popularity was due in some degree to the novelty of the ceilings he introduced. In 1760 he designed the green-



Mantelpiece in Dining Room.



The Library.

house at Croome for Lord Coventry, and in the following year the mausoleum for Bowood. In 1762 he was appointed architect to George III., from which it may be inferred he held a position in Royal favour equal to that of William Chambers, who was under the King's special patronage. In 1763 James joined Robert Adam in practice, where they seem to have worked to some extent in conjunction with their brother John. In 1764 Robert Adam established his reputation in publishing his "Ruins of the Palace of the Emperor Diocletian at Spalato in Dalmatia."

From this time the Brothers never lacked commissions. Lord Scarsdale employed them upon his house, Kedleston, near Derby; and upon the completion of Kedleston other equally important houses followed in quick succession: Lord Mansfield's house at Kenwood, Bute House (now Lansdowne House) in Berkeley Square; the gateway of Sion House, Brentford, for the Duke of Northumberland; the entrance to Bute House (1766), Luton House for Lord Bute (1767), and the Deputy Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park (destroyed in 1841). About this time their practice grew large, and it was then that Clérisseau and Antonio Zucchi came to England in order to assist them.

Adelphi Terrace is an example of the speculative buildings erected by the Adams family, and while this was in progress about 1770 they pursued their work in Mansfield Street, near Portland Place. Other building speculations followed, amongst which one may number Stratford Place, Grafton Street, the Adams' Street, near Portman Square; and a considerable number of houses in the vicinity of Hanover Square, Park Lane, and Edgware Road. In fact, if one walked the streets built at that time one might find scores of buildings boasting Adams features, viz., flab-gauged arches, cream-painted ground storeys finished with cement; cream-painted wooden porches with probably characteristic Ionic orders or ornamental brackets, and with slight cream-coloured wood linings to the reveals and soffits of the upper windows. About the year 1773 they designed and built the house of the Earl of Derby in Grosvenor Square, and also that of Sir Watkins William Wynn in St. James's Square, and again the gateway and lodge to Ashburnham House was erected.

The Brothers gained a reputation as designers of memorial ornamentation, and many examples of their monumental work may be found in Westminster Abbey: for instance, the tombs of the Duchess of Northumberland, the poet Thomson and Colonel Townsend. In 1777 the front of Roxburgh (now Harewood) House, corner of Harewood Place, was built. In the following year, 25, Portland Place was built, which is now occupied, and has been for the last ten years, by Dr. James Frederic Goodhart (the great heart specialist), and it shows but few, if any, of the passing changes of time. As you enter the drawing-room here you come upon massive mahogany doors whose framework and overdoors exquisitely carved and painted white



Ceiling in the Drawing Room.

are picked out in gold. These are doors and fine woodwork to envy, and the walls here have this same white wooden panelling some three feet up, whilst above, as the illustration shows, is hung an Adams paper (of that Florentine shade of green Robert Adam so often affected), set in immense panels into mouldings carrying out in detail the rest of the white woodwork. Then the light catches and guides the eye of one to the white statuary mantelpiece whose uprights are fashioned of fluted columns of almost pure Ionic order, bearing capitals of chased classical design, and then again, above these capitals one sees trophies of warfare crossed and tied by the ribbon drapery so expressive of some of the Adams mantelpiece examples. The detailed ornamentation of this white mantelpiece is full of delicacy of conception, and proves how Robert Adam was ever able to adapt classical forms to useful and modern usage with a skill which absolutely no other English designer has ever attempted or succeeded in. His mantelpieces, whilst wholly decorative, were never overdone, and though possessing a positive passion for detail, he kept both it and decoration subservient to design, and confined himself to free lines and mythological conceits simply to relieve here and there undue severity.

The dining room of 25, Portland Place is a lofty oblong room of generous proportions, boasting the three long windows typical of these houses set into deep casements panelled and painted in the familiar white and gold. The mantelpiece in this particular room (p. 124) is quite the best of Robert Adam's work in this splendidly decorated house.

As might reasonably be expected, the entrance hall is a fine specimen of Adam's art, with its noble white ceiling picked out in rich colourings, and where the dead white of the ceiling re-appears again as a relief note to the green wall decoration, finished by the characteristic Adam frieze whose vase ornamentation alternates with his ram's head and husk swag, and with the inevitable tongue and leaf detail. The ceilings of 25, Portland Place recall those notable ones still to be seen in the Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, and again in No. 1, Portman Square.

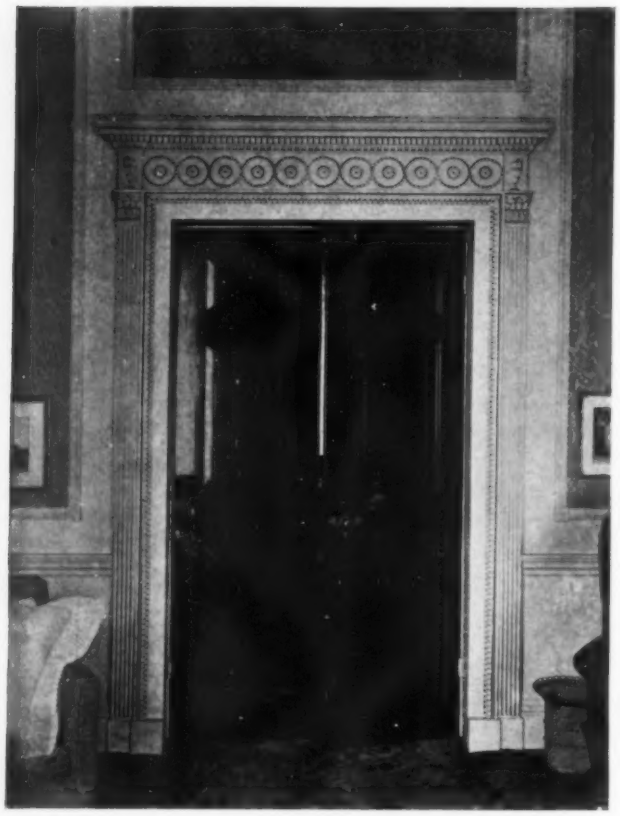
One of the most interesting rooms in the house is the old library at the back of the drawing-room, whose entire walls are covered by fitted white bookcases, and from these Adams fitments we must admit, surely, the conception of our popular latter-day room fitments. These white bookcase fitments are, however, more elaborately carved than the workmanship of the present age would allow, and were, one supposes, conceived to mate with door cornices and ceiling decoration, proving yet again that with all his freedom of outline the dominating passion of Adam was not only his attention to small points, but his absolute uniformity to set purposes. Underneath the bookcase fitments are the fixed cupboards one has seen before in the Adams interiors, and



The Octagonal Room of many doors.



Fireplace in the Study.



Mahogany Doors leading to the Library from the Drawing Room.

above them a paper set into white panels forms an uncommon and decidedly good frieze finish. The mantelpiece in this library is of the same white statuary marble, merely differing from the drawing-room in its design.

There is a curious little octagonal room close to the library boasting three doors and a wide window, and this small room possesses one of the best white marble mantelpieces this house full of characteristic stone-work contains, and whose design embodies the double-headed eagle which, it is said, Adam adapted from the old Roman eagle, and in this specimen it is mated to the tongue ornamentation again.

The several works of the Brothers have certainly formed an important link in the chain of architectural evolution, and they undoubtedly actually realised some of the leading principles of art with a keener perception than the majority of their contemporaries. In the volumes of their "works" they set forth very plainly not only their objects, but opinions, and claimed "improvement in the form, convenience, and relief of apartments; a greater movement of variety in the outside composition, and in the decoration of the inside an almost total change."

The huge volumes of these Adam Brothers' work contain not only architectural designs, but suggestions for almost every article of household use down to carriages and even sedan-chairs, one of which latter they designed specially for Queen Charlotte. Adam also designed harpsichords, and in some cases embellished their cases with Wedgwood plaques, for even harpsichords as well as the newly introduced "piano-forte" followed every change of fashion's whim. Furniture designs fill one volume, and indeed one notices many furniture examples scattered through the architectural pages of this brother's work. It is said, and I believe with some truth, that the majority of the Adams furniture designs originated with Robert, and though not made by him, were reproduced by competent firms under his personal supervision.

Adam left very little influence upon the history of the eighteenth century bookcases, cabinets or commodes, and those he did fashion were mostly intended to be placed in recesses; for with his love of detail, furniture pieces were not only planned to fit into some room, but to actual positions in it. The flat tops of his commodes are mostly shown finished by a mirror, and these mirrors, with or without their girandoles, are beautiful pieces of workmanship founded on pure classic form. Adam never cared for the mixture of Chinese and Italian work; his taste was too correct to allow him to mix opposing schools in the way the other designers of his day had done.

Unlike Chippendale or Sheraton, Robert Adam was a most cultivated man, a Fellow both of the Royal Society and of the Society of Arts. As a matter of fact, the Journal of his "Tour in Italy" was published by the Library of the Fine Arts in 1760, and his "Vases and Foliage from the Antique" was published after his death. That he took the lead in all decorative matters is pretty evident, even as in the principal part in all the architectural undertakings shared by the firm. His brother James, it is said, did not possess a tenth part of his genius, though other people have claimed that he was overshadowed by the greater individuality of Robert. In 1762 Robert Adam was appointed "Architect to the King," and shortly after that entered Parliament. He died in 1792, and was buried with all honour and ceremony in Westminster Abbey. It was the passing of one of the world's great men in an age when men to be accounted great had need to show good claim to work which should leave its mark upon the history of their race.



Drawing Room: Section of Wall showing Frieze.

NOT



An Original Etching by Charles J Watson, R.E.

A Sussex Mill



The Grand Entrance.
By W. Monk, R.E.

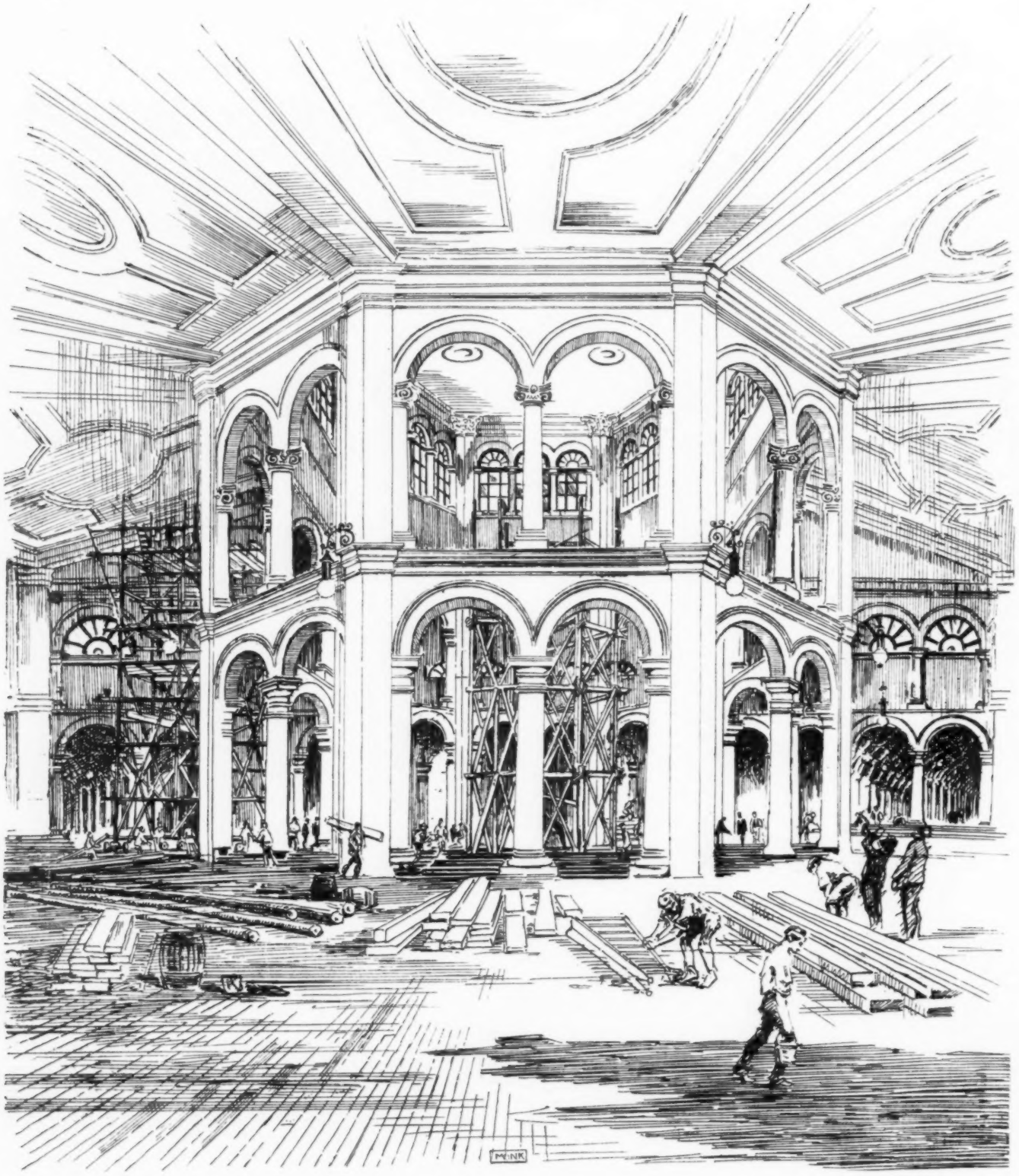
The Irish International Exhibition.—I.

TO the making of Exhibitions there is no end: large, small, good, bad, and nondescript. Those opened in London alone are sufficient to exhaust the energies of the painstaking student, and no year seems to pass without a Great Exhibition in one country or another. Time-tables must be always in the hands of those who wish to keep in touch with the show of the day, and the permanent educational assets of great cities are often passed by in the desire to see the latest show.

The Great Exhibition to which the attention of the world is directed this year is at Dublin. It is international, and therefore it has not attracted the support of every Irishman. While its progress has been watched with interest and sympathy by most of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, some have sought to undermine its chances of success. There are those who make it their business or pleasure to put difficulties in the way of any scheme which brings outside influence to bear on Irish affairs. Their motto, written in Gaelic characters, is "*À bas les étrangers*: may their shadows grow rapidly less." The hands of this body touched those of the Executive Committee during the preliminary negotiations, but never afterwards. The policy of the island party could not be adopted by the Trustees. To have made a national Tom Tiddler's ground of an exhibition in such an important centre of the world's commercial and social web, would have been to confess a fear of competition. The success of the show would have depended on the sentimental interest that could have been aroused; and sentiment being out of place in any big undertaking, the enterprise would have failed.

So it was settled that, although the display of Irish products should be more representative than had ever been before, all nations should be invited to contribute. The Committee knew that Irish goods could challenge the best in the markets of the world, and that native productions gained rather than lost by comparison. It was, therefore, no difficult task to secure the co-operation of the best business houses in Ireland, and the few prejudiced manufacturers who stood out must begin to regret their early decision. For it seems certain that the Exhibition will be a success. The arrangements have been conducted with commendable enterprise, and the result is creditable to all concerned with them.

Herbert Park, Ballsbridge, is the scene, and Messrs. Kaye-Parry and Ross have been the architects. Constructional



The Great Central Hall in progress, March, 1907.
By W. Monk, R.E.

work was begun early in 1906, and in July the gates were thrown open to a number of interested visitors. The buzz of the circular saw ceased, and only distant hammers punctuated the words spoken by the chairman. Then the foreman's whistle set the work in progress again, and from that time to this the buildings have grown upwards without interruption. The beans have grown on their stalks and the sticks have disappeared. No scaffold-pole touches the white walls, and no unpainted plank is there to disillusion. The solid masonry may be of wood and plaster, and the massive columns may be hollow and suspended; but no wall exposes its parentage, and no pillar betrays its lack of foundation. The stems of life have been dressed in corrugated iron and stucco by those accomplished tailors, Messrs. Humphrey and Messrs. Rome, and each building presents a smart appearance. The strength of solid materials has been admirably imitated, and the uninitiated visitor will wonder how such substantial and apparently costly work can



General View of the Exhibition.
By W. Monk, R.E.



The Exhibition Buildings from the Sea.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Sackville Street and the Nelson Column.
By W. Monk, R.E.

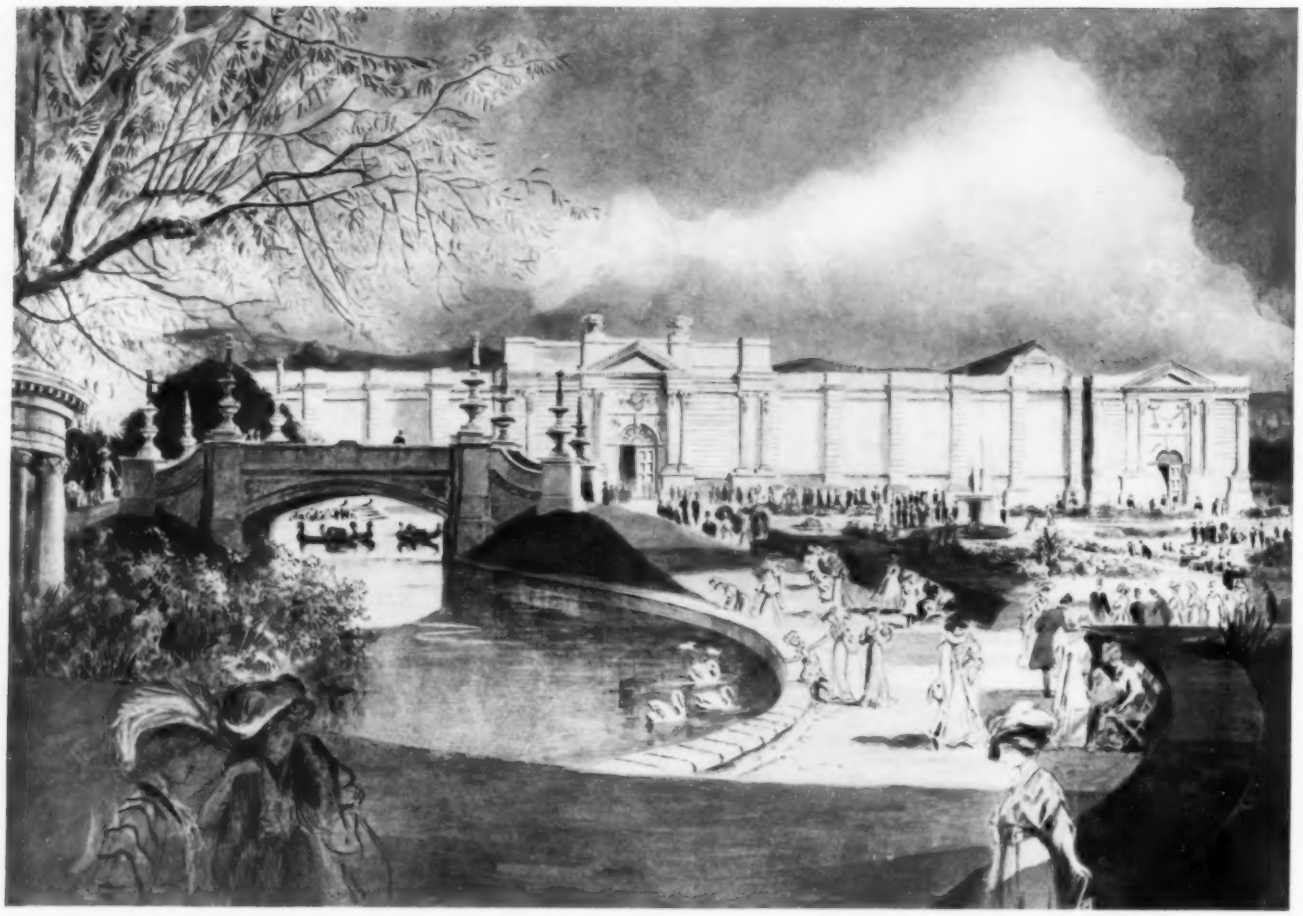
have been done with the money put down for the purpose. The speculation will seem reasonable only when it is remembered that the heavy construction is a sham, and that the work is not expected to endure. The contractors and their ants have done their share for the present, but before many months have passed they will return to destroy their work. These are only temporary buildings, and no Crystal Palace or Palais Grand will remain. The new landmarks of this year will not be the old landmarks of the future, and the only local sign of the Exhibition will be Herbert Park itself, the recent gift to Dublin of the Earl of Pembroke.

The shells inside are painted white and green. An army of workmen came and went, leaving no visible trace of their methods. In place of the heavy thud of steel on timber, and the sharp ring of lighter hammers, other music sounds under the dome of the main building. Instead of the paraphernalia of the builders there are the finished things of every country: the products of nature and machinery, the achievements of art and science. Committees have fed all sections, and the Exhibition affords an opportunity to see the stern and frail inventions of modern industry. The section with which we are particularly concerned will be referred to in later pages, but it may be said now that the pictures and sculpture are of such exceptional interest that the Exhibition is worth a visit on account of this collection alone.

Out in the breezy grounds the Earl's Court department



Night in the Exhibition Grounds.
By W. Monk, R.E



The Palace of Art.
By W. Monk, R.E.

flourishes. Visitors may shoot the chute, or listen to the band, or amuse themselves with other popular diversions. Entertainments have been scattered about the grounds, and the fancy side of the Exhibition has been well considered The pleasant paths and firm promenades, the grassy banks and the shrubberies, deserve to be mentioned among the attractions. Many shoulders have been put to wheels in laying out the grounds and in preparing the Exhibition. Now that May is come and the turnstiles are waiting, the public has its chance to show appreciation.

A Sussex Mill.

An Original Etching by Charles J. Watson, R.E.

THE work of Mr. Charles J. Watson, R.E., alike as etcher and water-colourist, is too widely known to call afresh for appraisement. Some years ago Mr. Gleeson White, in a sympathetic article, wrote:—"If the impression of Nature seen through an artist's personality be art, and if art can give keen delights, which escape our powers of analysis, then at least one can say that Mr. Watson is of those who have this quality to a degree shared by very few of their contemporaries or predecessors. . . . He is to his finger-tips an artist, with adequate powers of expression."

Mr. Watson's range is wide. Besides his charming plates of architectural subjects—buildings in Venice or Bologna, with details of lace-like fineness, old-time houses in Chelsea, ornate or stately edifices in Holland—he has given us in one or other medium studies of fisher-folk dramatically grouped round a sailing-boat on the flat Dutch coast, memories of sunlit Taormina over which Etna broods, skilled renderings of French peasant life observed across the angle of a temperament less grave, one which seeks more for the gay, less for the solemn, than that of Millet. Yet, like Millet, Mr. Watson sees human life as a complementary to Nature, to architecture—sees, we apprehend, everything as a kind of instrument from whose strings music is evoked at the touch of the artist's hand. In the present etching he treats a home subject. James Smetham, who in a way anticipated Richard Jefferies' 'Story of my Heart,' said that one Sussex valley is enough for one life. He was wise enough to know that the vast is, as it were, contained in the infinitely small. "When we consider that

a whole sky, through all the seasons, is open to one vale, with its stars and sun and moon and clouds of all measures and manners and colours, what more can an immortal man desire? The same tree, well-beloved and honoured, is twenty trees from twenty different points of view. But in a valley there are many trees, and so, many different combinations. Add the hills, the streams, the cottages, the bridges, the windmills, ring the changes on sky and earth in the sheltered single vale, and what more can you long for? If eight bells would yield so many changes, what of a Sussex valley?" One of Mr. Watson's aims is to suggest this richness of content when the eye has been taught by the intelligence, the imagination, justly to see.

James Charles and Robert Brough.

TWO memorial exhibitions opened all but simultaneously in February: those of works by Robert Brough at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, by James Charles at the Leicester Galleries. Following quickly upon the Brabazon, the Charles Wellington Furse, the Arthur Melville, the Arthur Tomson, they remind us how much British art has lost by the passing of these men into the silence. Memorial exhibitions are a rebuke to shallow, careless sight. Solemnly they invite us, when the artist stands no longer in the market-place, in the bustle of man's work-time, to contemplate his contribution to what is fair and potent. It is thus, when withdrawn from the dust and heat, that vision clears, and we begin to understand the great declaration that the Divine exists in minute particulars: in

> "Events and relations, persons and things,
> Actings and thinkings, and utterings,"

even in the "dust and heat," when we are able to relate them justly to the All. There is little wonder that, in the clamour of modern exhibitions, some fine voices are hardly audible, that recognition waits, as it were, on the stilling of the voice. No one part of us can be perfectly organised in advance of the whole. When we see perfectly we shall understand perfectly, divine heaven in a wild-flower, the light everywhere, divine in the hour the seed of eternity. If we are to try to assess the worth of an artist's life-work, to seek in it not only that which is actually accomplished, but presages of the richer harvest of the "all I could never be," study of a memorial exhibition must be approached in a mood of imaginative justice. It is true, of course, that all exhibitions—as, too, all daily happenings—should be so approached; but most of us are remote from the day when this counsel of perfection will be operative. When it comes, we shall unite the care of the antiquarian with the genius of the poet.

The art of James Charles suffered in extraordinary measure, as seen at the average exhibition. He was too honest to paint at exhibition pitch, too loyal to the inward voice that uttered authoritatively in his sunny, courageous personality to vociferate and gain applause. When in 1867 Manet, excluded from the Exposition Universelle, held a private exhibition of his works, he said: "The artist does not say to-day, Come to see faultless works, but, Come to see works that are sincere." In Charles' art, moreover, there is no protest. He loved Nature with all that was best in him; in her service he knew no bondage. He was not attracted by the pseudo-picturesque or the pseudo-impressive, for the positive and sufficient reason that an inner sense of the beauty and significance of things was his abiding possession. Before Nature, Constable tried to forget that he had ever seen a picture; nor did James Charles carry about with him, ready to impose, this or that formula. He seems at times to have perceived Nature as a supreme self-expression, a kind of summation of experience, from which every man who straightforwardly identifies himself with her can distil immortal essences.

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

His was not grand, heroic art, but an art of devoted, emancipated sight, at once reverent and enthusiastic. Instinctively he knew that any stroke of the brush, any touch of the palette knife, not sanctioned by brain and heart—whose union is often, of course, unconscious—is not, in the long run, just. Among the eighty or so pictures in Leicester Square, besides pencil and other studies that testify to fidelity of observation, ability as a draughtsman and fineness of colour-sense, were many intimately representative of this buoyantly serene artist, who was as free from superiority as from bitterness. He was too modest, or, rather, too wise, to strive after "individuality of expression," for at his best the language flowed from communion between him, his material, and his theme. In a spirit of content he saw the beauty of the green earth, of happy living things, of the sky propitious for the seed-time and the harvest, or as a dome of peace over field and tree in the quiet evening. As has been well written, "it is a spectacle of robust force spiritualized by perception, a clumsy hand which has developed an exquisite touch at the bidding of reverence and love." As examples there may be cited 'Early Spring in La Madeleine,' the tender ecstasy of the spring, not yet revealed, quickening the sunlit willows, eager with the rising sap; 'Moonrise on the Ramparts,' where tall, slender poplars are in intercession to the daylight sky; a strong, reticent study of a sunlit white house-front with green shutters and door; 'Home Pastures,' essentially English, essentially sane and nobly felt, with cattle by the great elms; and sympathetic studies of character like that of old 'Dad Cooper' in his shirt-sleeves. A picture by James Charles should be procured for the Tate Gallery.

Charles died suddenly at the age of fifty-five. Robert Brough's brilliant career was cut short at thirty-two, as the result of injuries received in the Cudworth railway disaster two years ago. He died on January 21, 1905, the anniversary of Peter de Wint's birth. There is a saying that whom the gods love receive their call early. Giorgione

died when he was thirty-three, Raphael when he was thirty-seven, our own Bonington, of whom Lawrence said that "I have never known in my own time an early death of talent so promising," was not twenty-seven, while Aubrey Beardsley was only twenty-five, Brough being thirty-two, four years younger than Furse. The Burlington Fine Arts Club did well to honour Brough as in 1906 it honoured Furse. It is unprofitable to institute comparisons. This, however, may be said: Furse had come into his own as a neo-grand-stylist of present-day English life in the open air; while Brough, who tried many manners, each strenuously, had not yet discovered his kingdom. We find him preoccupied now with Whistler, now with Raeburn, Lawrence, Reynolds, Sargent, and perhaps C. H. Shannon; but ever and again there is expressed something of his own ardour, his own splendid assurance. The exhibition began, in point of date, with a study in water-colour of a sunrise effect, in Aberdeen harbour, executed at the age of sixteen, followed by a little portrait-head of himself a year later—one of the most distinctive things in Savile Row. With the exception of 'W. D. Ross,' by which Brough first came into notice, lately presented to the National Gallery of Scotland, and the 'Fantasie en Folie,' bequeathed by the artist to the Tate Gallery, most of the prominent portraits were brought together, besides a number of eloquent sketches, such as the colour-notes of Concarneau. The gleaming full-length of Mr. George Alexander as Rudolf Rassendyll in "The Prisoner of Zenda," 1901, is one of the most complete accomplishments. The sheen of the white satin breeches, the green of the Louis Quinze sofa, the accent on the sword-blade, the flash of the shoes, are most cleverly rendered. Examples adequately representative of Brough's various modes of painting include the 'Rev. J. Watson Geddie,' a dour old Scottish preacher, the delightful 'Mrs. Messel,' broad ribbons of pale brown tying the large grey hat, the 'Viscount Castlereagh,' executed as a pendant to the portrait of the sitter's great-grandfather by Lawrence at Londonderry House, 'The Spanish Shawl,' a daring and successful essay, and 'Leopold Hirsch,' genially environed as a sportsman, in grey-green tweed suit, fishing-rod and finely-rendered fly-book in hand. Robert Brough was a young artist of promise and of no inconsiderable achievement.

The Wertheimer Art Robbery.

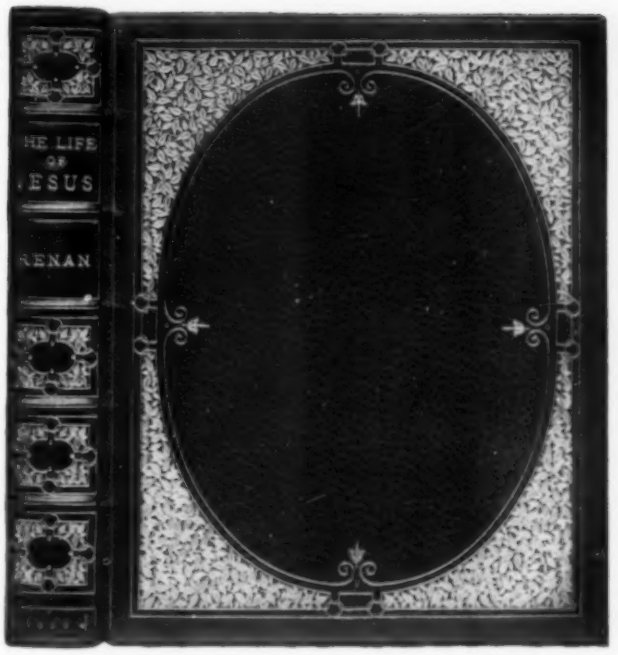
MR. CHARLES WERTHEIMER, whose house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, was on February the 12th the scene of one of the most daring and successful robberies of recent years, has for a quarter of a century been among the most intrepid and far-sighted of buyers in the London sale rooms and elsewhere. It was he who, in May, 1905, gave the highest sum on record at auction for a single art-object in London: the rock-crystal biberon, catalogued as of Italian origin, but later discovered to be Augsburg work of the second half of the sixteenth century. The price was 15,500 gs. In 1904 he paid 11,000 gs. for Reynolds' 'Lady Betty Delmé and Children,' which has since passed into the collection of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, reputedly for something like £22,000. Sir Joshua got £300 for it! Mr. Wertheimer secured at £15,000 the famous commodes of the Duke of Leeds, exhibiting the art of Caffieri; at 10,500 gs. the great Clifden group, painted by Romney for 80 gs.; and, not to go farther, twelve of the snuff-boxes stolen came from the celebrated Hawkins collection, dispersed in 1904, four of them costing Mr. Wertheimer £5,550. The two pictures cut out of their frames, leaving ragged edges, were a kit-kat portrait by Gainsborough of Nancy Parsons, until nine years ago at Bowood Park, when it was sold to Count Boni de Castellane, from whom Mr. Wertheimer had it in 1904; and Reynolds' kit-kat of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Yorke, *née* Augusta Johnston, playing a mandoline. No information has been published yet to account for the robbery and the thieves have not been taken.

The incident recalls, of course, how in 1876 Gainsborough's 'Duchess of Devonshire' was cut from the frame at Agnew's a few days after it had been bought for 10,100 gs. at the Wynn-Ellis sale, he having given 60 gs. for it in 1839. It was recovered in 1901 through the American detective agent, Pinkerton, whose informant of its whereabouts remained, nominally at any rate, anonymous. Again, one October night in 1856 ten pictures belonging to the Earl of Suffolk disappeared from Charlton Park, Malmesbury, here, as in the case of Mr. Wertheimer, valuables far more easily turned into cash being disregarded. Engravings of the principal works were published in the *Illustrated London News*, and warnings sent to various art dealers in Europe. In 1858, when excitement had subsided, Lord Suffolk advertised anew. The offer of a reward brought a reply from a pawnbroker to whom two of the pictures had been sold, a 'Virgin and Child' attributed to Leonardo, for £6, and a landscape. The thief turned out to be a former valet of Lord Suffolk, employed as a messenger at the War Office, where two of the pictures were found concealed behind a press. The curious thing is that, despite publicity, the pawnbroker had no idea that the Leonardo was one of the stolen pictures; moreover, several artists and connoisseurs had also examined it. For some time after the robbery, too, a Guido hung in a public house bar, undetected. Nowadays, however, when reproductions appear the morning after the theft and are also circulated by the police, pictures have in this country no money-value for a burglar. In 1874 the figure of St. Anthony was cut from Murillo's picture in the cathedral at Seville, it afterwards being offered for sale in New York; and among recent instances is the theft of a miniature from the National Portrait Gallery.

Book=Bindings.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

THE story of the arts in England is, in great measure, the story of the arts of other nations, in exile or in adventure. National forms of art have again and again been overcome, or transmuted, by foreign invasion, which has settled with years into a native activity. Book-binding, in the beginning of its development as a trade-process, was, by the fact of its close relation to printing, a marked instance of a craft de-nationalised as a phase of its existence. Following the foreign printers, who were usually their own binders, came other foreigners. Though statutes passed in the sixteenth century to prevent the buying or selling of books bound abroad reveal a native craft needing protection, yet, as the existing books show, English bookbinders till Samuel Mearne, and again from Mearne to Roger Payne—and he owed much to Le Gascon—were imitators of foreign styles, and not inventors. So that, either in work or style, the leather bookbinding done in this country has been considerably more foreign than English. At the present day, when the craft-worker arises in strength of number, there are probably more English binders than at any previous time, and among them a more distinctive practice of design, if it owes much to the fine styles of the old nations from Irish to Saracen.

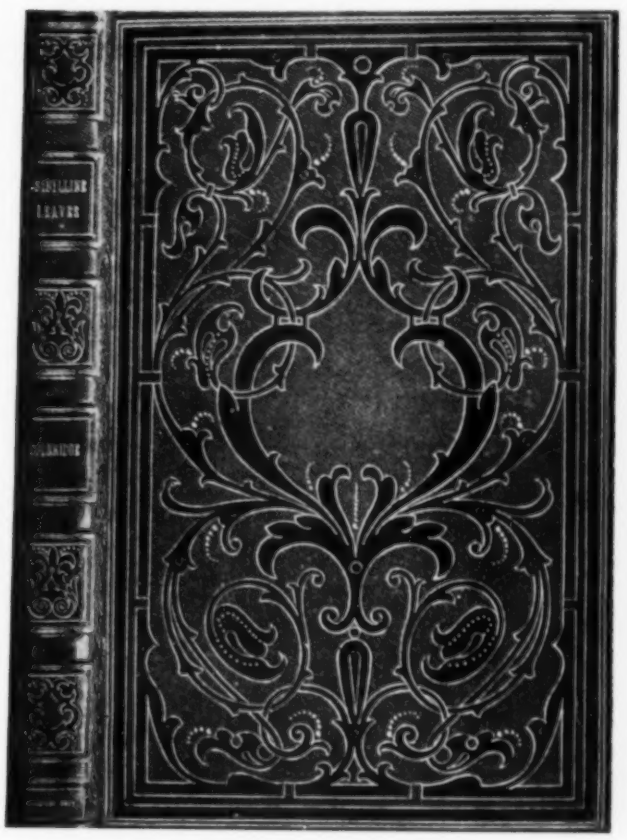


By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.

This craft-binding, however, deriving from the revival of printing and propagated by the Arts and Crafts, is only a part of modern bookbinding. The pretty binding of



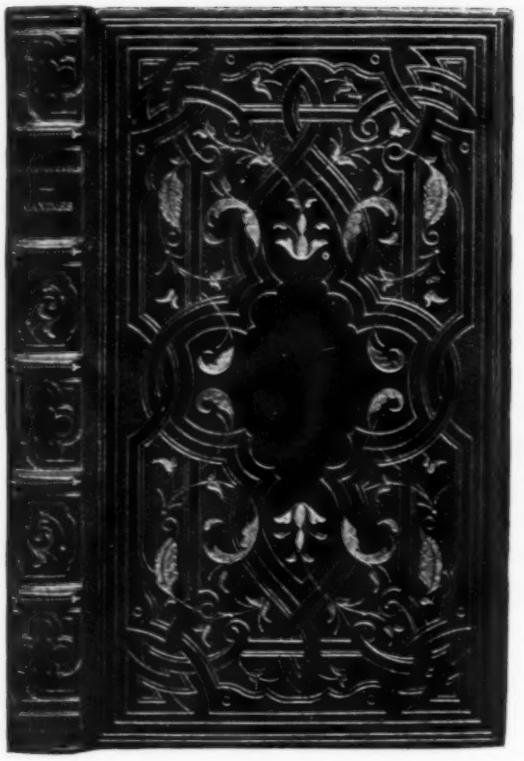
By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.



By J. W. Zaehnsdorf



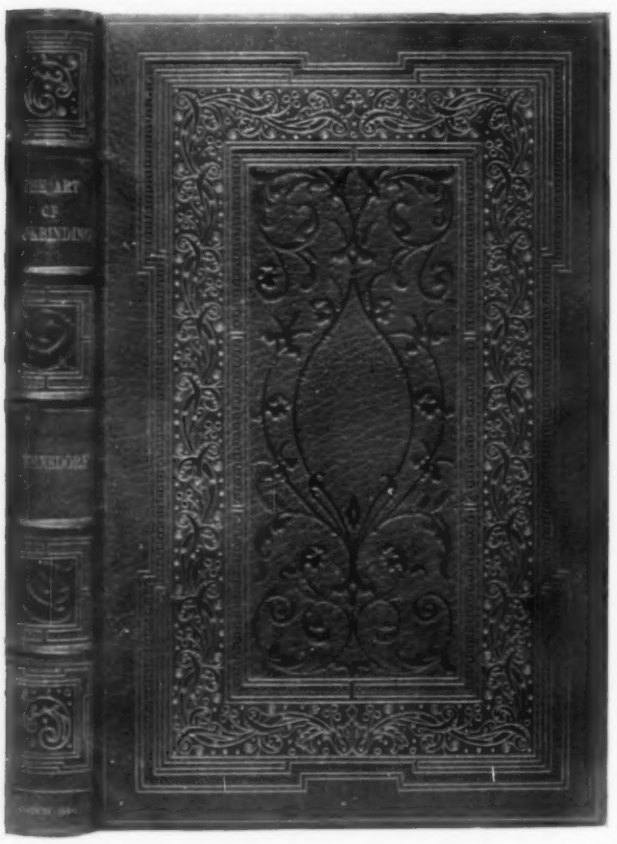
By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.



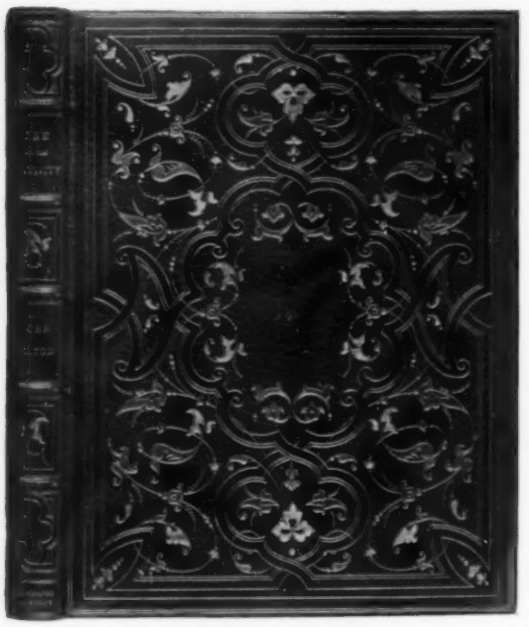
By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.

little books, bright with gold and inlay, is as popular a handiwork as is enamelling. But, in a great many instances, the standard reached is merely that of fancy-work. The work done to-day, which will last to show what modern bookbinding is, is not done by the hasty amateur. It is done in the big binderies by workers attaining skill in a long and stringent apprenticeship, maintaining it perfect by the constant doing of a thing that must be quite rightly done. In the small individual binderies it is done where the craftsman considers himself the apprentice while any fine method or skill of his art remains to be learned or perfected.

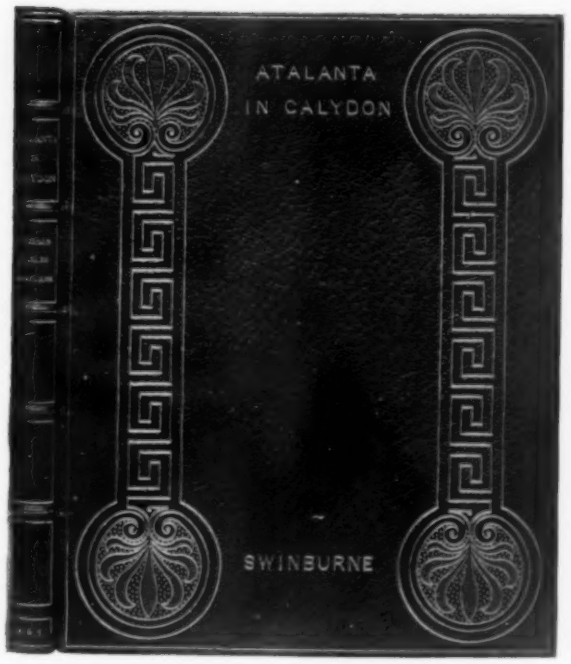
Of this enduring type, of endurance ensured by precise skill, by exigent choice of materials, and an absolute refusal to countenance shams in method or material, is the binding



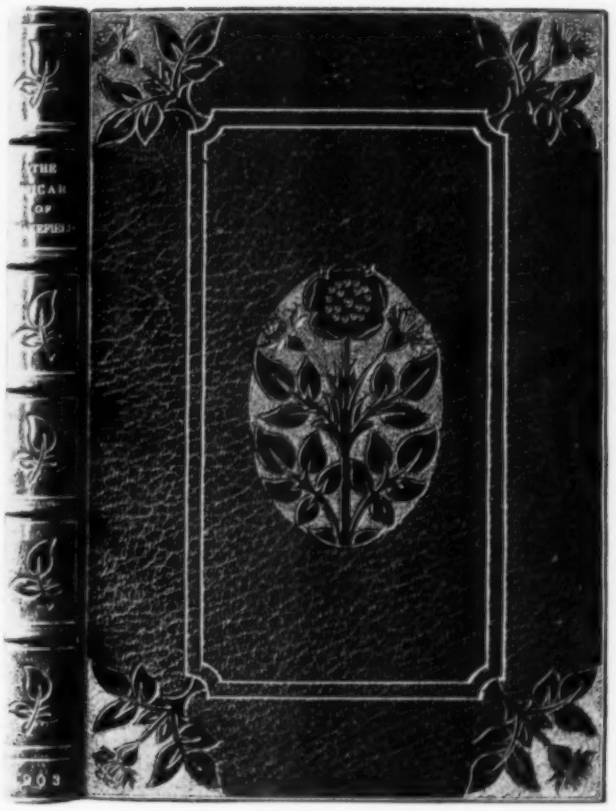
By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.



By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.

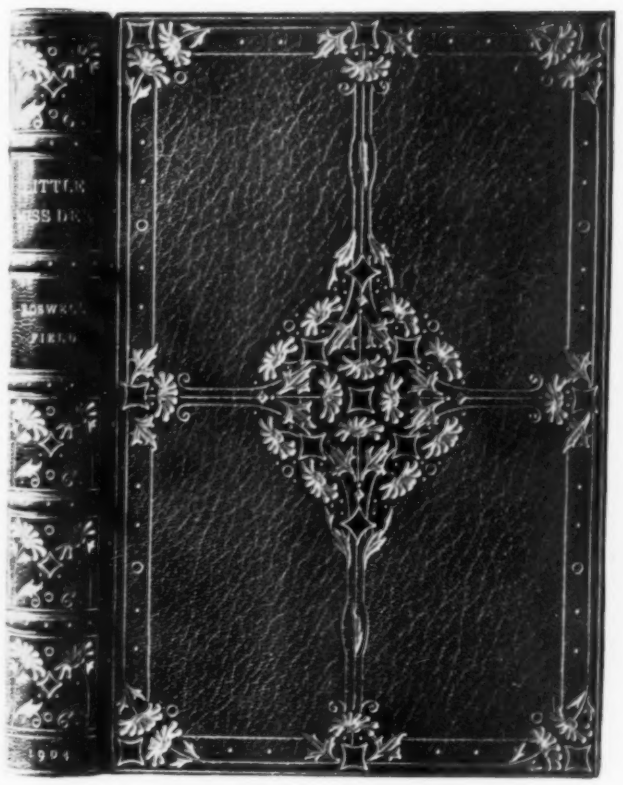


By J. W. Zaehnsdorf.



By Robert Rivière & Son.

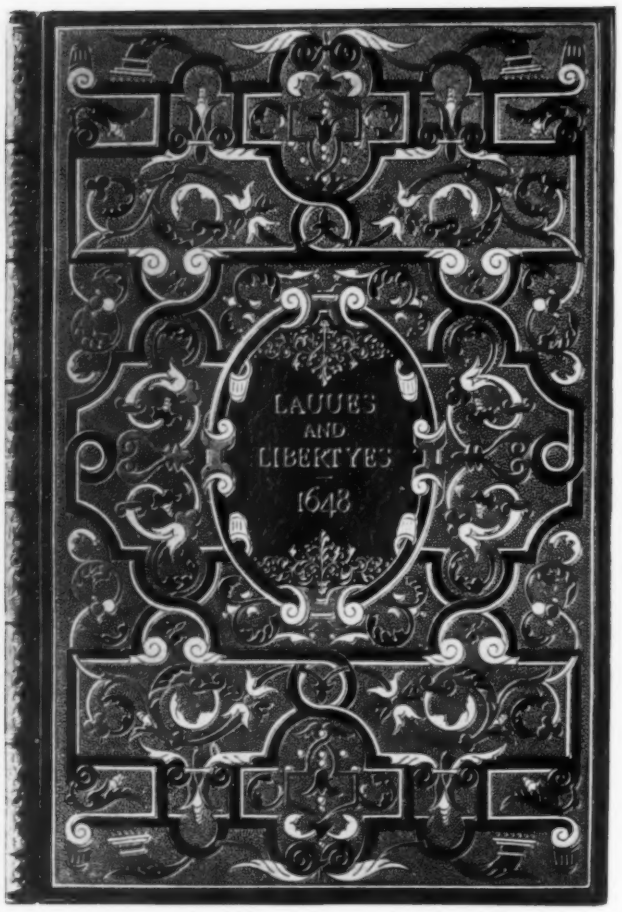
done by Zaehnsdorf. The principle of the great bindery in Charing Cross Road is "Thorough," and from the head of the firm—whose apprenticeship was of the kind that made master-craftsmen in the days when a man's life centred in his craft—to the youngest lad beginning his seven years' training of hand and eye, that is the practice. The work in the bindery, the materials and tools from English and foreign manufactories, are all subjected to the same high test. Everything used, all uses, must be genuine, able to bear special inspection. That is the every-day basis of work, and it represents, not a new enthusiasm for craft-work, but a tradition and long practice dating back to what we are apt to consider a time of unmitigated commercialism, when the



By Robert Rivière & Son.



By Robert Rivière & Son.



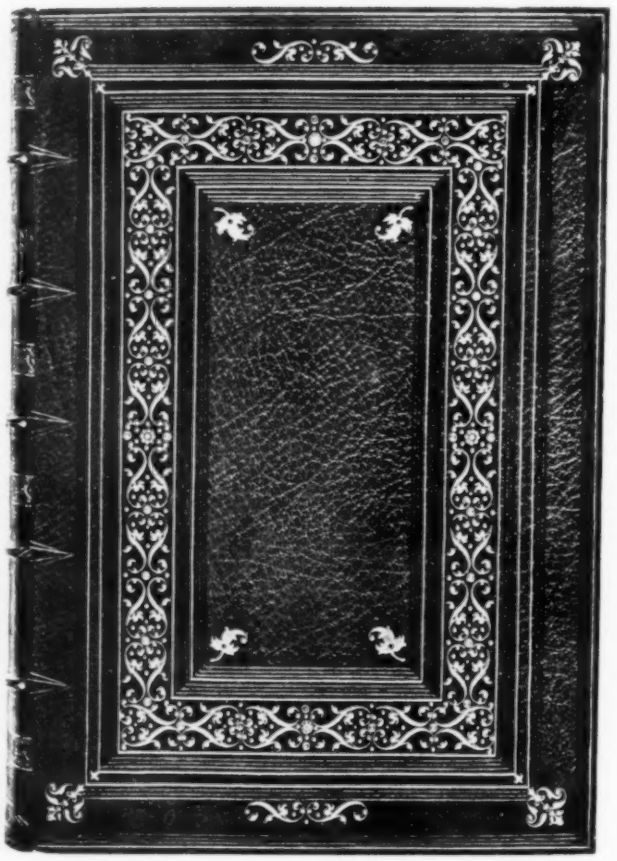
By Robert Rivière & Son.



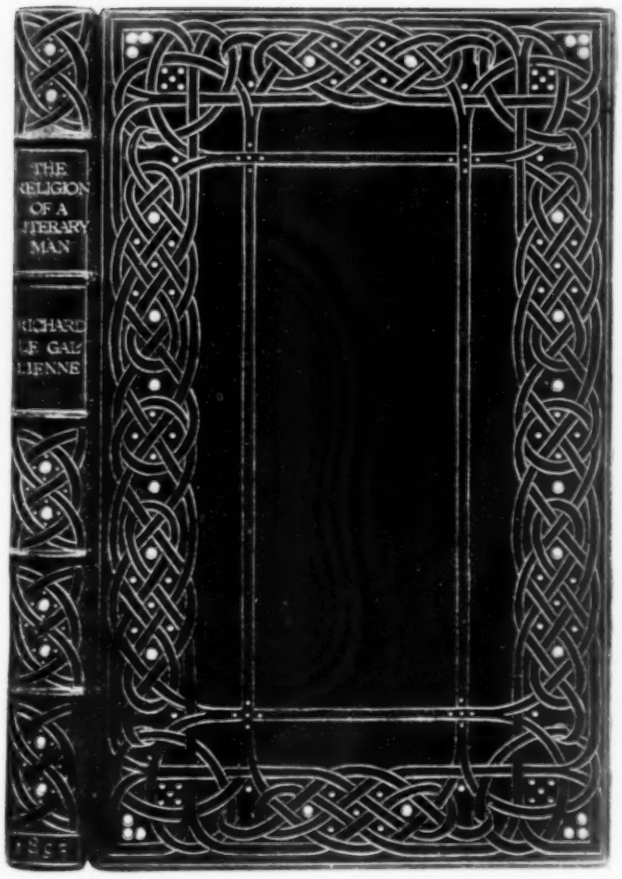
By J. and J. Leighton.

difficulties that beset the present-day craftsman were wilfully incurred by his tasteless parents. The first Zaehnsdorf, after apprenticeship in Stuttgart and Vienna, and *Wanderjahre* in Zurich, Freiburg, Baden-Baden and Paris, came to London in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and worked in two London firms for another five years, after which he set up for himself. It is not surprising that from 1862, when he showed work at the International Exhibition, he took a place in the history of English binding which the present work of Zaehnsdorf's continues to fill. He died in 1886, having done a craftsman's work before craftsmanship began to be really heard of in modern England, and leaving a tradition that his son, the present head of the firm, was qualified to fulfil by a continental apprenticeship on the lines of the old generous training, and by study of all that has been splendidly done in the craft, and that is being done: when it is worth it. A typical Zaehnsdorf binding is not a fashion, and its value is not all to the eyes, though the sight trained to appreciate skill and appropriate design must value it. A long, laborious and wide experience, a practical ideal that rules the workshop and the manufactories of tools and materials as well as the designer's studio, and a reputation and tradition to maintain, are some of the vital forces that lie behind the work, and fashion it.

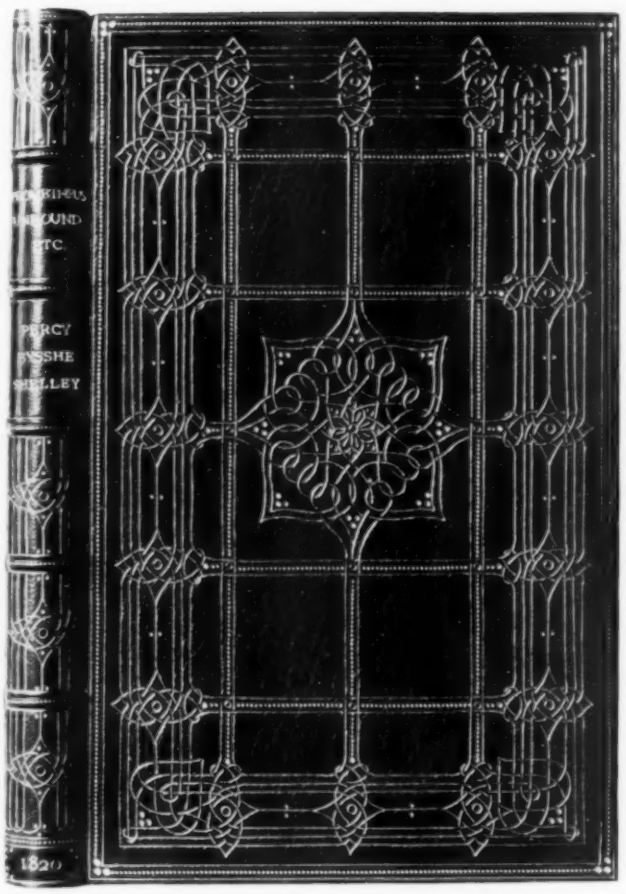
A yet longer history is behind the present-day bindings of Messrs. J. and J. Leighton and Messrs. Robert Rivière and Son. Both exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851, Messrs. Leighton as "producers," among other exhibits, of King William the Fourth's Royal Bible, with a cover



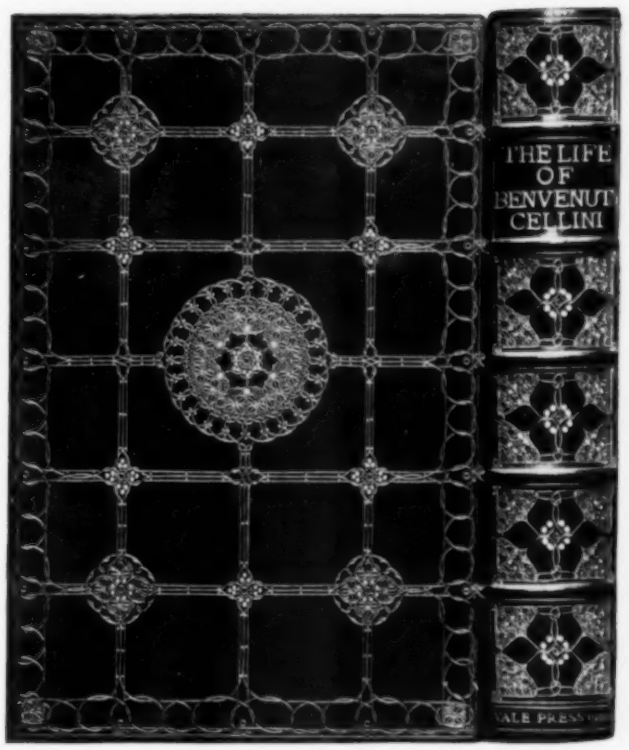
By J. and J. Leighton.



By F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe.



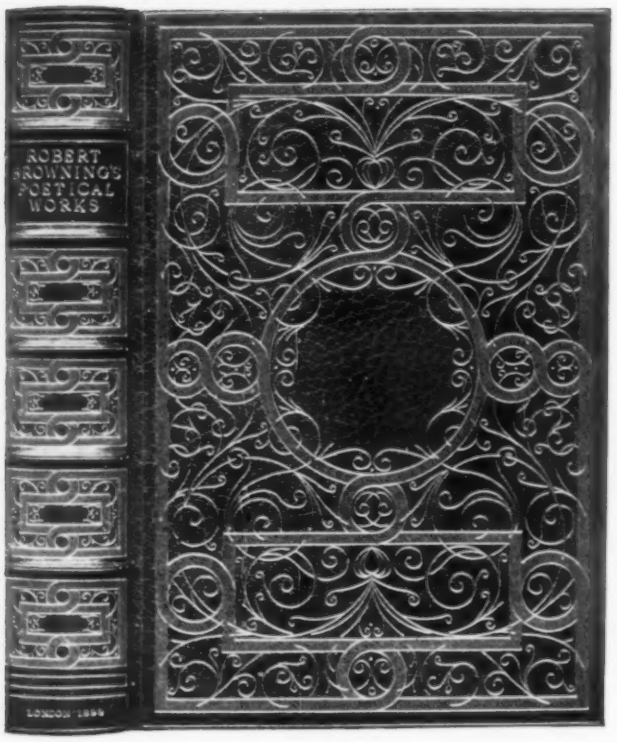
By F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe.



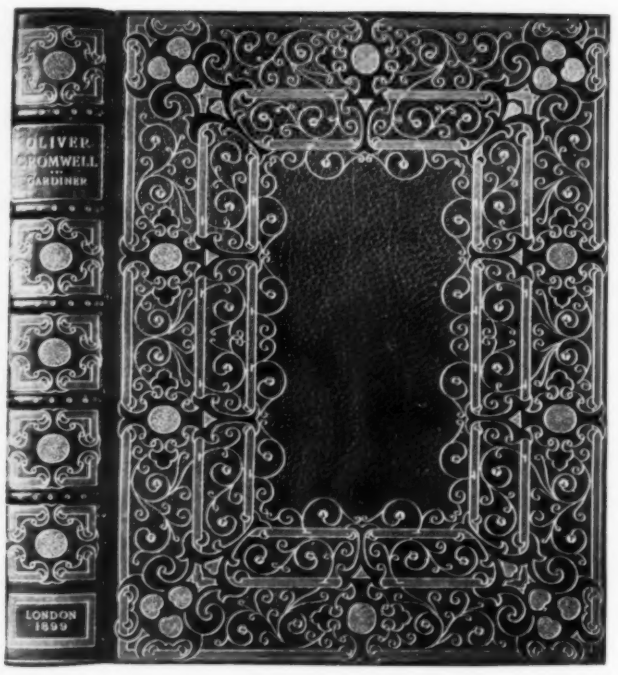
By F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe.

designed by Luke Limner, in the taste of the day, with royal and nautical emblems; Robert Rivière as "designer" of tooled and inlaid bindings. The actuality of the Leighton bible, with its clasps of cables and anchors, its rigid, obvious decoration of rose, shamrock and thistle, is typical of the misfortunes of design so unconsciously exhibited in the Exhibition. But the employment of a designer much trusted in his day, and the elaborate finish of the volume to fit its purpose, mark the spirit that produces fine work in times when fine work is appreciated. The history of the firm during the fifty-six years since the Great Exhibition expresses that spirit. A long-established bindery, with a big record of work, is a centre of very various achievement, and the books illustrated show that Messrs. Leighton are binders whose scope of design is as various as it must be if it is to respond to the needs of an eclectic age, and fitly combine with the productions of the printing-press from its invention to its latest endeavour. The slender volume from the Vale Press, Thomas Berthelet's issue of the moral Gower's tales of love, and a fifteenth-century manuscript of Ovid, are each bound accordantly with their date, and with a skilful ordering of appropriate effect.

Robert Rivière had been eleven years a London binder, and longer still at the work before the Exhibition of 1851. Unlike Zaehnsdorf, his apprenticeship to his craft befel in the unpromising conditions of Early Victorian England. The example of fine books, however, and an instinct for art common to a family of artists—perhaps, too, the strain of French blood—prevailed to make him a craftsman; though, as fine books of his in great collections and in public places show, he did not discover in his craft any new opportunities for design. But, to practise with true appreciation fine bygone modes of design, to acquire mastery of them, and mastery of exact and delicate craft-processes, was a dis-



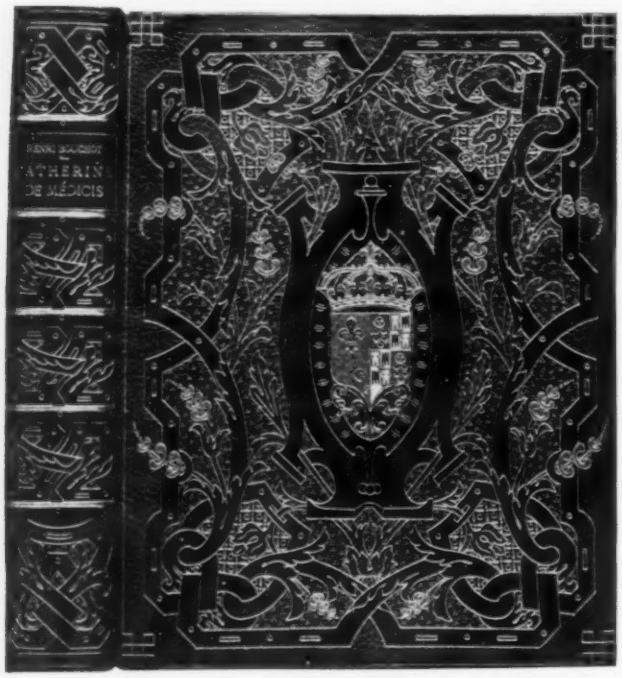
By the Oxford University Press.



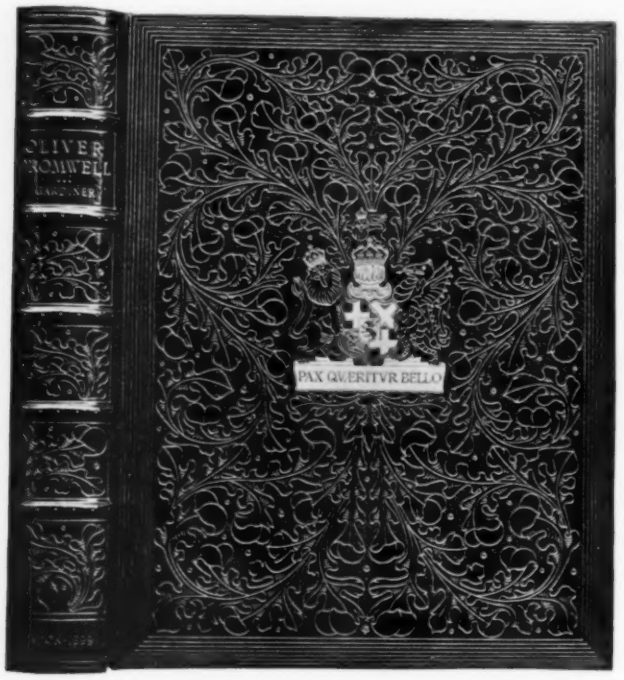
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tinction at the time of Rivière's self-teaching. To withstand the "design" of the period, and to apprentice himself to the past, was originality, if he founded no school of original design. Recent bindings by the firm continue the tradition of thorough craftsmanship. The elaborate and perfect inlay on Walsham's "Maison Rustique," and "Lawes and Libertyes," effectively displayed on a ground closely tooled with dots, are examples of characteristic Rivière bindings, now, as in the days of Robert Rivière. That—as a living tradition must broaden—there is change and development in the work, the instances of modern tooled designs show; but it is in the unerring skill expressed in the seventeenth-century designs that the full equipment of the bindery is best seen, effective and distinctive as are the examples of modern patterning.

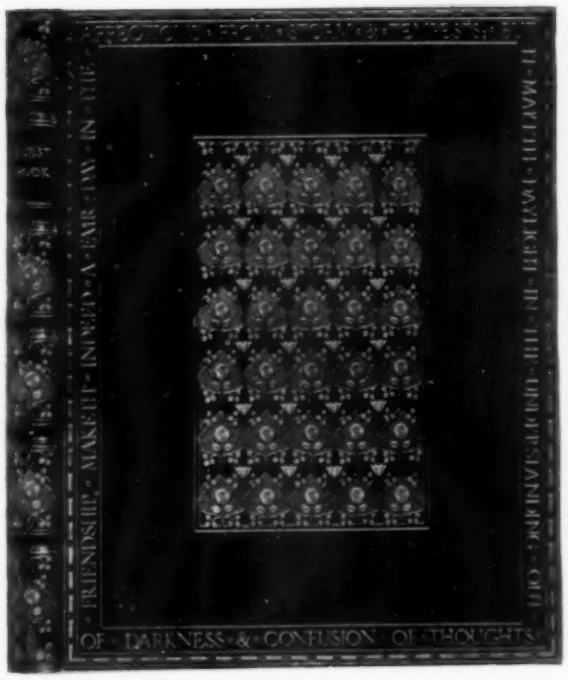
Messrs. John Ramage and Company are another firm whose work at the present time is the continuation of fine work done in the past. Excellence of workmanship and design, and a liberal variety, distinguish their production. Some finely-tooled covers suggesting Indian radiating circular designs are among the richest and most happy of their effects, but less formal patterns, based on the forms



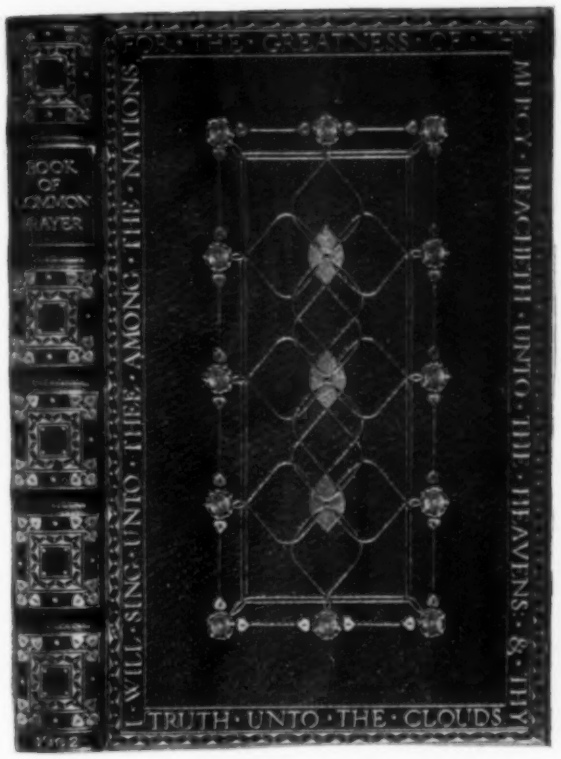
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By the Oxford University Press.



By Mrs. Raymund Allen (Alice Pattinson).



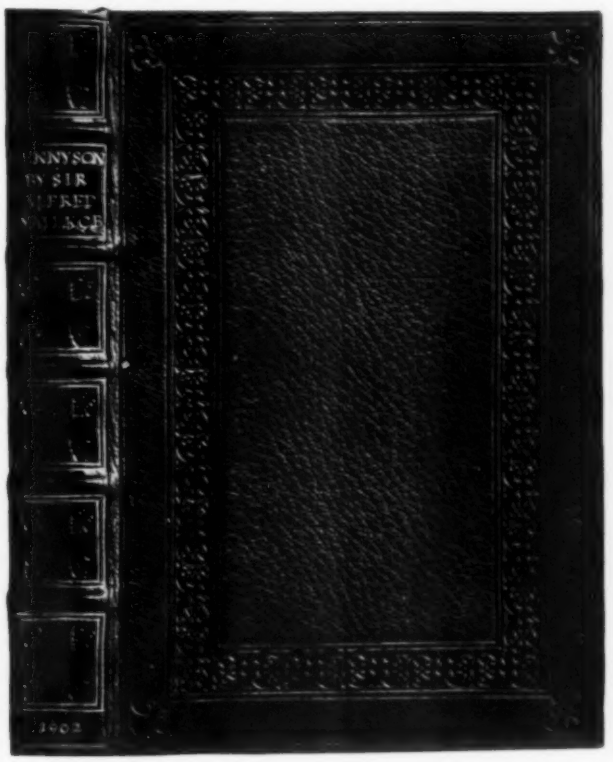
By Mrs. Raymund Allen (Alice Pattinson)

and growths of nature, are also well used. An award gained at Frankfort in 1906 is the latest public testimony to the finish and beauty of the work.

If one effect of the revival of craft-binding is the foundation of innumerable individual binderies, where the designer is his own executant, or two binders collaborate, a not less true and widely-important result has been the direction of fine trade-binding to the expression of modern and individual ideas of design. The direction of the bindery of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son by Mr. Douglas Cockerell is an important instance of the wider influence of a personal gift of design and equipment of skill when applied to the control of the skill of others. Unlike the older binderies, where design is less an individual expression



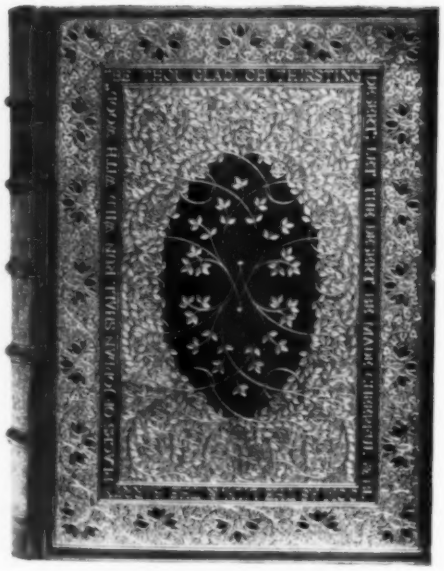
By Mrs. Raymund Allen (Alice Pattinson).



By Mary E. Robinson.



By Talwin Morris.

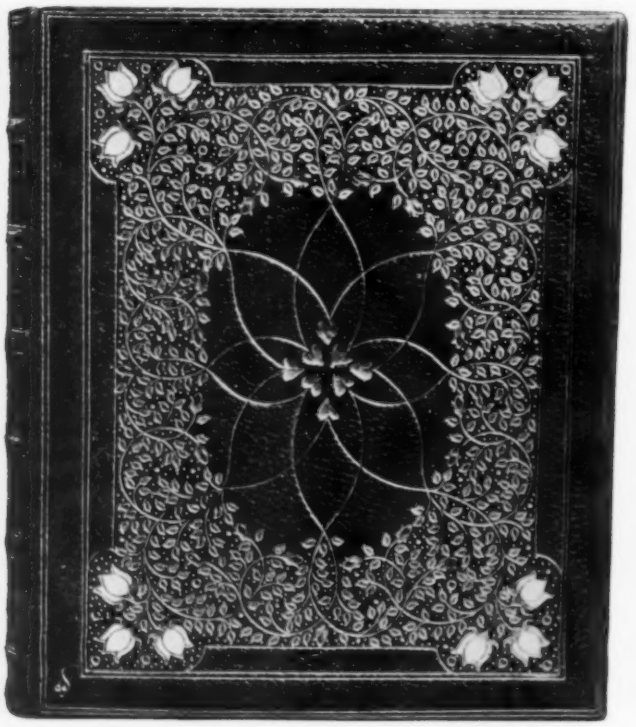


By Alfred de Sauty.

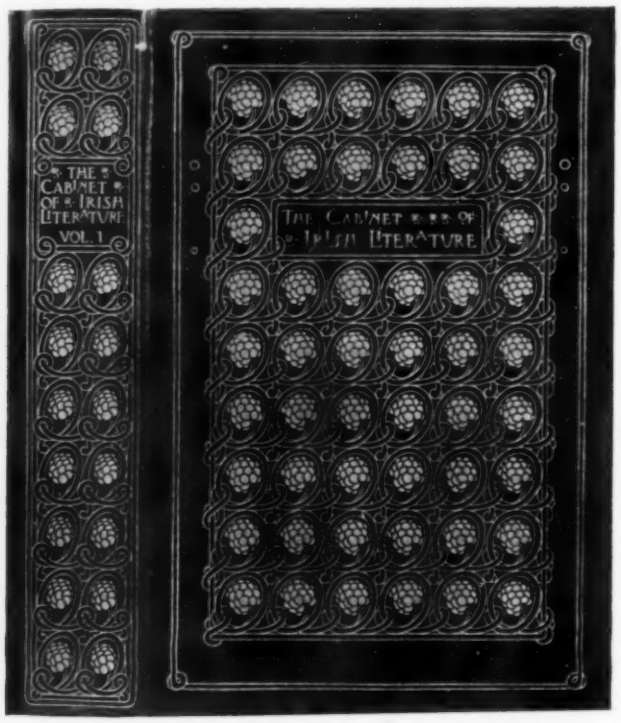
than the practised continuation and adaptation of historic styles, the bindings typical of this latest of fine binderies are typical of the rich and delicate invention of a modern craftsman. However varied the work produced, its affinity to other ideas than those which distinguish Mr. Cockerell's design from all other designs, is incidental to production that is required to satisfy special needs. The bindery is equipped to do anything well, but its true distinction is in expressing the untiring and living design of one mind, whose gift of perception and invention is ardent enough to fully employ many executants.

The Oxford University Press employs the talent of different designers in its various and interesting production, but in the main the finely-bound books which have made its reputation declare themselves of to-day and of England in their style, avoiding irresponsibility, yet owning no finality in past design. In some recent examples of binding from the press, the range of idea, no less than the fresh application of ideas, their re-informing for to-day, are exemplified. Splendour, as in a volume massively tooled about a heraldic device, a graceful formality, the bright quick effects of modern design based on natural forms, are some of the modes of ornament. In material, as in design and execution, the opportunity of the present day is fully used, and the achievement of effects not handed down in pattern from the past is an inspiration in the work.

The division of binding into trade and private binding is as old as the fifteenth century, when, with the introduction of printing, binding began to be a common need. But the number of independent binders to-day represents a very different state of the craft to that which prevailed in any previous century. Their existence is no continuance of old conditions, but a development of craftsmanship in independence of commercial production, differing entirely in scope from the old conditions of book-binding, where the printer, whether in his workshops or outside them, employed the binder in his service. The impulse to the present activity in craft-binding originated, it is hardly necessary to say,



By Alfred de Sauty.

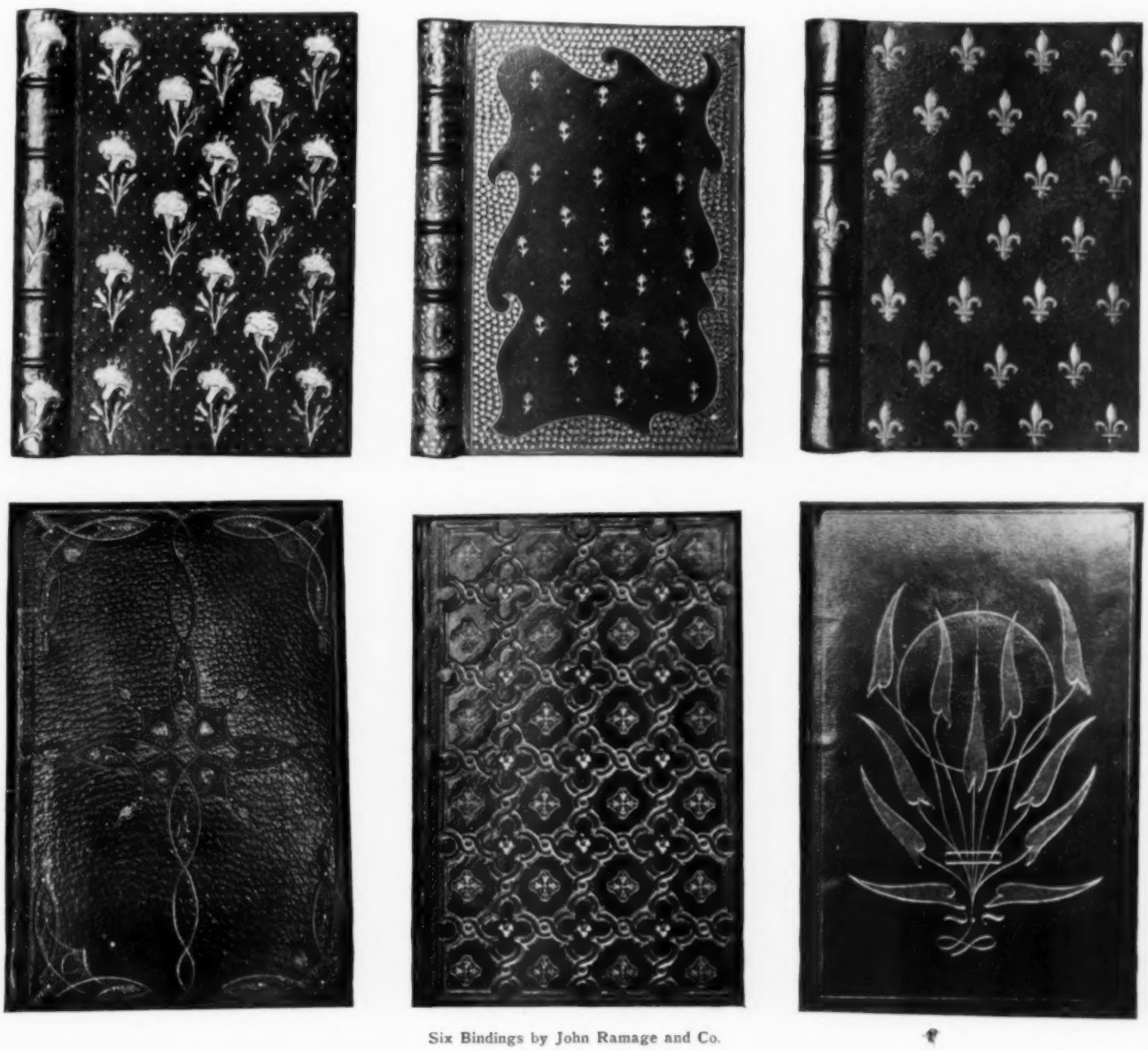


By Talwin Morris.



Three Bindings, for the Gresham Publishing Co., by Talwin Morris.

in the Arts and Crafts Society. The source of it, directly and indirectly, is in the Doves bindery, and the art and teaching of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the master of Mr. Douglas Cockerell. That impulse, realised in a very widespread energy, has taken many forms, and if most of the book-bindings in the last exhibition of the Arts and Crafts seemed to affirm that there was only one way of decorating a book—though Mr. Cockerell himself followed another conviction—there is, in reality, no classing of the many individual binders of to-day as



Six Bindings by John Ramage and Co.

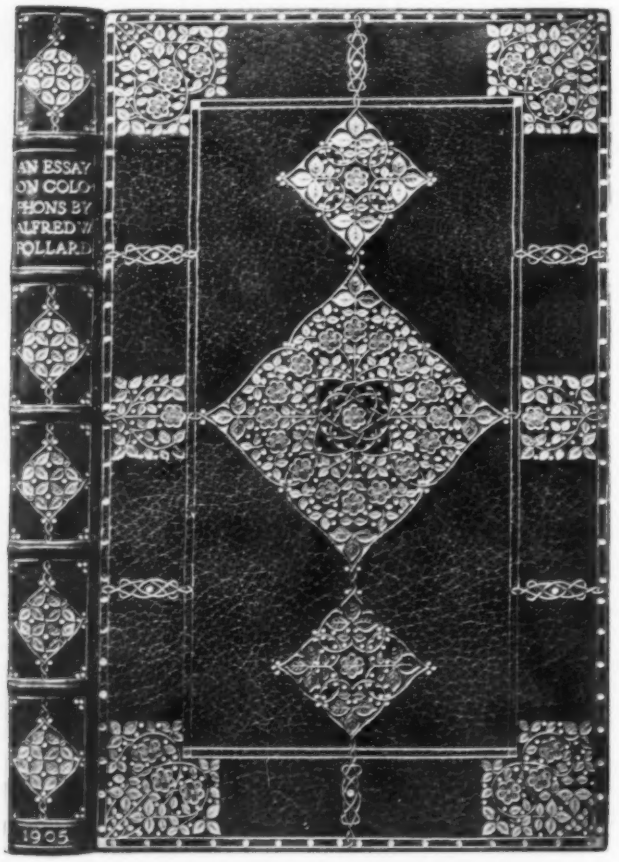


By J. MacLehose & Sons.

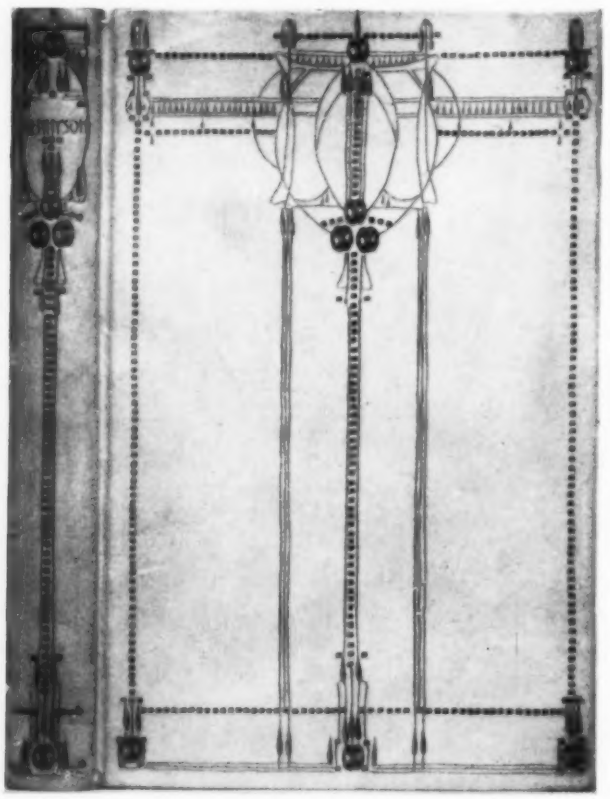
the following of a master. Undoubtedly English craft-bindings are so different in design from continental work largely because of the influence of Mr. Cockerell's charming and persuasive designs from flower and leaf, so distinctly right for a purpose where wildness is an offence, yet so free compared with the formality of scroll and arabesque. But, acting on the suggestion of what is really a guidance to a true native idea of design, much individual and delightful art has found its expression. The beautiful intricate gouge-work on books by Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe, their inlaid strap patterns, with other effects of fine skill and taste; Mr. De Sauty's various inventions, delicately clear, as in the design with outline tools and dots semé, or passing from simplicity into solid richness in the other volume; Mrs. Raymund Allen's finely-disposed ornamentation, with the delicate brightness of powdered dots so aptly introduced; Miss Mary Robinson's grave yet entirely effective cover in deep blind tooling, are instances of a variety that needs no farther proof, as they are, individually, bindings of distinction and charm.

The application of design to bindings is, fortunately for a big public, not merely at the service of book-binding, strictly understood. The decoration of the humbler book-casing has had various noteworthy successes. Mr. Talwin Morris's designs are known to a much bigger public than is perhaps aware of the name of the designer, and where, as in the cases illustrated, his fertile invention is effective within quiet schemes, ordered so that the eye accepts the pattern without surprise, his talent could hardly be more pleasantly and usefully employed. In colour, as in the disposition of pattern, these cases are distinctive, while they conform to a right unobtrusiveness and fitness to inexpensive materials and wholesale production.

The two cases—differentiated by the circular designs—belonging to a series published by Messrs. James MacLehose and Sons, are case-bindings of admirable effectiveness and originality. The dolphins and leafy scroll-work of the



By Douglas Cockerell (for W. H. Smith & Son).



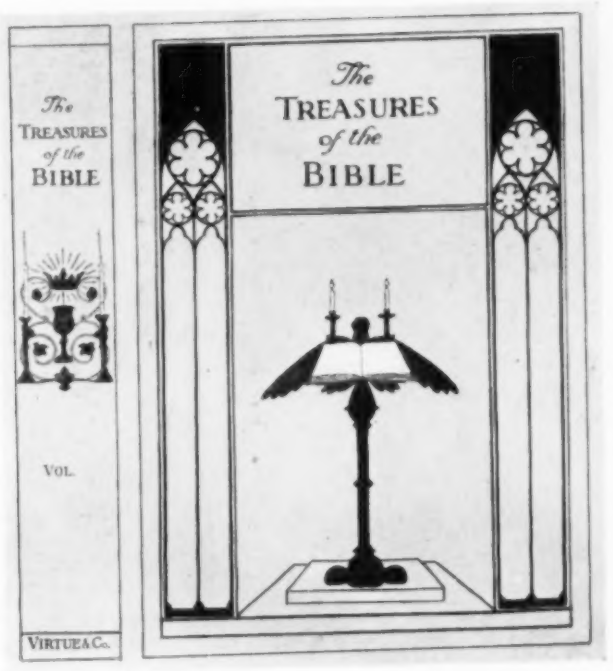
Designed by Jessie King (for J. MacLehose & Sons).



Medallion for the side of a book.

By J. MacLehose & Sons.

back, the famous device of the adventurous ship, so discreetly yet incisively employed on the ever-delightful Purchas—"his own in matter though borrowed"—the ingenuity of the medallion for its true companion, Coryat's "Crudities," that pleasant traveller's tale, are patterns fit for books which the true reader likes to recognize swiftly on his shelves, and to take down often enough to test any pattern they may bear for its gift of continued charm. From the binderies of the same firm are fine hand bindings, of simplicity or elaboration. The little vellum-covered Tennyson, tooled in gold from a design by Miss Jessie



By Robert L. Sheppard.

King, is not an important specimen, but its fair workmanship and individuality give it a claim to notice. In design it is, however, rather an excursion from the well-considered and dignified style of the bindings which are representative of the ideas and practice of the Glasgow firm.

John Ruskin.

THE exhibition at the Fine Art Society's of over 200 drawings and sketches by Ruskin provided students with a welcome opportunity to revise or amplify their judgments. No man expresses himself completely in any one medium; the sum of the life work must be surveyed before any part of it can rightly be understood. Each utterance is relevant to every other. Certainly, much light is thrown on Ruskin the writer on art, by Ruskin the artist. A collection of his drawings was shown at the Fine Art Society's in 1878, another at Coniston in 1900, the year of his death, a third at the Old Water-Colour Society's in 1901. Now the figure of this man of lofty resolve begins to take its place in juster perspective. No doubt language was the vehicle with which he identified himself most intimately. Passages of his prose are instinct with exaltation. On the other hand, it cannot be said of him that the more he changed the more he was still the same. That is a farther stage of development, led up to by a hundred inconsistencies, by the substitution of one partial truth for another. Ruskin was of those who wrote much as to the value or the worthlessness of detail in pictorial art, and the controversy continues. There is, surely, but one solution: a realization of the essential unity of things. The pulse of life is in what we are pleased to call the minutest atom, as it is, too, in the illimitable. Genius sees a wildflower on the wayside or a grain of sand as an image of that universal life; those who are blind cannot win to the life essence in scenes however grand, in beings however pure. To the truism that the lesser is contained in the greater, there should be added the complementary statement that potentially the lesser contains the greater. "Know, then, thou art a god" proclaims an ancient Eastern scripture. Thus the artist's self may be revealed in the microscopical exactitude of a Van Eyck or in the organic breadth of a Velazquez. In the one as in the other there is sacrifice, but sacrifice only in the sense of transfiguring to greater beauty, greater significance. Generalisations based on anything but an apprehension of the all and the one being in the last resort indivisible seem to the present writer to lack authority.

It is well to remember that Ruskin made no claim to be an artist with pencil or brush. "I can no more write a story than compose a picture," he affirmed; and for passages of glorious or elusive colour we have to go to his prose, where we find "purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle," or evocations of dawn along the Coniston fells when "the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawn by the lake shore." All the drawings in Bond Street were done primarily as a record of some "fact," natural or architectural.



(1st Prize.)

Scene in "Antony and Cleopatra" (His Majesty's Theatre).

By Marie Miles.

Detail is thus apt to obsess, to be falsified, because divorced from that of which it forms an integral part. Always the artist has to create a little universe within his frame. Had Ruskin been compelled to lay aside his pen, it is likely that the pictorial result would have been more expressive, more fundamental. This is not a case of one who essayed an art alien to the artist's and became, however haltingly, uplifted by a new wonder. The exhibition contains more or less representative examples of each of the twelve stages into which Mr. Collingwood divides Ruskin's pictorial work, onward from the map of France, done at the age of ten, to the Italian drawings of the seventies. A water-colour of a leafy road between Amiens and Abbeville was "sketched with Artie and Brabazon," and it has a hint of Brabazon's vital, open-hearted breadth. One of the very best of the pencil drawings, a view of the market-place, Abbeville, dated 1868, and another of palaces on one side only of the Grand Canal, are, regrettably, not included. The exhibits bear testimony for the most part to a patient search for factual accuracy, undertaken in the temper of the man of science rather than of the artist. It hardly came within the scope of his endeavour to be synthetic, though he recognised in his writings that analysis and synthesis must go hand in hand. Yet the pictorial artist in him, the impulse to assimilate material, to inform it, his capacity to see finely, are again and again evidenced. There are, for instance, the large study on grey paper, in pencil, touched with white, of St. Wulfram's, Abbeville, a "fellowship of ancient houses set beside each other" to the right; the two drawings of the Grand Canal, where the beautiful palaces recede in gracious sequence towards vanishing point; the panorama of Venice, with some of the elusive charm of a Whistler; and slight, spontaneous impressions such as the 'Bridge at Verona.' Near the portrait by George Richmond is a "drawing in imitation of Turner," and among the books and MSS. is the copy of 'The Stones of Venice' given by Ruskin to Turner in 1851, a few months before the painter's death.

The Competition.

THE first prize in the Stage-scene Competition has been awarded to Marie Miles, and the second to R. Borlase Smart, for the drawings reproduced on this page. No further awards were recommended by the judge.

W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

ON March 20th the Royal Academy raised to full membership, in the place of Mr. J. C. Hook, who resigned a few weeks before, Mr. William Lionel Wyllie. Born in London in 1851, Mr. Wyllie first studied at Heatherley's, in 1866 entered the R.A. Schools, and a couple of years later had his 'Dover Castle' hung, or rather skied, in the old Academy in Trafalgar Square. Long before he was twenty, he could sketch from the deck of a yawl, and his habit of working on a level with the water, instead of standing spectator on a height, is one of the secrets of his pictorial veracity. No man is more familiar with every turn of the Thames and its affluents, and when not afloat in *The Ladybird*, a flat-bottomed yawl of nine tons with a centre-board, Mr. Wyllie lived till recently—for he has moved to Portsmouth—in a kind of eyrie overlooking the Medway near Rochester, the studio being pierced with portholes wherein telescopes were substituted for guns. For long he has been accepted as the pictorial interpreter of London's waterway, and in 1883 the Chantrey Trustees bought for 400 gs. his 'Toil, Glitter, Grime and Wealth on a Flowing Tide.' He has been A.R.A. since 1889, and had only two seniors.



Scene in "Sunday" (Theatre Royal, Plymouth).

(and Prize.) By R. Borlase Smart.

The Water-colours of Alfred W. Rich.

By T. Martin Wood.

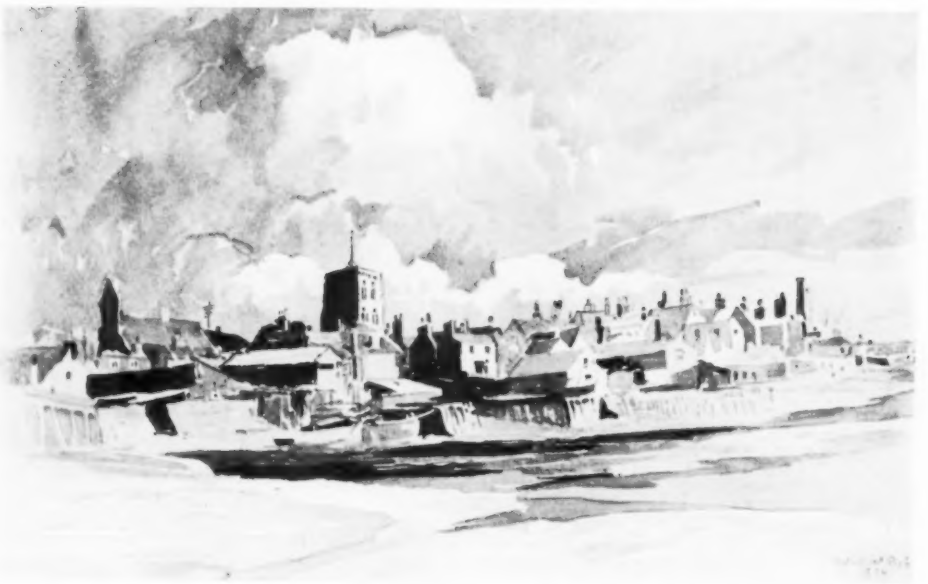
THE vision which states itself in the modern water-colour is for the most part that of a generation which has formed its estimate of natural beauty from the window of a railway train. The very implements with which the modern artist paints, his springy sable brushes, give a piquancy of touch corresponding to the many piquant little compositions whirled into sight in one railway journey. Water-colour seems the inevitable medium for painters most affected by a first impression. The art is convenient for this; this was its origin, and along these lines it has progressed. Accomplished people of to-day, proceeding from accident to after-thought in pursuit of a novel finish, have greatly changed its character, and their designs divide our exhibitions with this style of the railway train. The charm of Mr. Rich's art is that it does not belong to either school; it returns to old principles and to nature. Only good work can afford to be so simple. Work with poverty of inspiration must bedizen itself with strange technique. It is exciting to meet with inspiration; where it is absent there is usually an attempt to stimulate excitement in a baser way, by a quaint conceit of form or by extraordinary schemes of colour; though nature is neither quaint nor extraordinary. Like the earlier English masters of water-colour, Mr. Rich depicts the country in all simplicity, in its incidental aspects. It has exactly the same charm for him as for them, and he approaches Nature thinking about her instead of about the puzzle of painting. I imagine that he walks out and finds a subject without dodging about for eccentric compositions. Waiting upon Nature's moods, as a poet, he sees the landscape change under the clouds, and fields in the fitful light starting into brighter green, here and there the sunlight catching a scarlet roof or making vivid the white backs of cows. High up in air the drama is begun, and he watches the shadow or light measured out by fate over the dwellings and across the road.

This impressionableness makes the artist care less for things than for the effect that transforms them. This characteristic, and a sense of the accompaniment Nature offers to our moods, are of the essence of romantic art. Romantic literature, in other shape, follows a similar principle in being less concerned with character than with the effect upon it of passion and event. Mr. Rich's art is like the master's in its avoidance of unnatural force of colour and in economy of means in gaining an effect. It is the same form of economy which is admirable in a draughtsman's line. Carried into the realm of colour it assumes subtler guise, for here it must hint even more at unspent resources. Mr. Rich would always accept a convention rather than do a noisy thing with his colour. He would say, My paints can't do this, so I will give you a symbol for it. And this attitude is expressed in the picture called 'Near Clayton, Sussex' (p. 151), perhaps one of his most admirable. It is of a white road disappearing where the hedge bends, reappearing further away. A suggestion of red house-tops, the church of a straggling village behind, trees in the middle distance. This is what we should see if we were looking towards the village. We should not see the little shrubs in the foreground, we should only be conscious of their presence. And Mr. Rich suggests the shrubs in the foreground in that blurred manner in which they would appear as we looked past them; they are blurred with one tone into the grass, the colours being rubbed across everything in the foreground without accentuating the contrast of the light and shade. Here is the simplicity of a compromise. Nature confronts the artist



A Warwickshire Farmyard.
By A. W. Rich.

with a thousand riches. He is the fine artist who forgets all else that Nature has, for what is intimate and friendly to his spirit. He is brought by instinct's silken thread to his subject. Form and colour are everywhere for the artist, it will be apparent to him in places which displease him, but it is not in such places that beauty will admit him to intimacy. He is at the mercy of his temperament in the choice of his subject.



Shoreham.
By A. W. Rich.

In one of the artist's pictures I have seen in the middle distance the outline of factory and shed. I like to think he shrank a little here where the symbols are those of a form of life which is at enmity with Nature: that he remembered that the atmospheric grey that made attractive the ugly buildings is but as the beautiful edge of a pall for the happiness that dies within us as we look towards them. At any rate, his drawings show that he has not accepted the modern artistic sophistry that sees nothing but outward pattern. Which seems to pre-suppose that a man would paint better with a temporary paralysis of half his brains. The greatest masters of the past painted with all their faculties in requisition; for them, every object had its meaning as part of the scheme of life as well as part of a scheme of tones. Their art shows that this was so in some subtle way. Mr. Rich's art shows that it is so, too, with him. In his picture of Warwick Castle, the significant thing is not that it is Warwick Castle more than another. The water in the moat is not as water that flows by a mill; associations change it. A tint and a few pencil lines suggesting the Castle, and romance is in the surrounding trees, and the very wind whispers of intrigue. And in the picture, the 'Warwickshire Farmyard,' there is the same almost unconscious realisation of a poetical atmosphere as suggested by a phase of country life. We imagine the sunlight cooled in rainy air. The thin shadow that the ladder throws upon the wall shows the strength of the sun. Fowls are suggested, and not without meaning as regards the daily farm life, as part of the warm shadow under the ricks.



Honington Hall.
By A. W. Rich.

The temptation which besets many brilliant water-colourists, to enjoy the skilful side of their art as if it were some kind of game, seems never to have seized Mr. Rich. Nature is often forgotten in this pleasure or made to accommodate herself to it, and it is a pleasure not always carrying with it the mastery either of colour or form. One can never have any doubt as to the sincerity of Mr. Rich's intentions; there is nothing to mislead one. A curious intentness seems to prevail in his way of approaching each of his subjects; a certain care, as of the beginner, in placing his washes, and all this makes



Near Clayton, Sussex.
By A. W. Rich.

for that appearance of artistic honesty which is the most distinguished characteristic with which artistic work can be endowed, and by far the rarest to find nowadays. He makes this initial gain of our confidence, and we are in his hands, prepared to trust his art and to turn to it with delight in its fidelity.

It is in the modern exhibition with its insolent patronage of Nature that one learns the value of Mr. Rich's art, as delicious fresh air blown in at the door to mix with the paint-laden atmosphere. His style is reminiscent of the masters; in places it is candidly learnt from them — everything else about his art speaks of direct contact with Nature. No contemporary influence is apparent. In attempting a very close approach to Nature, the water-colour masters were called upon at every point for compromise with the most limited of mediums. To know the history of the art is to know in how many different ways and at what different points the compromise has been made. Mr. Rich chooses to be guided by early masters, and having, where the art demands a surrender, accepted their convention, he is free to pay to Nature his whole court. It was common once to speak of water-colours as drawings, and the term water-colour drawing is especially applicable to much of Mr. Rich's work. I believe an objection has been revived in some quarter to applying any other term, or considering as legitimate water-colour art anything to which the term might not be easily applied. To scorn certain things which can now be done, when the only reason for their not being done before was the obvious one of the limitation imposed by materials since improved, seems to us a form of pedantry not even of help to the purist. And we have permitted ourselves to raise this point, for it bears directly on at least two pictures by Mr. Rich, 'Near Clayton, Sussex' (p. 151), and 'A Stormy Day' (p. 153). These are better understood as to the nature of their technique, with their intentness upon effects which could not be arrived at immediately, if we refer to them as paintings, whilst 'The Farmyard' (plate facing p. 152) may define itself as a drawing. This latter picture is especially characteristic of the simplicity and effectiveness of the artist's methods, of his instinctive powers of composition, and regard for the old-fashioned requirement that an artist should from his subject "make a picture"; but there are more intimate passages of painting in such a work as



A Sussex Windmill.
By A. W. Rich.

'A Stormy Day' and of its *motif* an emotional rendering which finds in music the parallel for its indefinite beauty.

Hardly ever in this art does the human element engage attention. For its resource this speaks volumes. It is a companionable art, giving us remembrance of companionship with Nature.



Rye Harbour, Sussex.
By A. W. Rich.

Mr. Rich was born at Skeim's Hill, Sussex, 1856, but had no opportunity for the serious study of art until 1890, when he entered the Slade School, and worked for six years, first with Prof. Legros, and later with Prof. F. Brown. He exhibited at the New English Art Club in 1896, and was elected a member in 1898, since when he has exhibited regularly at their exhibitions. Two of his water-colours are in the permanent collection of the British Museum. Mr. Rich held his first "one-man show" in 1902, at the Egyptian Hall; since then he has exhibited under similar conditions once at the Alpine Club, and recently at the Carfax Gallery.

Sales.

A FEW notable pictures were sold at Christie's on February 23rd, the property of Mr. R. Kirkman Hodgson, of Sevenoaks, and from other sources. Lawrence's 'Miss West,' afterwards Mrs. William Woodgate, on canvas 29 by 24 ins., in white dress with pink scarf tied round her neck, and blue sash, fetched 4,000 gs., a "record" which compares with 3,000 gs. in 1906 for the 'Miss Ogilvie' of similar size, obtained by the late Mr. T. H. Woods, in 1885, for 195 gs. Cuyp, many of whose best pictures, as Dr. Martin has been telling us, are in this country, was represented by 'A Dutch Farm,' signed, that made 3,800 gs.; Morland by several works, including 'Happy Cottagers,' engraved by J. Grozer in 1793, 2,800 gs.; Hoppner by a full-length of Charles Oldfield Bowles, as a boy in plum-coloured dress, 2,200 gs., and a kit-kat of the Hon. Mrs. William Fitzroy, 1,250 gs.; while the finished sketch of 'The Market Cart' by Gainsborough fell at 600 gs., and a portrait of a lady in *gouache* by Daniel Gardner, whose 'Ballad Seller,' in pastel, made 1,050 gs. in 1905, at 700 gs. There were many other items of interest. During the month there were sold, too, a first state, before any letters, of H. Meyer's 'Lady Hamilton as "Nature,"' after Romney, 450 gs.—more than ever before in uncoloured state; a complete set of the ten portraits in stipple by C. Wilkin, rarely met with as a series, 320 gs.; a valuable collection of works illus-



Warwick Castle.
By A. W. Rich.



Painted by ALFRED W. RICH.

THE FARMYARD.

trating the costumes of the British military and naval forces, that Major-General Astley Terry inherited from his father, some of which, being in particularly fine state, made high sums; and a number of pieces of old silver bearing the Hull hall-mark. On February 15th a square-shaped Chinese porcelain vase, 20½ in. high, Kang-Hsi Dynasty, made 2,500 gs.; a Louis XV. writing-table with ormolu mounts, 1,600 gs.; and three panels of Old Brussels tapestry, 1,400 gs.



A Stormy Day.
By A. W. Rich.

THE chief sale of March was that of the first portion of the Massey-Mainwaring collection, comprising jewellery, pictures, old silver, miniatures, decorative furniture, objects of vertu, the 901 lots of which fetched £56,998. The dispersal began on March 11th, and on the following day the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, who, as M.P. for Central Finsbury, carried the resolution in the House of Commons for the opening of museums on Sunday, died somewhat suddenly. An emerald, brilliant and pearl tiara brought £5,200; a five-row necklace, composed of 471 pearls, £4,600; a pair of bronze figures, 22 in. high, of a baby boy and a baby girl, signed by Jean Pigalle, dated respectively 1749 and 1784, 1,300 gs., against £3,100 in the Beckett sale, 1902, for a baby girl in white marble, dated 1784, by the same artist; a panel of Old Beauvais tapestry, signed Neilson, 700 gs.; a pair of Old Sèvres sceaux, 5¼ in. high, 1756, 650 gs.; a pair of Dresden figures, 18 in. high, of a courtier and a lady in peasant costume, 580 gs.; a regulator clock, made for Louis XVI., with fine ormolu mounts in the style of Gouthière, 520 gs.; a Louis XVI. writing-table, said to have cost £2,000, 370 gs.; an old Chelsea inkstand, picked up for £7, 195 gs. A crinoline group, of the Countess de Kossel, catalogued as Old Dresden, after being carefully scrutinised, failed to go beyond 55 gs. The thirty-six Old Masters in the Massey-Mainwaring collection fetched £7,442. Several of the most prominent show large advances since last publicly sold. These may be conveniently tabulated.

Artist.	Work.	Formerly sold.		Massey-Mainwaring.
		Sale.	Gs.	Gs.
Canaletto	Venice View, 23½ × 38¼	Scarisbrick, 1861	220	850
F. Clouet	Comte de la Marque, 7 × 5⅔	Magniac, 1892	45	720
Matsys	Louis XI. of France, 9 × 5½	Magniac, 1892	160	600
F. Clouet	Claude de Claremont, 7¼ × 5⅝	Magniac, 1892	105	310
C. Bega	Interior with figures, 16 × 14	Scarisbrick, 1861	50	230
			580	2,710

In addition there may be named two small interiors with figures, by Teniers, 700 gs.; two shipping pieces by W. Van de Velde, 600 gs.; a village scene, by A. van der Neer, 460 gs.; and a view of Dresden Market-place, by Benedetto Canaletto, 330 gs. A landscape with cows, given to Paul Potter, for which Mr. Massey-Mainwaring is said to have refused £2,000, fetched but 15 gs. From another source came Raeburn's 'Sir James Montgomery,' in wig and gown, 620 gs.

On March 22nd a pair of old Chinese famille-rose mandarin jars, 40 in. high, Ch'ien-Lung period (1735–96), brought 2,100 gs., against 1,850 gs. for the slightly larger Louis Huth pair in 1905; a pair of Old Dresden vases and covers with ormolu mounts, 1,200 gs.; a set of twelve Queen Anne chairs, walnut wood, finely carved, 1,050 gs.; a pair of Louis XVI. fauteuils, covered with old Beauvais tapestry stamped DESHAYES, 500 gs.

London Exhibitions.

THE 127th exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists shows what a transformation can be brought about by the substitution of discreet for chaotic hanging. In the large room especially pictures are arranged with regard to a pleasant ensemble of tone, instead of allotting to this or that member prominent positions. The general aspect is dignified and congruous. Hence the visitor, in place of annoyed bewilderment, is agreeably disposed towards the works offered to his sight. The public, if it be enlightened, will mark its approval of this change by visiting Suffolk Street in greater numbers than heretofore, and artists should be stimulated to send of their best. Of the two recently-elected

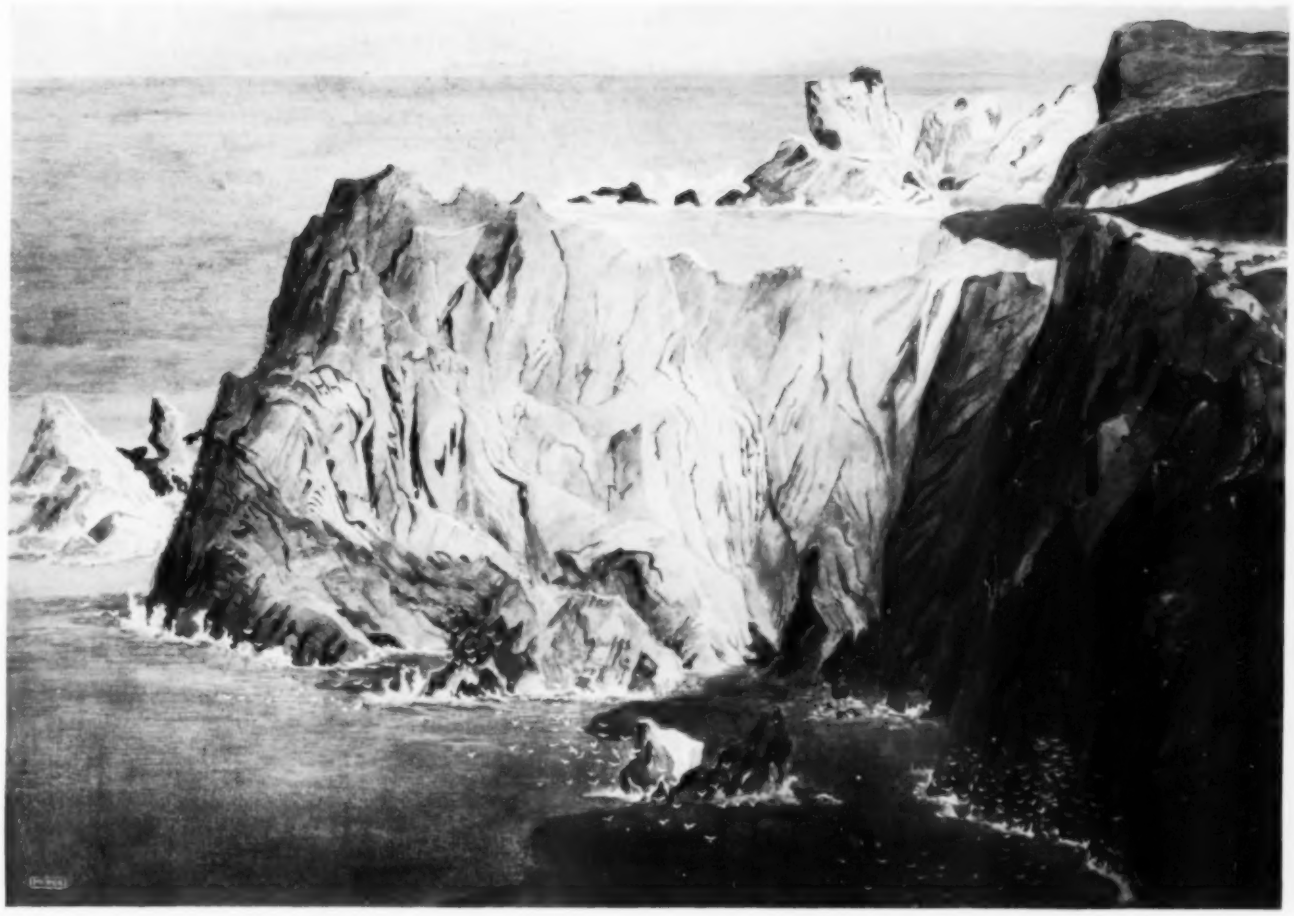
members, one only is represented, Mr. Elmer Schofield, the American landscapist. His 'Winter' in a French village is eminently honest and strenuous, if it is not carried to quite its logical conclusion, either as to colour or definition. In the central gallery are, too, Mr. Tom Robertson's 'Haven under the Hill,' St. Ives on its spur of land seen from a height across dim blue waters that break faintly into foam against jetty and rocks—it is a serenely beautiful evening dream; Mr. A. H. Elphinstone's 'Night,' with the sense of the sea flowing in the darkness; Mr. Alfred East's 'Winter's Dawn,' where violence impinges on the decorative idea; Mr. F. F. Foottet's large fancy, 'The Passing of Spring,' insufficiently informed with the gladness of the blossom-time which it is intended to represent; Mr. W. J. Laidlay's 'Winter on the Norfolk Broads,' church and misted trees seen against the faint luminous yellow of an evening sky; several good landscapes on a small scale by Mr. Paul Paul; Professor Herkomer's oval portrait of Mrs. Hubert von Herkomer; Mr. J. D. Fergusson's cleverly ruthless 'Mauve Feather,' and the more persuasive 'Turquoise and Silver' of Mr. Graham Robertson. Elsewhere are interesting works by Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Edwin Noble, Mr. Lewis Fry, Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth.

The 94th exhibition of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters is pleasantly varied by the introduction of a few pieces of sculpture by members of the Society of British Sculptors. Among them are Mr. Thomas Brock, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Alfred Drury, Mr. Goscombe John, Mr. Pomeroy. The proportion of skilled water-colours in the exhibition is considerable, and some have pictorial vitality or weight. The 'Spring' of Mr. Horatio Walker, the Canadian artist, slight though it be, has space, air and light, and the horses in the plough, if they do not keep their place in the design, are vigorously realised. Mr. Walker is the ardent observer, whereas Mr. Aumonier, in his landscape 'The Quiet of Evening'—a moorland scene with a cart-way winding through the bracken towards the cottage on the height—is more serene, more contemplative. Mr. Leslie Thomson works in something of the same mood, but his 'Near Holyhead' should have been in oils, as even more certainly should have been Mr. Charles Dixon's big drawing of the Thames, its craft, its drama of smoke and evening light. Among the welcome drawings are Mr. John Fulleylove's 'Paris, looking East,' unobtrusive, of animated scholarship; the energetic studies of horses by Mr. A. J. Munnings, hardy actualities forcefully rendered; several gay little bits of colour by Mr. Mortimer Menpes; a vividly exclamatory 'Benares' which Mr. Gwelo Goodman manages to unify; Mr. W. B. Ranken's 'Blackleading Jane,' reminiscent though it is of Mr. James Paterson's 'Betsy'; and the skilled 'Clearing Up' in the workshop of an old-time armourer by Sir James Linton. There are dexterous costume and physiognomy studies, picturesque, sentimental, or verging on the grotesque, by many contributors, among them Mr. Edgar Bundy, Mr. A. D. MacCormick, Mr. John Hassall, Mr. McIver Grierson, Mr. Sanderson Wells.

The exhibition of the Society of Miniaturists comprises 286 examples, notably those by Madame Debillemont-Chardon and Miss Edytha Goodwin. The portrait of Herr Hegedus by Miss Ethel Karuth is at any rate daring.

"One-man" exhibitions increase to an alarming extent. Several of those opened in March, however, had full warrant. At Leighton House M. Simon Bussy was better represented than ever before in London, and his pastels, grave, gay, elusive, romantic, gain by being brought together. At the Goupil Gallery, M. Le Sidaner showed eight new pictures of Venice, 'Lueurs et Lumières.' The largest of them, 'Musique sur l'eau, le soir,' is of the Grand canal. Less sensational, more in accord with Venice the august and stately, is 'Le Vieux Palais, Clair de Lune.' In the same gallery Miss Rowley Leggett showed some pleasant pastorals. The exhibition of water-colour drawings by Mr. George Thomson at the Bedford College for Women, where, as art master, he has during the last few years done invaluable service, suggested the advisability of a show to which the public should have access. His is strong, sane work, free from all display of virtuosity as from the defects of the so-called decorative school. His attitude is one of frank acceptance, not of evasion of difficulties. At the Leicester Galleries were a number of naïvely primitive pictures in tempera by Mrs. Marianne Stokes of the picturesquely-costumed peasants of Upper Hungary, and landscapes, of delicate harmony, by Mr. Adrian Stokes. The pictures and drawings by Mr. Will Rothenstein at the Carfax Gallery, though nothing of importance was new, included interesting examples of several phases of his art, among them 'The Green Settee,' the self-portrait of 1897, and one of the Talmud School series. At the Fine Art Society's were some charming water-colours of Italy by Mr. Robert Little; at Dowdeswell's more of Mr. Arthur Rowe's dexterous portraits of beautiful gardens in England, Scotland and elsewhere; at the New Dudley Gallery, adroit work by Mr. W. Russell Flint, who has more invention than imagination; at the Paterson Gallery a group of large-scaled water-colours by Miss Frances Hodgkins, a New Zealander; at the Spanish Art Gallery military pictures by Senor Don José Cusachs, including a portrait of the King of Spain for the Spanish Embassy; and at the Mount Street Galleries spacious landscapes by Mr. Claude Hayes, and studies of cats and dogs by Miss Muriel Hunt.

As usual, Messrs. Shepherd have several attractions for the student. Chief of them is an oblong variant of Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I. Gainsborough is known to have left in his studio six or seven "copies" of Van Dyck pictures, only one of which, that of the Pembroke family, has with certainty been identified. Is this a second? The sky and the treatment of the leafage suggest the English master, and in any case the picture is fine. There are, too, an exquisitely pearly Bonington, a view of the Abbey of St. Bertin; an early Sir Joshua, 'Mrs. Kenrich'; one of George Morland's Isle of Wight pictures, 'Hoisting Sail'; and a grave Cumberland scene by Crome, of the same period as the 'Slate Quarry' of the National Gallery. The exhibition of mezzotints at the Leicester Galleries was remarkable for the group of admirable portraits by John Smith (1652–1742), the favourite engraver of Kneller, and the most prolific and able mezzotinter of his day. Never, save at the British Museum in 1905, where were seen forty of his scholarly prints, has John Smith been so well represented. The second annual exhibition of flower paintings at the Baillie Gallery, heralding the spring, was most successful.



Glen Head: "Merchant-marring Rocks."

By W. Monk, R.E.

Glencolumbkille and Glengesh.*

By Alfred Yockney.

DISTANCE in landscape is always pleasing, and when objects can be distinguished no longer, when all the facts of nature are blown together into one hazy cloud, there is charm in the prospect beyond. The eye scans the land or the sea to the horizon, and the mind's eye occupies itself with the outer world. It is then perhaps a dream landscape, but the space beyond exists as a component part of the picture, and it takes its place in the vision even of those who are only mildly susceptible to the sentiments of nature. It is this hidden quality which confuses the painter. A drawing may be made to awaken a memory, the colours to appeal; but the artist will admit to himself, if not to his patron, that his skill has failed to express wholly the vitality of the scene spread out before him. His picture has an edge, and there is no gilt frame round nature.

Such thoughts occur to one in the midst of the unbounded resources of Glencolumbkille. These is a rumble in the very name which suggests distance, and remoteness of place is as alluring as a far-off view. The actual mileage is not important. A week's journey over difficult ground gives more satisfaction to the adventurer than a month of saloons and wagons-lit, and the true vagabond will prefer a ramble about a place like Glencolumbkille to a Cook's tour round the world. Long before you reach the Glen you will have marked the district on your map as a place of no social importance, but one likely to yield a multitude of simple attractions.

Sonorous Glencolumbkille is no place for the fashionable holiday-maker, the haunter of casinos, the gay promenader. You may meet friends in the comfortable lodgings which represent the local hotel accommodation, and the rooms being limited in number, you may have to sub-divide a suite. But there are no facilities for the introduction or reunion of family parties. There are no fine lawns to be creased for games, no *Skylark* cruises, no Pierrots, and no picture post-cards. Yet he would be an unconscionable town-dweller or pier-walker who would deny tribute to this secluded village by the sea when once discovered.

Its character is supported entirely by voluntary con-

* "Ulster and Connaught" series. Continued from page 121.



Malin Head from Glen Head.

By W. Monk, R.E.

tributions. It does not advertise its charms, and he would be a bold man who would recommend his friend to go there for a holiday. The friend being there, it is likely that he would be equally impressed; but in turn he would doubt if it was a suitable resting-place for his own friend. And so on. The fact is that Glencolumbkille does not offer inducements to visitors because it prefers to be loved at sight, and not by treaty. In its own simple fashion it welcomes strangers, but its good points are not for the hoarding.

Glencolumbkille is the western terminus of County Donegal. The word, in its modern use, suggests the presence of a railway, and the nearest stations are many miles away. But the word terminus seems to fit the place. There is something final in the situation of the Glen. It is not because it rests on the edge of the land, cut off from civilization by the ocean at one end and by precipitous passes at the other. Such features are common on the west coast of Ireland. But when a stranger drops down the steep hills and stands by the bay-side he feels that the end of that day's march at least has come. Nothing can induce him to climb back to the regular track. The marble halls of Carrick or Ardara must remain untrodden until he has explored the picturesque retreat of the famous saint who gave his name to the Glen.

It is well that the railroads end some distance away. The visitor will be hardened by exercise if he reaches the Glen, and he will need to be vigorous if he wishes to return without fatigue from his daily excursions. One must be prepared to walk in Glencolumbkille many more miles than can be reckoned with a compass on the map. One may set out gaily to Glen Head, for instance, and pass over the bridge of piled-up rocks—mere stepping-stones. But it is more than probable that, in a few hours' time, one will find the stones under water, in which state of tide a detour must be made. Then there are many things in the Glen which are the pride and the partial income of the inhabitants, and one needs to be active beyond anticipation if one is to follow one's guide from the Saint's Bed to his House, or from his Chair to his Well. Local historians do not bother the tourist in County Donegal, but here and there information will be thrust on one. The slight intrusion may be pardoned in Glencolumbkille, for the guides there are mostly children, and a few coppers to them will not be missed. Their interest is worth procuring at such a modest



Tinkers in Glencolumbkille.

By W. Monk, R.E.

outlay, for they will be on the look-out for the stranger as he returns from his walk, and will tell him the way to the village when the bridge road is full of water. We were indebted to one Ignatius. Without the friendly help of this intelligent boy of eight years, ours would have been an uncomfortable evening. The self-possessed Ignatius picked his way barefooted over the marshes, and, after a long day on Glen Head, it was pleasant enough to be thus piloted on the shortest way to the hard road.



St. Columb's Well: A "Station" for Pilgrims.
By W. Monk, R.E.

The path to Glen Head leads near the various objects which serve to inspire devout strangers to Glencolumbkille. An enormous pile of stones near the Well represents the offerings of many hands, and to this spot the pious have proceeded for centuries. On reaching the headland high up above the village the visitor will look down on the peaceful scene and think of the pilgrims who have trampled the heather on their way to pray at the shrine of the saint. No doubt, during his many visits, the venerable man himself looked down from the rocky heights about the Glen, and refreshed his thoughts with the beauty of the views before him. It is certainly a place for soliloquy. There is a romantic silence, and all around are the uncut gems of



An Ancient Cross.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Hill Street, Ardara.

By W. Monk, R.E.

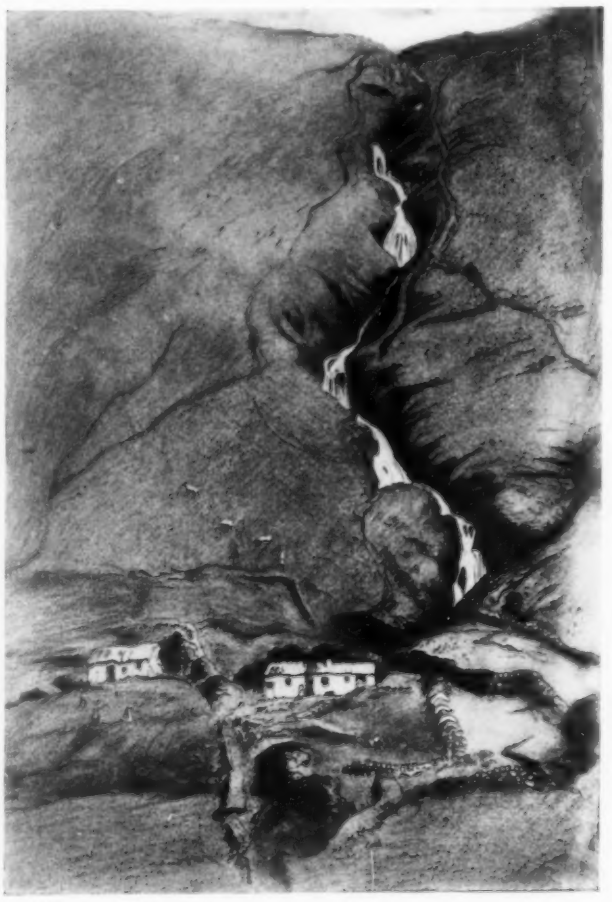
Nature. The land is furrowed as though by some Cyclopean plough. Really the implement is the spade of the turf-cutter, but the trenches seem not to have been cut by human hands. Nor are they as they appear: for heavy rains have coursed over the ground until the work of the miner has disappeared. Only mutilated tongues of peat remain, protruding from the decaying face of the land. Glen Head is a fierce place in a storm. It runs the gauntlet of many tearing winds and angry seas, and it bears marks of resistance to much violent weather. The cliffs are deeply bitten by the eternal movement of the sea, and the appetite of the elements is insatiable.

Coming from Ardara the traveller has been keyed up to magnitude in landscape by Glengesh, the mighty pass that threatens the safety of every vehicle and causes the pedestrian to exclaim in wonder. One looks back and realises that the labour of ascent has been very real. The road so steep is under the eye until it zigzags away. It reappears in the company of a little river, and the two seem to float together like ribbons in a breeze. Human figures on the level road look like rats on the keel of a warship. One enters the Glen Valley with an enlarged vision, and nothing there brings the eye to the perception of detail. The outlook is broad always. The road towards Donegal Bay also is set in vast scenery, Slieve League predominating. But away from the neighbourhood everything seems on a comparatively small scale. It is as though one has passed from a swift river to a placid tributary. Thenceforward in Donegal one breathes the air of a smaller compartment.

Passing Events.

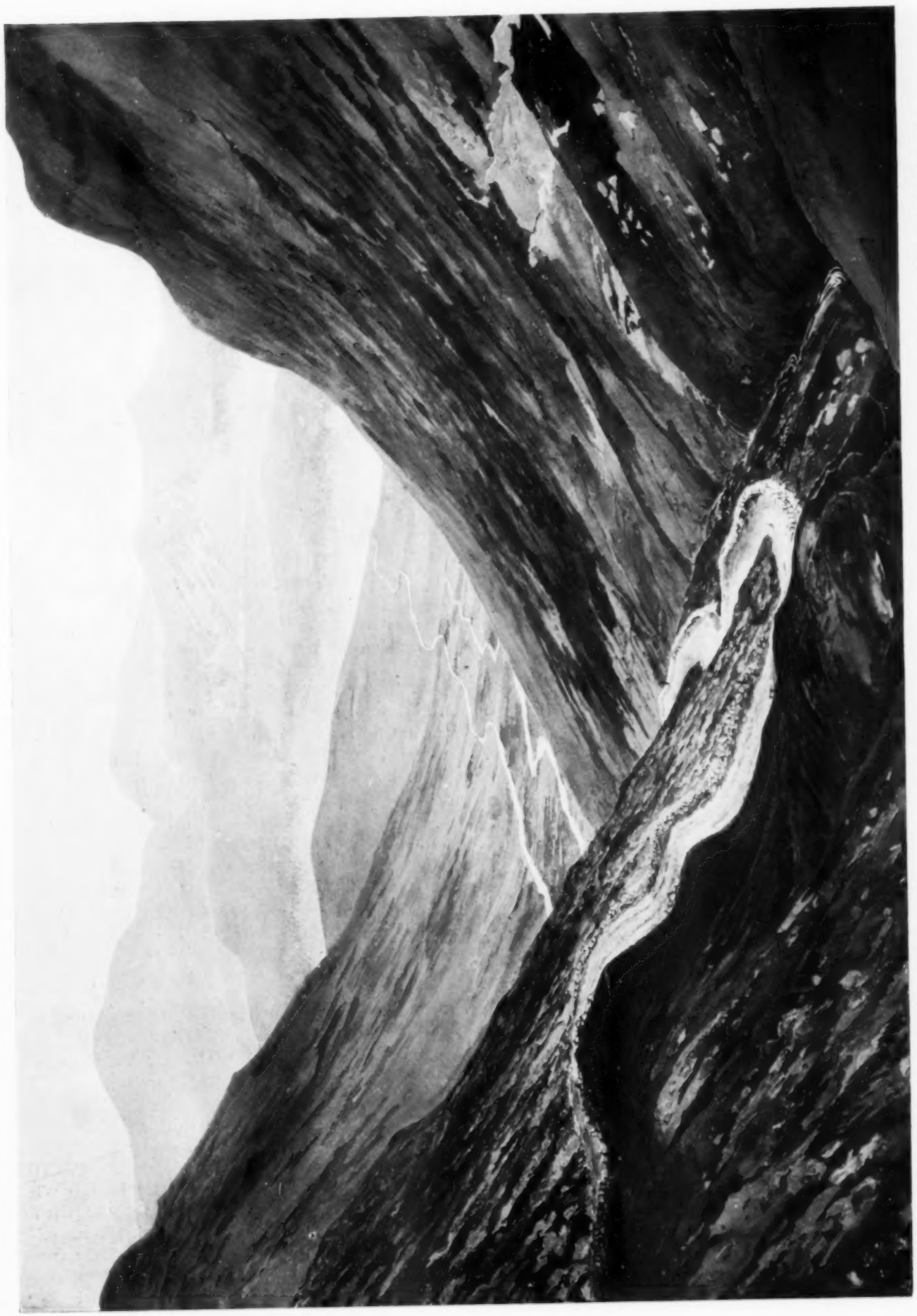
MR. FREDERICK GEORGE STEPHENS, who at the age of 79 died suddenly on March 9th, was, of course, one of the seven original members of the P.R.B., of whom there now remain only Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. W. M. Rossetti. When the Brotherhood was formed in 1848 he was a student at the R.A., but he abandoned painting for the pen. For forty years, ending with 1900, he was art critic of the *Athenæum*, contributing, it is said, to every number save two. That, indeed, is a remarkable record. Unfortunately, as is to be gathered from perusal of "Pre-Raphaelitism and the P.R.B." differences occurred between Mr. Holman Hunt and his old friend. Of these we have not heard the last. The handsome head of Stephens figures in many pictures, notably in Millais' 'Ferdinand and Ariel,' and 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' and in Madox Brown's 'Christ Washing Peter's Feet.'

WRITING to *The Times*, Mr. Laurence Binyon again directed attention to scenery and stage effects suitable for imaginative plays. He rightly holds that what is wanted is not costly elaboration, but staging in harmony with the play, not distracting. A day or two later there was a public performance of the "Persians" of Æschylus, the scenery and dresses for which were designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts. One of the main ideas was to use a dominant



A Cascade, Glengesh.

By W. Monk, R.E.



The Pass of Glengesh, Co. Donegal.
By W. Monk, R.E.

colour in harmony with the imaginative atmosphere of the play or scene, throwing into relief the principal characters by the same means.

ATTENTION has been directed to the conditions under which the late Mr. C. J. Oldman bequeathed to the British Museum four valuable instruments by Stradivarius. They are to be "preserved for ever enclosed in a suitable glass case." Experts point out that this would virtually destroy them, for they are nothing unless vehicles of beautiful sound. Almost as well might pictures be left to the nation on the condition that they should be hung with their faces to the wall.

ON March 6th British art lost a veteran supporter in the person of John Frederick Herring, who, though called "jun." to distinguish him from his widely-known father of the same name, had attained the great age of ninety-two. Herring the younger carried on the family tradition, and many of his little pictures of horses and poultry are familiar in reproduction. He seems to have contributed to the Royal Academy only between the years 1863 and 1873.

THE Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, fifth son of the third Earl of Clarina, was in his sixty-second year when he died suddenly on March 12th, the second day of the Massey-Mainwaring sale at Christie's. It will be remembered that the disposition of the extensive collection of jewellery and art treasures accumulated by Mr. Lee-Mainwaring led to a dispute in the Law Courts, which eventually reached a settlement characterised as "just, proper and generous."

ON March 11 the Royal Society of British Artists elected a couple of new members, each of whom adds to the strength of the Suffolk Street body. Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler's inventive art—for he concerns himself with content as well as with pictorial phraseology—has for long been a feature at Burlington House. 'The Sisters,' 'The Viaticum,' 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' and 'Ecce Agnus Dei,' are of the works that stand to his credit. At the Royal Exchange is his panel of the Five Kings being entertained by the Vintners' Company in 1356. The other new member, Mr. Elmer Schofield, is by birth a Philadelphian, and in America has won a number of honours, notably the Webb Prize for Landscape in 1900, and the gold medal at the Carnegie Institute in 1904. He has pictures in several U.S.A. public galleries.

THE International Society made a mistake in not placing a photograph or a drawing of the group of which it forms an integral part under Rodin's great figure 'L'Ombre,' sent late to the exhibition in Regent Street. Separated from the other two figures, with its base almost on the line of vision instead of eighteen or twenty feet up, it was falsified, became enigmatical. In the group it is the figure to the left, bent towards the other two, all borne down by a common weight of despair. It has been suggested that the unity of gesture is, so to say, a plastic echo, perhaps unconscious, of the tragic reiteration of the opening lines of Dante's Inferno.

A SUIT interesting to artists was before the Paris Courts recently. Madame Colombier, the sculptor, brought a claim of 20,000 francs against the New Salon for rejecting in 1906 a marble Bacchante, the original plaster of which was shown the year before. She was non-suited. Even if the Society's rules had not contained a clause on the point at issue, it is difficult to see how a case for damages could have been sustained.

MRS. WATTS is erecting at Compton a special building, which will be opened during the summer, to contain a version in gesso of 'Physical Energy,' which, cast in bronze, serves as the Rhodes Memorial in South Africa. A number of early studies by Watts have also been added to the picture gallery.

THE exhibition of the Royal Drawing Society was this spring held at the Skinners' Hall, Dowgate Hill, where it was opened by the President, Princess Louise. Mr. Ablett's method, which rests on a far more widespread faculty than is supposed of vivid observation in childhood, gives some remarkable results. He aims to train the eye, the hand, the memory, by observation at first hand.

THE Queen and her sister, the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia showed their interest in art by paying long informal visits to the National Gallery, the Portrait Gallery, the Wallace Collection and the Tate Gallery. At the last-named the late H. T. Wells' 'Victoria Regina' naturally came in for special attention.

MR. DUDLEY HARDY, one of the most versatile of our artists in black-and-white, was in March married to Miss Annie Morrison, a lady from the western island of Skye. His father, the late T. B. Hardy, did many a lightning sketch at the Savage Club.

THE inaugural exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters proved far more successful than might have been anticipated, especially taking competition into account. Instead of the guarantors being called upon, there was a small balance to the good after all expenses were paid. Moreover, the artists had the advantage of seeing their work on the line and of revising their judgments, as is impossible in the studio.

IT is not true that the 'Galloway Landscape,' mentioned on page 96, was painted in collaboration. It is entirely the work of Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., and we regret that the contrary should have been stated.

LIVERPOOL did well to organise a Holman Hunt exhibition—it closed on March 2nd. His 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' certain details in which Ruskin said had not for earnestness and completeness been equalled since Dürer's time, was in 1851 awarded the £50 prize for the best picture of the year in Liverpool, where it was sold; and in 1853 Holman Hunt again carried off the award. Immediately before he was thus "heartened," Holman Hunt had thoughts of abandoning art and emigrating as a farmer. Fortunately the tide turned.

UofM



Printed by Charles W. Burtlett

Mother & Child. Brittany.

The New Gallery.

By Frank Rinder.

"EXCELLENCE dwells among the rocks, almost inaccessible, and a man must wear his heart out to find her." Few of those represented at the twentieth Summer Exhibition of the New Gallery appear resolved to tread that steep and difficult way—the only way, nevertheless, which leads to the truth that makes us free. A project, exhaustively discussed among artists, having come to nothing, the exhibition is, as heretofore, under the direction of Mr. C. E. Hallé and Mr. J. W. Comyns Carr. As here operative, the invitation system is far from satisfactory. True, one or two able men are from time to time recruited—Mr. Havard Thomas and Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, for example—but, with the whole field of British art open, it should be possible to do much better. The loss sustained by the "New" when Watts died is, of course, irrevocable. Mr. James Clark cannot take his place. Nor are Mr. Strudwick, and one or two more, substitutes for Burne-Jones, whose art—essentially derivative—is an insufficient foundation for a school. Prominent positions are given to travesties of art and of observation, to exhausted echoes, feeble and fragmentary. Those who falsify Love into sickly sentimentality, Labour into pseudo-decorative invertebracy, Lust—which in Rubens goes unashamed—into a tawdry perversion of itself, might with profit remember the words of Constable: that there is always room for a natural painter; might remember, too, that so far from any pictorial salvation lying in the Theme, a pigsty can be exalted, a crucifixion belittled. To create a commonplace, it has been wisely said, is to have genius.



Miss Alma Wertheimer.
By Havard Thomas.



Mrs. C K. Butler.
By Havard Thomas.

Happily we have not to go beyond the entrance-hall to discover work of rare and articulate beauty. The two portraits in marble by Mr. Havard Thomas make us aware of a new spirit in English sculpture. They prove that the creation of mind in stone does not belong exclusively to the past or to some other country—to France with its Rodin, for example. Other acceptable things in sculpture are Mr. John Tweed's 'Madame X,' the head energetically wrought, the treatment of the bust suave, and his well-controlled 'Miss Frances Leggett'; the ably-handled busts by Mr. Basil Gotto, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy's ejaculatory 'Bernard Shaw,' and work by Mr. Derwent Wood and Mr. Albert Toft. Mr. Felix Joubert's 'Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick,' in mail, with drawn sword, on his caparisoned horse, the plaster coloured to actuality, is a skilful piece of make-believe, feeble as is its æsthetic appeal.

Among more or less regular contributors to the picture section there are absentees as regrettable as Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, whose 'Eildon Hills' was one of the noble efforts of 1906, Mr. E. A. Hornel and Mr. Edward Stott. Portraiture is as usual a strong feature, its chief exponents being Mr. Sargent, who forsakes the holiday mood of last year and keeps strictly to bounds, Sir George Reid, M. Jacques Blanche, the Hon. John Collier, and—in the more avowedly decorative kind—Mr. Lavery and Mr.



Aucassin and Nicolette.
By Keith Henderson.

Henry. Honours in landscape—and landscape, from the point of view of æsthetics, has been called the true complement of man—go to Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, Mr. Mark Fisher, and, not least, to Mr. Alfred Parsons, who is no mere literalist in the two small but expansive views of Warwickshire. There are several skilful enough figure-subjects apart from portraiture, that of Lady Alma-Tadema, for example; and in his 'Mother and Child' Mr. C. W. Bartlett works with true insight and distinction. On the imaginative plane there is nothing of great potency.

Mr. Sargent and Sir George Reid are in the North Room. Less than ordinarily is it a case of brilliant incisiveness measuring swords with dogged perseverance and patient surety of hand. Mr. Sargent's full-length of Dr. Warre, presented in recognition of his twenty-one years' Head Mastership of Eton, is on a monumental scale, and fittingly kept dignified, free from display. Dr. Warre, in black D.D. gown and white tie, the narrow part of the scarlet hood showing, carrying his cap, some books and a key, stands, a massive figure, against the gravely treated masonry of the chapel and the steps leading up to it. There is authority in the head, though the sanguine flesh-tints, with a very high light on the brow, may be too suggestive of recent violent exertion. Mr. Sargent's second portrait, less weighty, more elegant, is of Mrs. Harold Harmsworth, the animated face set against a background of heavy foliage, a scarf of white chiffon relieving the black dress. Admirable for close, firm characterisation is 'Sir Charles B. Logan,' by Sir George Reid. He scrupulously eliminates all that he does not understand. This is at once his strength and his limitation. Pictorially Sir George can at-one himself with a clearly defined Scotsman; on the other hand, he could not begin to utter the unfathomable secret of the Mona Lisa. Mr. Lavery does not excel himself, which would be to do a great deal, but charming notes of rose are played into the diaphanous scarf of the 'Hon. Mrs. Coulston Fellowes,' a full-length figure in white, and of anemone-purple into the hat of 'Mrs. Leo Bonn.' The violets, delightfully massed in a gleaming bowl, give the keynote to Mr. George Henry's cool and delicate 'Miss Innes.' 'Kathleen,' a little girl in grey, holding a rosy apple, by his countryman, Mr. Harrington Mann, deserved a place on the line. M. Jacques Blanche's 'Lucien Simon'—who, by the way, has been painted recently by M. Charles Cottet—has sensitive beauty, though an apprehensive look in the eyes falsifies the pictorial intention somewhat. The Hon. John Collier has a suave and able portrait of Professor Arthur Schuster; Mr. William Logsdail an interesting and remarkable full-length of a lady in black; Professor Herkomer a solid, business-like 'Sir Richard Biddulph Martin,' seated by his library table strewed with papers; Mr. W. Llewellyn a simple, unprettified child study, 'Molly'; Mr. Richard Jack, 'Mr. Arthur J. Ryle,' ably carried to a logical conclusion; Mr. Von Glehn an accomplished 'Mrs. G.' in blue, which, however, stops short of conviction; Mr. Hugh Riviere a portrait of Mrs. Edmund Hanbury in purple, which did not give him the opportunity of the 'Miss Genevieve Ward'; and there are characteristic examples by Messrs. H. Harris Brown, G. Spencer Watson, J. J. Shannon, John Bowie, Sydney P. Hall, and among others, of course, Mr. C. E. Hallé.

Mr. Charles W. Bartlett has in perception and unstrained utterance never excelled his 'Mother and Child, Brittany,' a water-colour of rich, congruous design, hung with the oils in the West Room (frontispiece). The grave-faced



On the Links.
By Leslie Thomson.

peasant mother is seated in a cobbled yard, a little girl, in blue and red, standing confidingly between her knees. Beyond are the crumbling stones of the raftered porch, and the green plane trees of the Place, through whose interstices house-fronts are visible. There is no sentimental emphasis, for reliance is on the ever-fresh charm of the actual, elevated by something of reverence, of wonder. This 'Mother and Child' have a breath of peace about them. The same artist's 'Festival Dance,' another Breton scene, is endued with rich and vigorous rhythm. Conspicuous among other peasant subjects are Mr. Lee Hankey's 'Unimportant Task' and 'The Goose Girl,' pleasant in tone, skilled in handling, if rather inconclusive, rather remote from life; Mr. Austen Brown's 'Getting Home,' two Normandy women in clogs, wearily passing a cottage screened by golden-green leafage; and Mr. E. Borough Johnson's 'Labourers plod their Homeward Way.' Mr. John Duncan's 'Lover and Lady,' which has a centre in the south room, is not of those things painted with the dust of time and the moth's wing of oblivion. Its angularities, its bewilderments of scale, tell of the way in which he holds to a dream alien to the temper of to-day. Though not an authoritative utterance, it expresses something of the ardour of troubadour times, when love at its height was regarded as inaccessibly remote, a gift humbly to be sued for. Lady Alma-Tadema's 'Love at the Mirror' is remarkably deft and delicate, even though there be lapses from fine finish and a lack of imaginative emphasis. Mr. Jacomb Hood gives us a well-balanced composition in 'An Idyll of Theocritus,' but such a subject demands the copious vehemence of a Peter Paul. Sir James Linton's big costume piece, 'The Admonition,' is of an old-time bishop gravely reprimanding a group of strolling players who have gained entrance to the palace. Mr. Byam Shaw's 'Caged Bird'—the little winged creature has been freed, it is the girl who remains circumscribed—is an attempt to re-capture pre-Raphaelite intensity; and Mr. Edmund van Hove reverts to the particularity of Matsys. In the balcony are Mr. Norman Wilkinson's 'St. Stephen in his Cell,' pure-sighted, with something of the accent of an Annunciation, and a study by Mr. Keith Henderson, fresh and inventive, of Aucassin pleading for the hand of Nicolette.



(By permission of The Autotype Co., 74 New Oxford Street, London.)

The Rev. E. Warre, D.D.
By John S. Sargent, R.A.

Mr. Hughes-Stanton follows up his important 'Calais



Sir R. Biddulph Martin, Bart.
By H. von Herkomer, R.A.

Dunes' of 1906, recently bought for the Luxembourg, with a large view of 'The Gorge, Fontainebleau.' In design and in colour he preserves the gravity of that scene of ancient chaos now transmuted into a fair, wild place. Only the slender birch in the foreground might with advantage, perhaps, have been a weightier tree. The smooth boulders, the winding blue stream, that takes the colour of the sky, the dark trees, the purple cliffs, are true to a harmonious conception. Mr. Leslie Thomson is at his best in 'On the Links,' particularly as to colour and answering colour. The sky has space and daylight, there is air about the grassy earth, where the clothes on the line sway in the breeze, sway just a thought distractingly, it may be, quite justly to accord with the prevailing serenity. Mr. Alfred Parsons concerns himself far less with unity of tone, with colour 'values,' than Mr. Thomson; but there is no parsimony of observation in his two fine little landscapes: 'Mist in the Vale,' films of smoke merging with the mist, and 'Sun on the Hills,' which gives a sense of the recreative potencies of nature. Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove again shows remarkable talent in the painting of the shadowed snow, with gleams of winter sunlight on it, which lies deep and almost untrodden about 'The Church Porch' (p. 186). But the figures, as introduced, seem to falsify the mood, and there is the same difficulty, as often, to find the real Mr. Spenlove. Of many other acceptable pictures more or less in the landscape kind there may be named a pale green woodland fantasy by Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Alfred East's 'Dignity of Autumn,' a congregation of lofty poplars in grave communion, Mr. W. H. Bartlett's 'Embarking for Aranmore,' the green Irish Sea running free about the boat into which peasants are persuading a cow, Mr. Arnesby Brown's 'Old Ricks,' with a glory of gold above the Cornish hills, Mr. James Aumonier's broad and true, if rather repetitive, 'Evening on a Sussex Common,' the felicitously deep-toned 'Court of the Oleanders' and 'Cité de Carcassonne,' many-towered on its height, respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Withers, Mr. Coutts Michie's 'Among the Silent Hills,' solemn in design, though the actual paint is between us and pleasure, one of Mr. Peppercorn's grey gravities, the murky nocturne of Amsterdam, with coloured lights gleaming in the brown, by Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. James S. Hill's silvery view of the Thames at Westminster, a breezy 'Hampstead Heath' by Mr. Montagu Smythe, Mr. J. L. Pickering's large 'Sylvia's Pool,' where lurks an idea of romance, Mr. Napier Hemy's 'Lighthouse,' the swinging waters unable to communicate their life, pictorially, to the headland, and Mr. James Orrock's 'Trent at Clifton Grove.' Mr. Sidney Lee paints an amazingly actual Norman castle, overgrown with ivy. But is such wresting of fragments, with relatively little attempt to re-environ, justifiable?

IT is a pleasure to record the purchase for the Luxembourg of Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton's 'Sand-dunes, Dannes-Camiers' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1906, p. 180), which was a feature of the New Gallery exhibition last year. It is now in Salle I. at the "Old" Salon, next Mr. Laparra's vast sensation, 'Le Piédestal.'



Among the Silent Hills.
By J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A.

Metal-work and Jewellery.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

IN an essay, written when the Eiffel Tower was a new fact, a critic, subtly perceptive, enthusiastic for the ardent in art, wrote fervently of the inability to see the high and splendid worth of the material that characterised the attempt to use iron in architecture. His words designed a mighty epoch of art, the iron age of peoples inspired, equipped, to celebrate the last triumph of the creative spirit in earth's materials, in ascent from expression in weaker, more perishable substances to endow iron with the full significance of its use to man. That idea, based on the fitness of iron to the structural necessity of to-day, the writer contrasts with a reality of metal building in the frigid ineloquent form of the Eiffel Tower, unenriched, yet with no grandeur in its austerity.

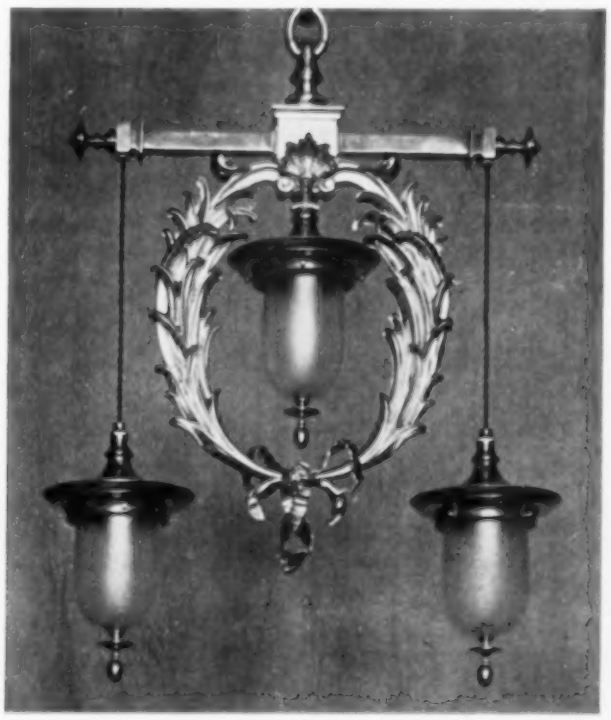
It is true that no finer creative use has been made of iron, or of any other metal, in our times than in the splendid past of metal working. The great uses of structure to which metal is put in modern engineering and architecture have evolved no wealth of styles and fantasy, as was the case from antiquity to the nineteenth century when a material was of supreme use. The artist in metals has at present not more but less to do than the smiths of the past who strengthened and enriched the buildings of church, state and individual, made splendid the front of war, the accoutrements of chivalry.

Yet for the smith, as for the jeweller and goldsmith, the time is one of hope and of increasing possibility. The alliance between the metal-worker and the architect, if still not so finely knit as is desirable, is closer than it was before the renascence of smithing as a craft, and some of the finest metal-work of recent years has been wrought from the design of architects, or done in close collaboration of the craftsman in metal with the designer of the fabric. It is from the individual metal-worker rather than from the trade-producer to pattern that the most sympathetic collaboration with the scheme of the architect is obtained. The fine lock-plates by Messrs. Veitch and Fenn are an example. Mr. Amor Fenn's own gift of design makes him the more perceptive of the just and fit opportunity for metal-work in a scheme strictly conditioned in style and workmanship. The lock-plates, the dog-grate, are modern work that can enter fitly into relationship with an ancient fabric. The electric light fittings by the same workers for Cardiff Town Hall vary from the simplicity of the three-light fitting to chandeliers of many lights. The designer has unified the scheme with success, developing, as the two illustrations show, the central idea in accord with the relative importance of the piece.

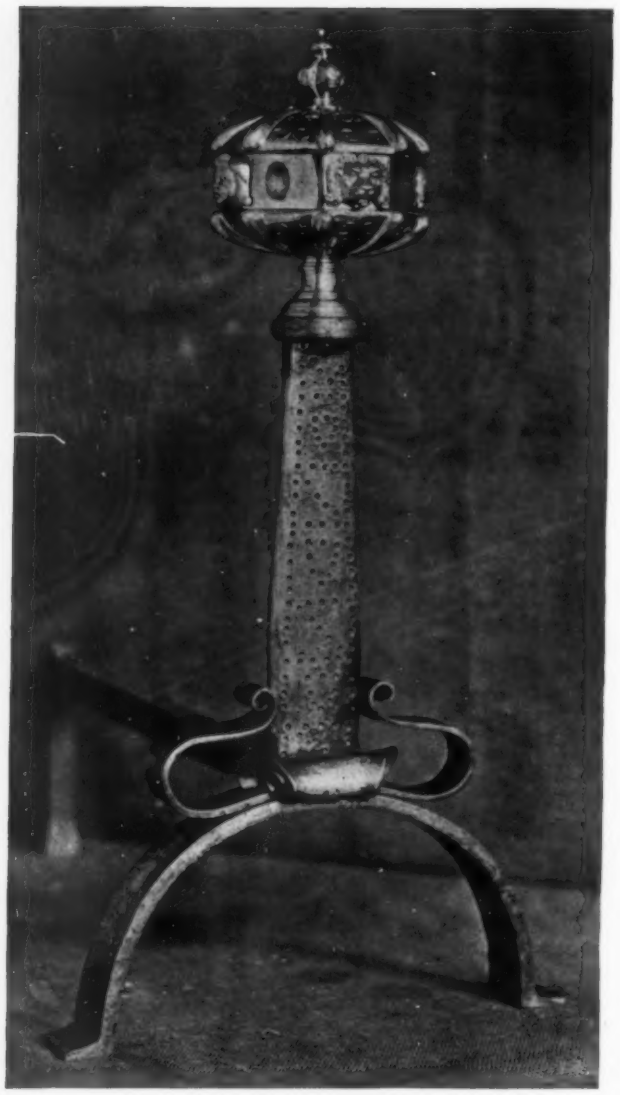
The massive lock-plate by Messrs. Waltham and Company, the fine dog, where the strength of the metal is not less an effect of the design than is its beauty when worked in ornament, the two curbs with bronze and pierced patterns of delightful elegance, represent another craftsman's firm, able to invent in the various styles that an eclectic age



Electric Light Fittings.
By Amor Fenn.



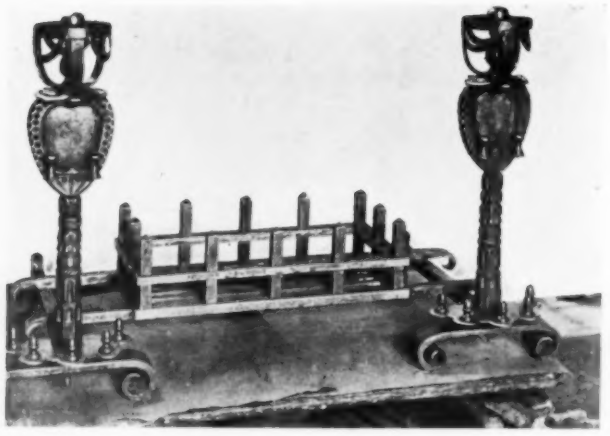
Electric Light Fittings.
By Amor Fenn.



Fire Dog.
By Waltham & Co.

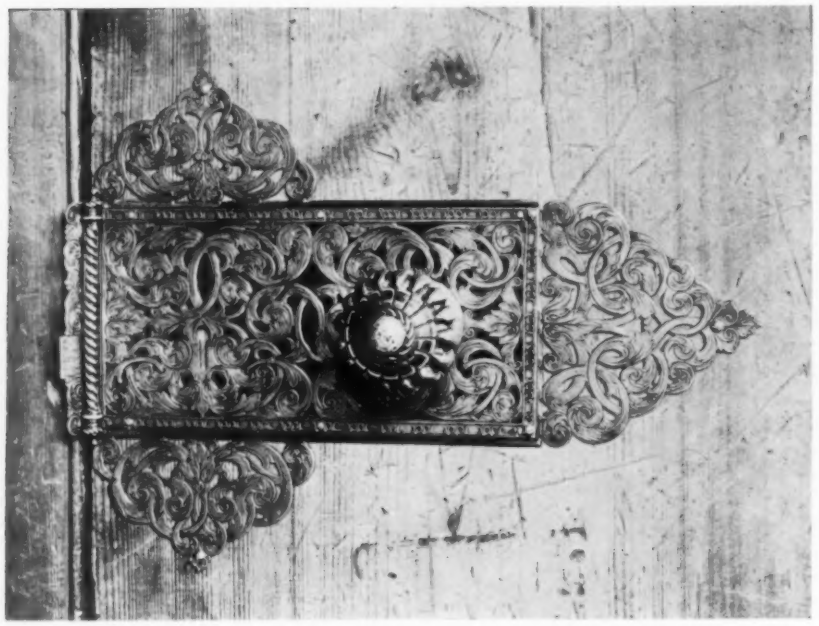


Lock Plate.
By Amor Fenn.



Dog Grate.
By Amor Fenn.

takes pleasure in. The crucifix of enamel and precious metal, wrought with corn and vine, is a little work that comes from these workshops as fitly as goldsmith's work came from the designers of great work in the full days of art.



Lock Plate.
By Amor Fenn.



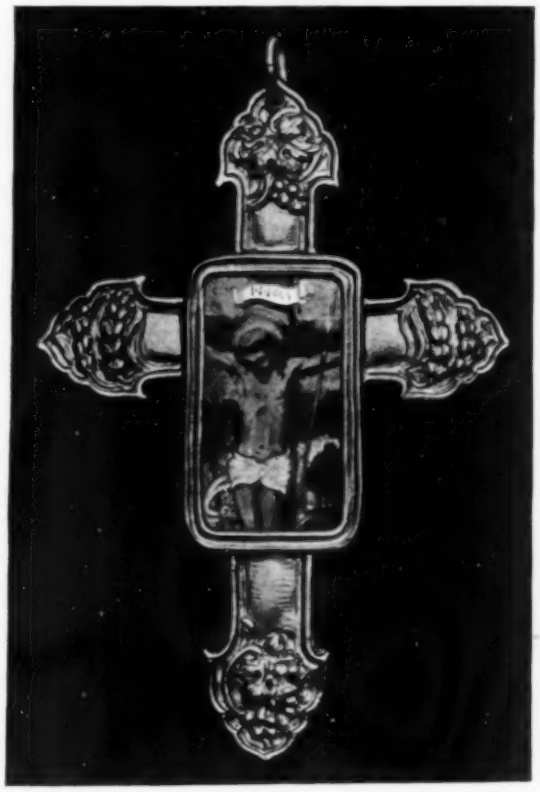
Pendant.
By Annie Steen



Two Fenders in Steel, with Bronze Decorations.
By Waltham & Co.

Outside the building the metal-worker has still bigger opportunities to express his craft, his sense of the meaning and possibility of the fabric. An important recent example is in the State entrance-gates in wrought-iron and bronze designed and executed by Messrs. Ramsden and Carr for the New Old Bailey. The whole of the artistic metal-work in the building is the work of the same artists, but the gate, from its position and use, is the biggest opportunity given to the smith in this undertaking. Messrs. Ramsden and Carr have used it well. The gates have the strength and solemnity fitting their place. By a device that is admirable imaginatively as well as artistically, the boldly wrought design of the City arms and supporters on the lunette grille remains in position when the gates open, or, rather, slide into the wall.

Mr. George Bankart's lead-work, either cast or with part or all the ornament tin-soldered, is one of the most distinctive revivals of architectural metal-work. Such essential features of building as gutters and rain-pipes, once a splendid opportunity for variety and beauty of the fabric, had for long been left to the trade fitter. Indeed, the association of art with plumbing was as much forgotten by architect, plumber and public as though lead had never been wrought into fine ornament by English master-workers. Professor Lethaby's book on lead-work must have sent many people's eyes to the cisterns, pipes and gutters of our cathedrals, palaces and churches, and this public is not likely to overlook Mr. Bankart's work on the Midhurst Sanatorium, Manchester Cathedral, and the many other buildings he has enriched. The illustrations show three important rain-water heads, of which the casting is in true accord with the best traditions of the craft, founded, of course, as are all craft traditions, on the true effect to be won from the material. With the dull surface of the lead, the casting not too much projected, Mr. Bankart uses, where salience is wanted, tin-solder, and in details of two of the rain-water heads he has



Crucifix of Enamel and Precious Metal.
By Waltham & Co.



Lock Plate and Handle.
By Waltham & Co.



Font in Cast Lead.
By G. P. Bankart.

effectively introduced perforation. His fonts and tanks, as they are to be seen nearer, and as individual objects, receive a less massive treatment. The use of low-relief in the design of flowing water and the fish that coil and swim, is especially expressive and delightful.

It is not only in the fittings of a building that the craftsman in metals is called upon to fulfil the design of the architect or to adorn it. The vessels, the cross and altar lights of the church, if they are to be fitly the high symbols



Rain-water Head in Lead.
By G. P. Bankart.

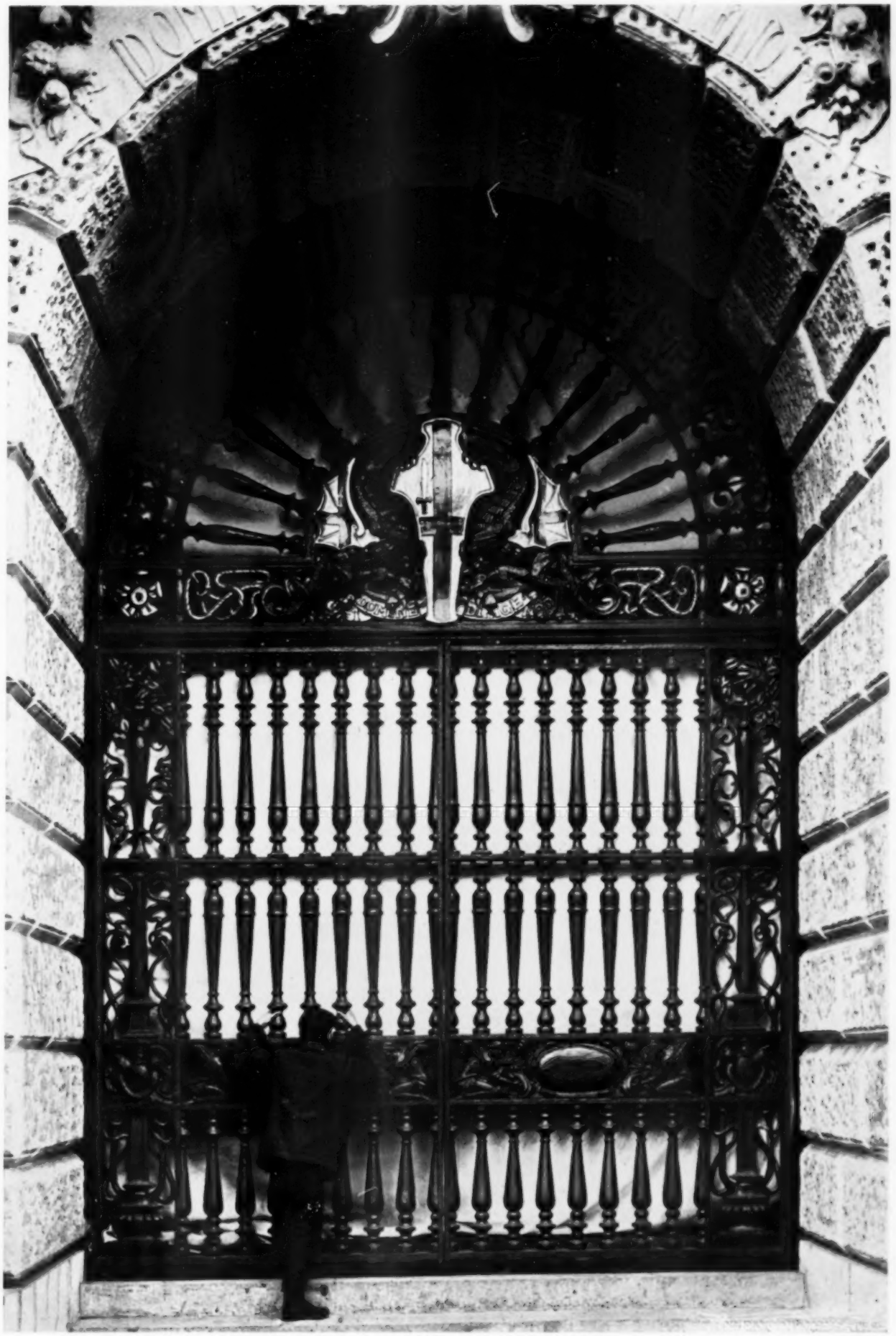
of sacrament, must be the work of hands and mind fulfilling an idea of what cross, light, the wine-cup and the bread signify. When the architect designs the altar plate, as in the cross and candlesticks recently executed by the Artificers'



Rain-water Head in Lead.
By G. P. Bankart.

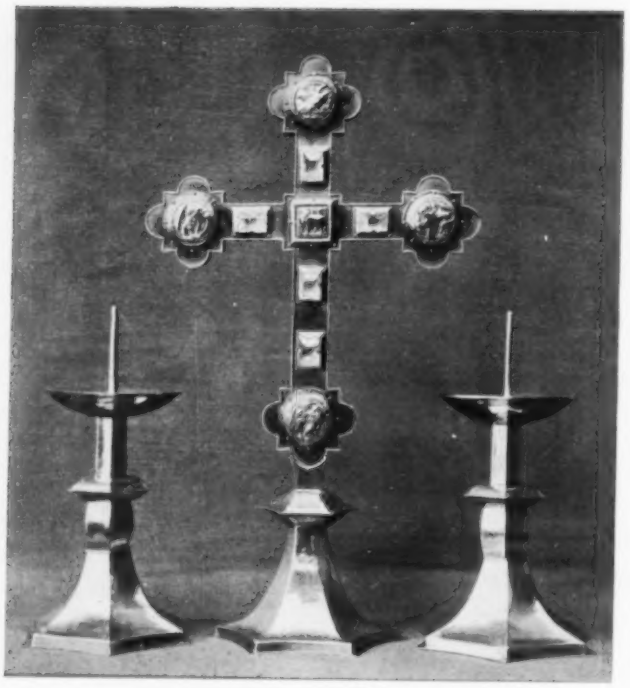


Rain-water Head in Lead.
By G. P. Bankart.



State Entrance Gates to Newgate Sessions House, Old Bailey.

Designed and Wrought in Iron and Bronze by Omar Ramsden and Alwyn C. E. Carr.



Cross and Candlesticks for the Bishop's Hostel, Lincoln.

Designed by Temple Moore and J. Bonnor.
Executed by The Artificers' Guild.



Silver Chalice.

By J. Paul Cooper.



Lead Work.

By G. P. Bankart.

Guild for the Bishop's Hostel in Lincoln, the task of the craftsman is still an expressive one. In this cross, for instance, which serves both as an altar and, detached from its base, as a processional cross, though the form is designed by Mr. Temple Moore, the imaginative and beautiful repoussé work of the four evangelist panels and the Agnus Dei roundel are due to Mr. John Bonnor, one of



Salt Cellar.

(By permission of Messrs. Elkington & Co.)

By Florence H. Steele.



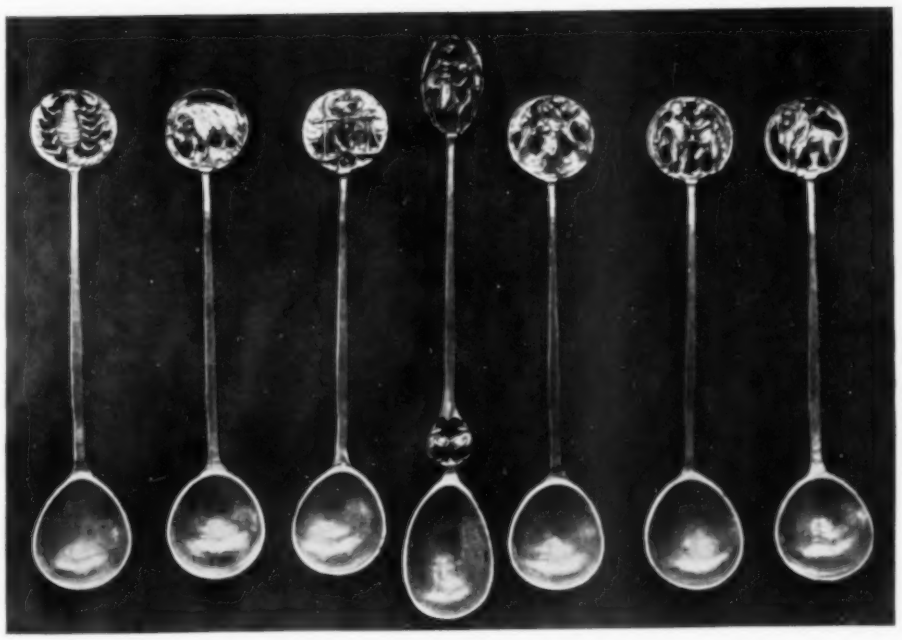
Silver Girdle and Hair Comb.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Made by the Artificers' Guild.



Metal Objects.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Made by the Artificers' Guild.



Silver Zodiac Spoons.

By J. A. Hodel.



Lamp Standard.

By W. A. S. Benson.



Kettle Stand.

By W. A. S. Benson.



Bronze Bell Push.
By J. A. Hodel.



Vase, Silver and Enamel.
By Bernard Cuzner.



Silver Flagon.
By J. A. Hodel.

the genuinely creative artists who work within the guild. Of his rich work and that of Mr. Edward Spencer this is not the first time that it has been a pleasure to speak. Mr.



Bell Push.
By Florence H. Steele.

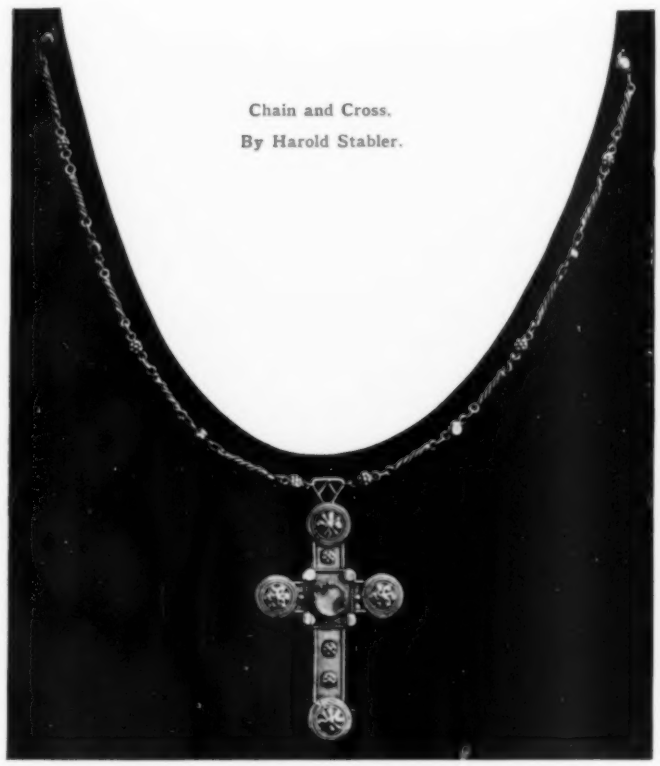


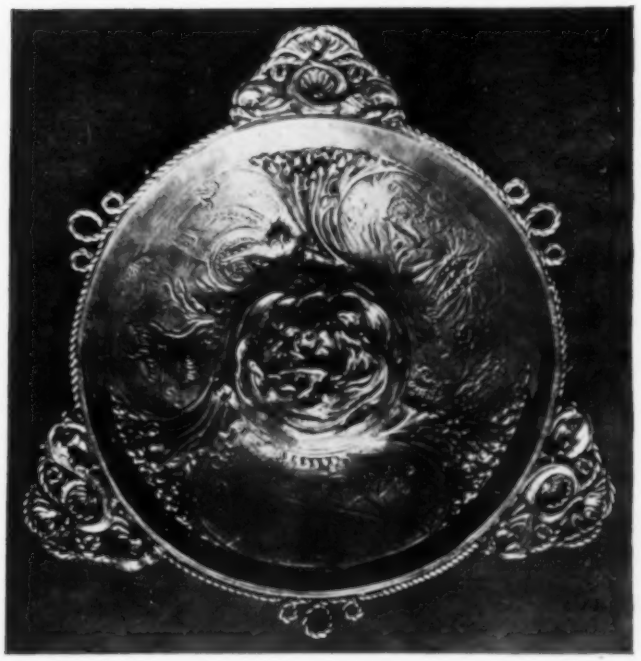
Necklace.
By Harold Stabler.



Pendant in Gold and Silver.
By J. Paul Cooper.

Chain and Cross.
By Harold Stabler.





Silver Card Tray.
By J. A. Hodel.



Votive Lamp, in Bronze, Silver, and Enamel.

By H. Wilson.



Brass Altar Candlesticks.

By Harold Stabler.

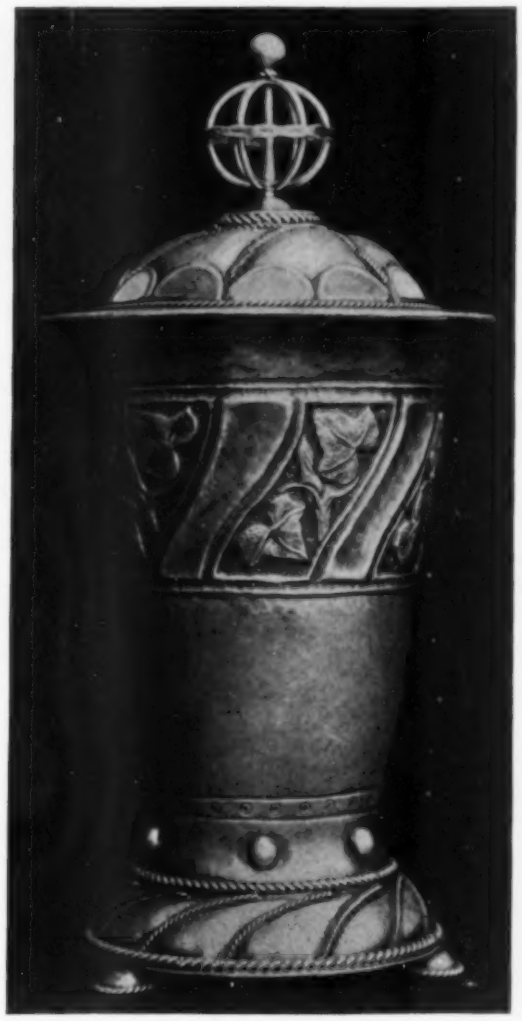
Spencer's design for a silver girdle, with the serried leaves, appropriate in flat treatment to the purpose, yet important as ornament, as is the whole piece, the hair comb, so happily devised, are instances of this fine designer's smaller work.

Losing colour in reproduction, all these works lose much beauty, as, too, do the copper pot-pourri jar, which has a beautiful bluish patina, in fine contrast with the silver perforated lid, the small jar also of bright silver and copper, the kettle, a delightful shape, and of most fortunate surface.

In the chalice by Mr. J. Paul Cooper, also the artist of the imaginative pendant in gold and silver; in the great votive lamp by Mr. H. Wilson, for Saragossa Cathedral, and the tall strong candlesticks, with fine simple ornament by Mr. Harold Stabler, whose serene pendant of the Virgin and Child it is interesting to compare with that of Mr. J. Paul Cooper, there is a group of recent church metal-work that proves more than many words of its artistic and technical scope. To these one may add the silver flagon by Mr. Joseph Hodel, a solid big piece of work, with vine ornament of fine execution. Mr. Cooper's chalice has in the original a richness that no reproduction suggests. The treatment of the stem as a mass of vine growth, then a cluster of lilies, set round about with barred pillars, is one of those effects that quicken sight with pleasure. The contrast between this richly chased stem and the bowl, of delicately varied surface, and the base, broadly reflecting light, is vividly designed. Mr. Wilson's great lamp has richness of colour as well as of form. Bronze, silver and enamel are all employed, and from the crystal ball at the



Scent Bottle.
By R. Garbe.



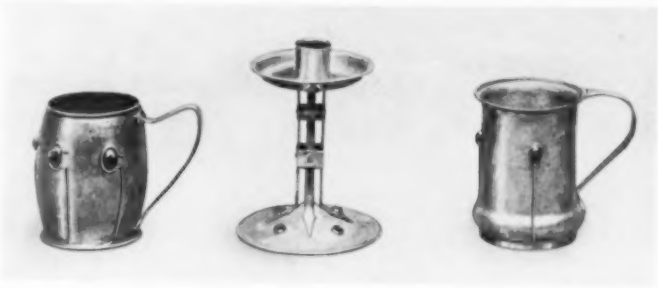
Beaker, in beaten Silver and Enamel.
By Bernard Cuzner.



Seal, with Agate Handle of Turquoise and Enamel.
By Evelyn Bethune.



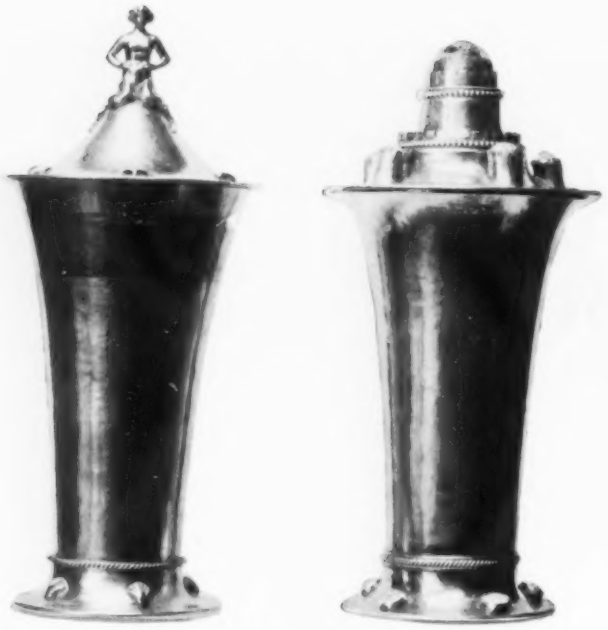
By A. Edward Jones.



By A. Edward Jones.



Fish-skin, Brass and Steel Casket.
By R. Garbe.



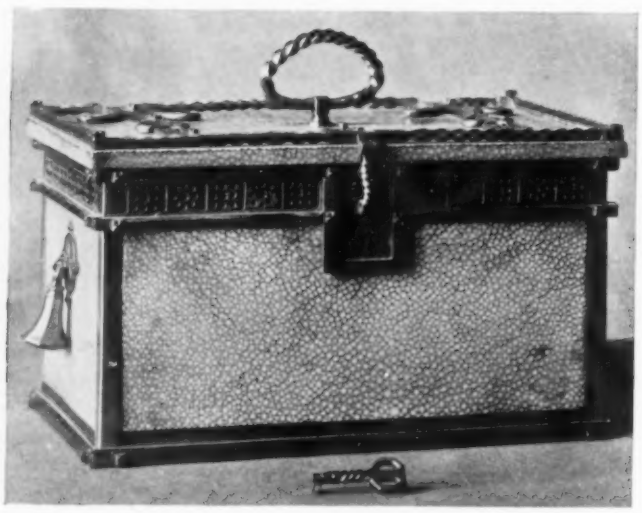
Silver Beaker Cups and Covers.

By W. S. Hadaway.



Necklace.

By Annie Steen.



Fish-skin, Brass and Steel Casket.

By R. Garbe.

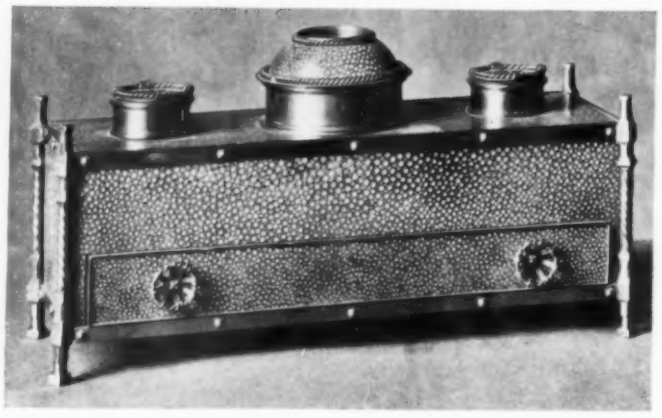


Enamelled Brass Dish-Cover.

By W. S. Hadaway and C. Hughes.

base to the brightly coloured shields hung below the crowning band of vine, the eye is interested by an effective use of materials and their imaginative shaping. The adoring figures of saints around the circular building whence streams the light of the lamp are finely wrought. From these ornate works to the restrained forms of Mr. Stabler's candlesticks is a change. Mr. Stabler preserves gravity of form, relieving rather than enriching the structure of the work with pattern. It is delicately done. The twisted ornament at the base, the fine outlining of the planes of the columns, the pierced bowls, the vine pattern, give beauty without display.

Church metal-work is one of the finest opportunities of the creative craftsman, but the fittings and furniture of the house offer a freer play to fancy in ornament, and, in their form, which must be primarily useful, the



Fish-skin, Brass and Steel Inkstand.

By R. Garbe.



Gold Collar.

By Florence H. Steele.

gift of appropriate invention is strictly tested. Mr. J. A. Hodel's bell-push in bronze, and Miss Florence Steele's design for the same fitting both start from the necessity to introduce a round button-like thing sufficiently conspicuous for the bell to be easily found, yet not so as to obtrude. Mr. Hodel determines to emphasize the push, and places his white discs in the round mouths of bronze sun-fish, caressed by a floating, wave-borne mermaid. Miss Steele, with an allusive touch, perhaps, puts the button at the centre of a little wheel of blind fortune. It may turn, one sees, as the



By A. Edward Jones.



By Annie Steen.



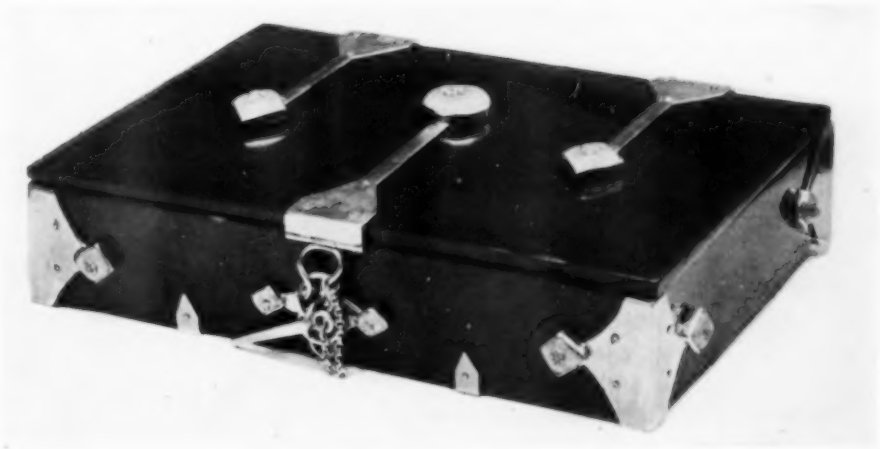
Panel for Silver Casket.

By Florence H. Steele.



Enamel and Opal Pendant.

By Ethel Virtue.



Horn Card-box Mounted in Silver and Enamels.

By Ethel Virtue.



Pendant, with Pearls and Dark Opal.
By Evelyn Bethune.

result of ringing the bell. The little rich spoons by Mr. Hodel, with six signs of the Zodiac, his slender Tobias spoon, the figures in the curving shelter of Angel's wings, his card-tray in *repoussé* varying from delicate suggestion to the forcible treatment of the mermaid and the salt-weed, are other instances of his art, and an art of domestic metal-work. By Miss Steele, too, is another piece of use, a salt-cellar with figures of those that pluck the grape, and hold the cup, as well as the side of a silver casket, a gold chain of distinctive design. Of this work a good instance is the table silver of Mr. A. E. Jones, a fine craftsman, whose work needs no more ornamentation than is given by his skill and appreciation of the beauty of his materials.

Mr. Bernard Cuzner's two jars in silver and enamel, the roses gleaming translucent on the band of silver leaves, the lid of the beaker bright with enamelled semicircles, are effective work by a craftsman whose jewellery, like these larger pieces, has no need to be intricate to be rich. The dish-cover by Mr. W. S. Hadaway, the beaker surmounted by the delicately, yet forcibly, wrought figure, are other instances of interesting work done by the craftsman in the service of the individual, and with these in kind, though metal is only a part of the material skilfully used by the artist, one may class the casket, inkstand, and scent bottle by Mr. Richard Garbe. Mr. Garbe's work as a sculptor has a graceful echo in the gentle figure in ivory set in the granulated white of fish-skin.

Form, the simplest, most obvious form which need requires, is the starting-point of Mr. Benson's design. Ornament, if such a thing as a light fitting is to be made, he prefers to consider architecturally in connection with the destined surroundings. His work recognises the possibilities of mechanical reproduction, a very different matter from an enforced conforming to them, and, in machine-made metal-work, such as the kettle and stand, he has uttered an individuality, which was never more potent than when he left his full craftsman's practice with William Morris to found a manufactory of metal-work to express his designs. As an application of ideals of beauty to manufacture few individual acts have been more effective.

The group of jewellery by Miss Annie Steen, Miss Ethel Virtue, and Mrs. Bethune in its variety and individuality is typical of the successful endeavour of women-jewellers. A real equipment both in technique and in design, the reality of something to express in the beautiful materials of their art, characterise the work of these crafts-women, as of not a few others.

Danish Pictures.

THE exhibition at the Guildhall of pictures by Danish artists, past and present, interesting enough though it be, is of nothing like the importance of most of its predecessors in a splendid sequence. The exhibition was worth while, if only because it introduced us to the art of Hammershoi, an æsthetic descendant of Vermeer of Delft. Chronologically the exhibition begins with Carl Gustave Pilo (1712–92), who with "sedulous apery" followed, uninspired, the path of eighteenth century French masters, notably Rigaud. Peter Kröyer is perhaps the only living Danish painter of European repute, and, curiously enough, he was born at Stavangar, in Sweden, on Midsummer Day, 1851. By him there are modest, early little pictures, with something monumental in their intimacy. Allusion may be made to the ceremonial pictures by Professor Tuxen, and to the London view by Mr. Niels Lund, who studied at our Royal Academy and lives in London.



Carved Horn Hair Comb.
By Ethel Virtue.



(By permission of Miss Albright.)

The Cement Works.
By Bertram Priestman.

Bertram Priestman.

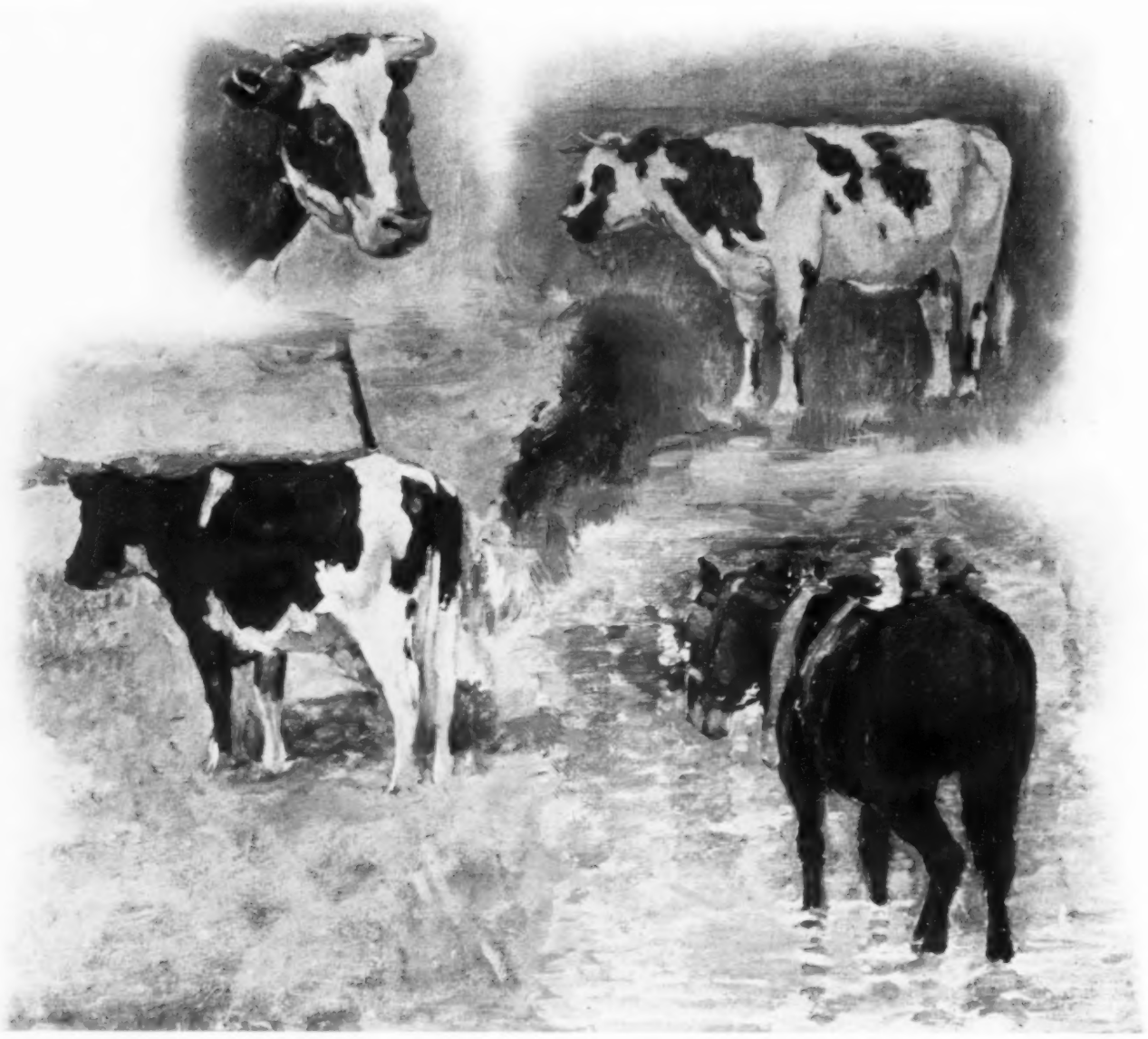
By Frederick Wedmore.

THE individuality of Bertram Priestman, although quite unquestionable, and a subject of interest, is not, to my mind, a particularly easy one to define. That is rather evidence in favour of the substantial importance of his talent than an argument in support of any foolish contention that his talent is imitative. Priestman has never used the easy weapon of eccentricity to persuade the world that he is indeed himself. In his time he has been content to be influenced, though never has he been dominated. His gifts, developing gradually, have followed their natural course. They have been fortified by happy contact with the art with which he is in sympathy. They have been made momentarily ineffective by association with methods which instinct told him were alien to him.

Priestman has been working now, however, for nearly a score of years. And it is during ten years now—ten years, roughly speaking—that instinct and reflection have together taken him upon paths very surely his own. His field, in Landscape Painting, is a wide one He has rebelled—the evidence of the fact is in his work to-day—he has rebelled at restrictions. Like Browning's Fifine, and the flying flag that typified her, he too has "fluttered," "frenetic to be free."

Time was when he was accounted a Cattle painter. He is a cattle painter now, in one sense—the sense that, having learnt by this time to paint most things well, and very well, he can paint cattle well, and excellently well—cattle in relation to Landscape. But certainly he paints them no better than the skies and low-lying coasts, than churning waves or sunny river-waters. His range is, I say, a wide one. The time has quite gone by—but indeed it has never really existed—when there could properly be affixed to him the label of the specialist.

Priestman may paint again, in fat prairies, the wandering or ruminating kine. Very likely. And no good judge of Modern Art would have reason to be sorry for it. But I know that he is certain to paint again—to paint with even increasing interest, and at least with nothing less than his



Four Studies.

By Bertram Priestman.

present quietly-possessed mastery—the harbour and the ship, the bridge and the canal boat; the Sussex Downs where, in mid-storm, in some hollow or "bottom," the trees have a shelter from the wind, and the grey church nestles. Nor can he stop painting—for he has painted nobly already, with a zest and *brio* altogether apparent—the great marine horizons, the cloud borne up from the West, the stretch of dreary waters, and, as it bears down on the victim shore it so entirely possesses, the force and gathered impetus of the voluminous sea.

This is not a biographical chapter. The time for reading Mr. Priestman's biography may, I trust, be delayed for yet one whole generation. He is not forty years old. And when the time does come—I, clearly, shall not be the person to write that biography—or that biographical note. But a few facts about the work, its leanings at a particular period, as seen through various examples—a few conjectures even, about its methods, about its presumed aims—may well be given, and given now on this page. I do not believe that Priestman's Future is likely to at all surprisingly differ from his Past and his Present. Achievement may be perfected: it is conceivable—it is even to be expected—that performances to come, may, in certain qualities of his Art, outdo the performances of which we can now take cognizance. But Priestman, though enterprising, is not erratic. And, though never a specialist, he will understand the limits that are set to Endeavour. This or that facet of his talent will no doubt be more fully revealed. And—if knowledge exists amongst us, or taste for healthy Art—there will come, there is quite sure to come, increasing recognition of the productions of a temperament masculine, sensitive, and sane. About this landscape artist's performances there is no fear whatever of encountering either the tricks that weary or the monotony that palls. But, in the matter of prophecy, I will vouchsafe nothing further.

An interesting fact—but not a particularly creditable one to us, that I can see—is the greater encouragement that, thus far, this painter has received abroad than at home. Not indeed that duly qualified Criticism here in England has been ungenerous to him; nor that private collectors of taste have

failed to open purse-strings; nor that Corporate bodies have declined to adopt his canvases. As regards the last-named matter, pictures of Priestman's are in the municipal Galleries of Bradford, Leeds, and Birmingham (Bradford was the artist's birthplace—he is the son of a collector, Mr. Edward Priestman of that town). And—not to hide my own light under a bushel—it has been my privilege to ask the lately constituted National Museum of Wales to hang at Cardiff (least Welsh of all conceivable Welsh towns) a small but delicate and well-considered example of his Art. No, Recognition is not wanting altogether. And it will the more abound. But, meanwhile—so far at least as public buying is concerned—the Continent has been in advance of us. A Bertram Priestman is at the rooms of the Société des Beaux Arts at Ghent. A Bertram Priestman is in the Bavarian National Gallery—a Bertram Priestman in the National Gallery at Buda-Pesth. But—more significant even—the private collector abroad has asserted his desires. Happily for us—for those of our blood, I mean—Staats Forbes and Alexander Young did not delay to recognise the merit of the painter; and in the New South Wales National Gallery, again—thanks perhaps to the initiative of Lord Carlisle and Mr. Alfred East—Priestman is represented, and, I doubt not, well.

Honours count, too, as well as purchases—they, as symbolizing or marking, like Literary Criticism itself, the approval of the qualified, are the precursors of purchases. And it is now some half-dozen years ago that the painter of 'Under the Willows,' of 'Shawford Lock,' of 'Evening,' of 'A Mile from the Town' (I include in my enumeration some later work) received Honourable Mention at the Paris International Exhibition, and that for a 'Dutch Landscape, with Cows,' the Gold Medal was bestowed on him in Munich.

Speaking of a 'Dutch Landscape,' I am led to remark that Priestman's foreign sojourns have not thus far been frequent or long. He was in Holland about 1895, and again three or four years later. He was in Italy in days closely following his schooldays; but, though his thoughts were turned to Art already, it was not so much to the practice of Art in the country as to the study of it in museums. Italy has said more to many other people—and to some of the least original of people, as well, of course, as to some who are of the best. The Slade School—where, for a couple of terms about, Priestman worked—that too has said more to other people. France, with the harmony of its colour, the charm of its homeliness, the extraordinary dignity of its long-stretched lines—France (but I said I was not going to prophesy, did I not?)—France has not done with Bertram Priestman, who, within the last twelve months, has made some record of the streams and pastures and the flying grey clouds of the Department of the Somme. I recommend to him the uplands about Dijon, with their "*bon soleil de la Bourgogne*"—still more, Western Provence: the part of it that lies between the mountains of Les Maures and L'Esterel, where, with a foreground of low pines and wild and pungent herbage, the bay and Valescure and Roman Fréjus stretch out in the large light of stainless skies.

But meanwhile, apart from the visit to Italy, purely educational, and not making too much of the visits to Holland—though there the painter was in sympathy with its broad modern art, as well as with its natural features and their illumination—Priestman's sources of interest have been some of the least sensational of the aspects, and accordingly some of the least tourist-haunted of the districts, of England. Often, I think, the Suffolk and the Essex coasts. Quite lately, the country abutting upon Romney Marsh—Rye, for instance. The landscape artist, be he painter or etcher, be his pre-occupation in Nature, colour, line, or light, finds Rye interesting. Frank Short has found it interesting for line, for instance. And, for light and colour, Brabazon.

Quite lately, too, North Wales—North-Western Wales—has interested Priestman: and in the small picture of 'A Fishing Village' (Pwllheli) he has noted the glowing



(By permission of the Hon. Grace Tollemache.)

A Mile from the Town.

By Bertram Priestman.



Drawing in Chalks for 'The Hill Bridge.'

By Bertram Priestman.



An Arm of the Sea.

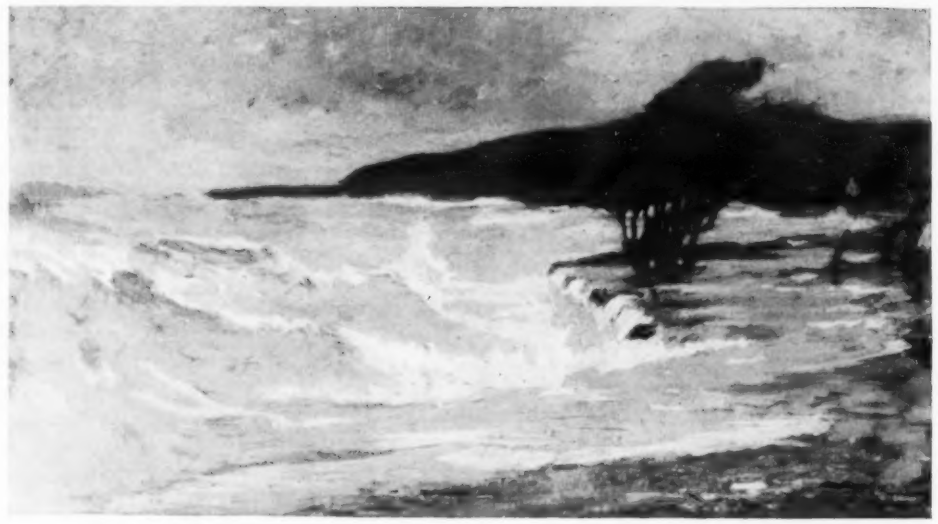
By Bertram Priestman.



(By permission of W. Marchant, Esq.)

Flooded Meadows.

By Bertram Priestman



(By permission of Miss Gabell Smith.)

Storm on the Solway.

By Bertram Priestman.



(By permission of Percy Parsons, Esq.)

Evening after Rain.

By Bertram Priestman.



Storm at Dover.

By Bertram Priestman.



(By permission of W. Marchant, Esq.)

The Tow-path.

By Bertram Priestman.



(By permission of H. E. Leetham, Esq.)

The Meadows' Stream.

By Bertram Priestman.



(By permission of W. H. Aykroyd, Esq.)

Marsh Meadows.

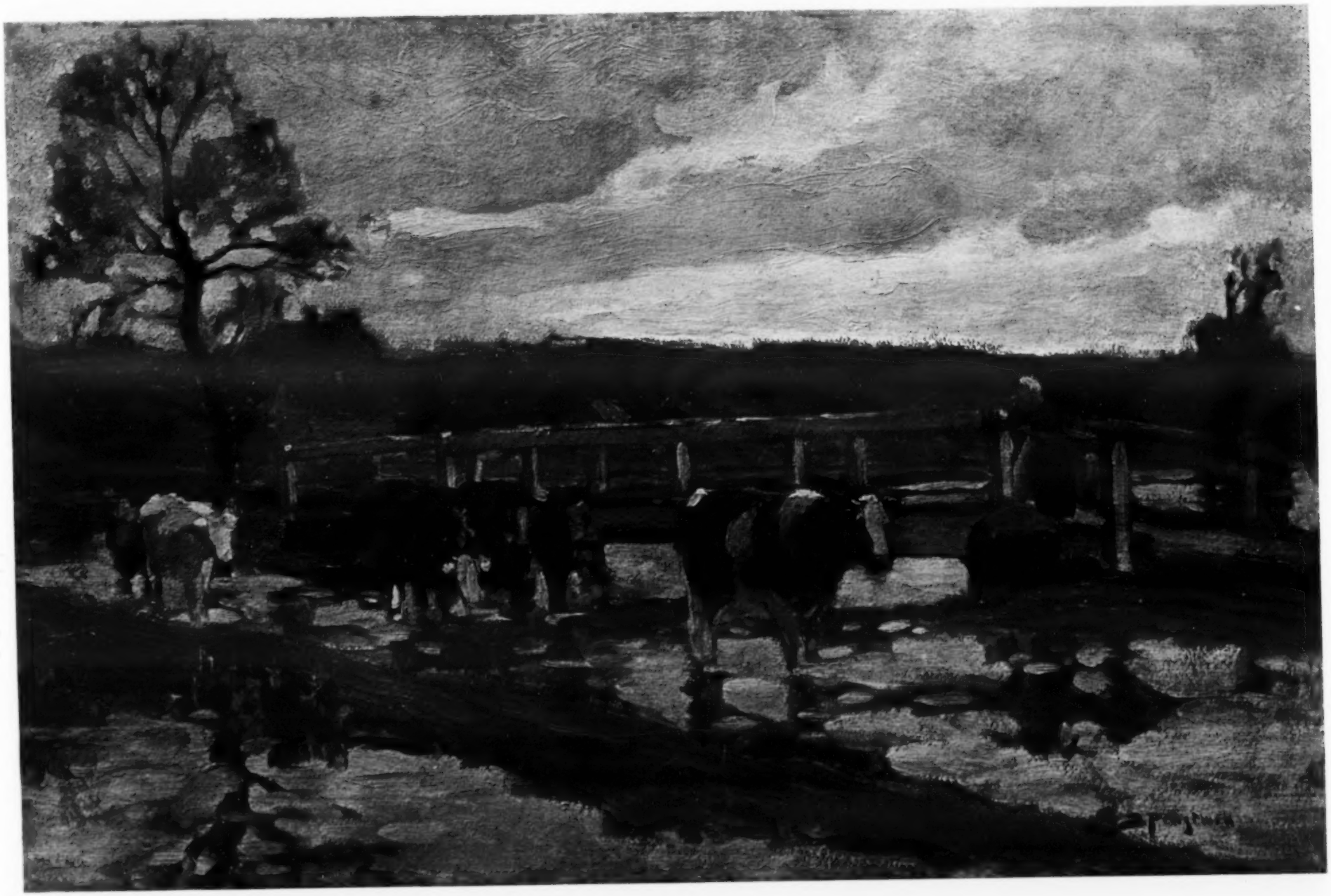
By Bertram Priestman.

sunshine of its September afternoon: the humble slate-roofed cottages—their whitewashed walls aglow with level sunlight—and mooring posts and stranded boat and the still estuary or river-mouth waters, seen through the only just perceptible but yet enveloping veil of the sea-moistened air.

This little picture and the like of it are examples of Priestman's delicacy, and of his heightened vision for colour—suavity, harmony as of old—but the key no longer low. The delicacy is there; one is glad to see, too, at no sacrifice of breadth—breadth which has always, from the very first, been one of the most rightly valued of his characteristics, so that I have been able to speak of his art as masculine essentially—vigorous without effort—masculine, that is, by nature, and not by pre-determined exhibition of prowess.

But a painter may have—and, indeed, to be an artist, he must have—conscious aims as well as, so to say, instinctive movements and utterance. In the things about him in this visible and changing world, certain qualities engage him most: certain properties or aspects of the things arrest him and invite from him their record. Priestman is too complete, not only in his perception, but in his sometimes summary chronicle, to be in the narrower sense an Impressionist, but he is Impressionist in this sense—that he is, alike, I may suppose, in sympathies and work, as far as it is possible to be from the pre-Raphaelites; and the term may stand for and symbolise those who, in their love for detail, must eschew *ensemble*—who do not see the forest because they see and count the leaves upon the trees. In natural objects, massiveness, and not multiplicity of detail, is, I am sure, to Priestman, the charm—massiveness and a certain simplicity. To secure the qualities he cares for most, a seeming simplicity—a relative simplicity—of treatment is inevitable. But behind it lies subtlety of knowledge. And thus there is attainable a unity that is not that of paucity or emptiness. And there is attained, too, a decisiveness as of a master—no *pose* again of mere dexterity, but rightness of choice in almost every touch, and an artist's proper regard for the capacity and charm of the medium he has chosen to be his medium of expression. Oil paint is Priestman's medium of expression. And though he never loses himself in mere *bravura* of execution, he does, I think, revel in what oil paint pre-eminently gives him—the opportunity for the exercise of free and flowing line.

Interesting in itself, Priestman's art—which is without pretension, without affectation (I have written in vain if it could be suspected of either)—is interesting, too, as being associated with the quite modern reaction from the last generation's gospel. His painting is modern, partly because in its vision it embraces as worthy, so much of the visible world that the lover of prettiness, of obvious picturesqueness, rejects; and partly because its very method reveals a return to the greater traditions—to "the large utterance of the early"—they were by no means the very earliest—"Gods."



THE FORD

FROM A SKETCH BY BERTRAM PRIESTMAN.

London Exhibitions.

IN its 148th exhibition, the "Old" Water-Colour Society again gives hints of having renewed its youth. Mr. William Callow, who is releasing from portfolios drawings done perhaps half-a-century ago, and Mr. Sargent, a modern master of immediacy, stand forth as exponents of the traditional way of using water-colour, in broad, honest and fresh washes. Past and present join hands, so to say. Mr. Callow is disciplined and sparing; Mr. Sargent here works in a mood of emancipated buoyancy. Whatever his triumphs in portraiture, we are by no means sure that they are not eclipsed in vitality by these vivid open-airs. His two studies of Italian fountains are issues of virile, enraptured sight, that win to a beauty unforgettable. There are no misgivings; the logic of the eye, enforced by the logic of the understanding, are sovereign. Subject and expression seem fused under the influence of air and palpitating sunlight. The, at first sight, rude vigour of these water-colours should not blind us to their extraordinary worth. Elsewhere the standard of accomplishment is high, though many contributors unduly strain the medium. Among the remarkable exhibits are the landscapes of Mr. James Paterson, for whom flowing water, perhaps with a sudden phrase of blue, hurrying clouds in a great sky, smoke-swept cities, are images of romance; 'The Great Tit,' of Mr. Edwin Alexander, where, with eloquent tenderness and subtlety, he suggests the relationship between a little songless bird and the great silence implying sound; Mr. Louis Davis' 'Avenue,' an intimate showing of the dream-temper of the artist; Mr. Alfred Parsons' little landscapes, so minute, in form so authoritative; Mr. Robert Little's richly-coloured 'Golden Cap,' where reality is sacrificed to an elusiveness which does not quite hold romance; several delicately-perceived scenes by Mr. Albert Goodwin, notably 'Beachy Head'; Mr. Colin B. Phillips' Northern sincerities; the charming 'Showery Weather' of Mr. David Murray; the cultured landscapes of Sir Ernest Waterlow, the President; and Mr. W. Eyre Walker's view of a South Devon headland in pearly winter sunshine. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'Morning Sun, Whitby,' is a variant of his beautiful picture in the Scottish Academy. Among figure subjects, noticeable for some reason or other, are Mr. E. J. Sullivan's 'Popinjay,' a lady in tempered white, with notes of rose and black, holding a rich-coloured parrot on her wrist, wonderfully skilled, though not adequately expressive of the artist's talent; Mr. Cadogan Cowper's 'Merciles Beauté,' with the admirably-rendered brocaded sleeve of red and gold; Miss Fortescue Brickdale's 'Romance,' a clever compilation of disparates; some intricately-wrought fantasies by Mr. Arthur Rackham; and Mr. W. J. Wainwright's 'Sancho Panza,' no mean study of physiognomies and textures.

Two of the Old Water-Colourists held separate exhibitions elsewhere. At the Fine Art Society's the paintings, drawings and coloured reliefs by Mr. R. Anning Bell gave a clear image of this distinguished, many-sided worker. He has the ability to evoke from the outer an inner world, where, in Renaissance gardens, or some dream-place of marble and cypress, hill-ramparted, he shows fair women and children in gracious concourse. The distinctive exhibits include 'Cowslip Gatherers,' the blithe woman and child, moving with the breeze in real comradeship with the wide landscape, 'The Valley of White Iris,' with its happy figure of a little naked child, and simple, finely expressive reliefs like the 'Charity.' Delightful, too, is the tempera of Cupid as a small urchin with sprouting winglets, tiny fists crammed into his crying eyes, brought by dark-robed maidens to his lady-mother, illustrative of the lines:—

> "Now out alasse, he cryde, and wel-awaye!
> I wounded am full sore,
> The fly that I so much did scorne
> Hath hurt me with his little horne."

It has something of the spirit of Ben Jonson's 'Hue and Cry.' Cupid would not be the love he is apart from such naughty escapades. In another design Cupid plays cards for kisses with "my Campaspe." At Mr. Van Wisselingh's, water-colours and pictures to the number of forty-three by



(By permission of Percy Parsons, Esq.)

Moonrise.
By Bertram Priestman.



The Church Porch: "The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

By F. Spenlove-Spenlove.

(New Gallery, p. 164.)

Mr. H. S. Hopwood were put on view. Among them were the blithe 'Morning' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1906, p. 187), seen in Pall Mall last year, and a study for 'The Breakfast Table,' another harmony of gleaming silvers, of the present show. The large 'Cottage Service in the Hebrides,' in theme nearer to his Chantrey drawing of 1894, might with advantage have been carried out in oils. Mr. Hopwood's sensitive talent was exemplified in many other of the exhibits. It is interesting to compare his sketches of the sunlit East with those of Mr. Gwelo Goodman.

The first separate exhibition of water-colours by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton was held at the Leicester Galleries. It testified in no uncertain way to his varied and delicate perception, to his capacity to respond to many of the utterances of nature. Not the least of his virtues is the power to suggest that infinitely much must always remain unexpressed, that a few notes only are struck, so to say. It is dignified and beautiful apprehension of sky and earth and water.

Another one-man show of compelling attraction was that of fifty-three new caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm, at the Carfax Gallery. They prove that *le grotesque est une création*. It is impossible to give laughter the go-by, as "Max" does prolixity and triteness, in the presence of these drawings. They are almost as many springs of uncontrolable laughter. Several of the wittiest relate to persons prominent in the world of art. There are Mr. D. S. MacColl, as an invertebrate æsthete—a lapse from insight —trying to explain to an easily recognisable trustee of the National Gallery, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, the profound spiritual significance of Mr. Rothenstein's 'Jews Mourning in the Synagogue,' recently added to the Tate Gallery; Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon, the one pirouetting, the other seated with folded arms, amazedly listening to the plaudits of John Bull; Mr. Wilson Steer, from whose monster body rises a chimney-like little head, dominating Chelsea by moonlight; M. Jacques Blanche eagerly combating Maeterlinck's reluctance to be painted; Sir William Eden, loftier than the loftiest pillar, who on revisiting Paris encounters, at the level of his head, high above the clouds, a hornet Whistler; and, less fortunate, Mr. Sargent at work in tornado mood, a brush in each hand, three musicians meantime discoursing to him. "Max" adds to the gaiety of the nation. As a caricaturist he is elemental, penetrating to the roots alike of genuine force and of make-believe. (See pages 161 and 178.)

Passing Events.

MR. JAMES CLARKE HOOK did not remain long on the Retired list of R.A.'s. He resigned only in January, and died on April 14th at the mature age of eighty-seven. His love of outdoor life, of simple seafaring folk, of wholesome adventure, came to him as a birthright. His father, Judge-Arbitrator Hook, a merchant in the West African trade, was a friend of Mungo Park, the African traveller. Mr. Hook left school at fourteen with a prize for drawing, and received help from no less a one than Constable. It was in the fifties that he came into his own as a vigorous painter of sea and coast, his 'Luff, boy!' of the following year causing him to be unanimously voted to the fauteuil of James Ward. His sterling, airy pictures are, by some, compared with those of Mr. MacTaggart. Mr. Hook, a grandson of Dr. Clarke, the Bible commentator, had Methodist blood in his veins, and when staying on the south-western seaboard of England, a favourite resort, regularly attended the "Primitive" and "Bible Christian" services. Mr. Sant, raised to full membership in 1869, is now the R.A. of longest standing.



(R.W.S.)

The Great Tit.
By Edwin Alexander.

WE often hear of the wholesale exodus of works of art from Europe to America. A case in point relates to the New York mansion of the late Mr. James Henry Smith, said to have been the seventh richest man in the world. He bought from Mr. William C. Whitney his New York mansion with all its contents. This house, whose interior is reputedly the finest of any in the States, contains the best of the furnishings of half a dozen French châteaux and Italian palaces, selected by the late Mr. Stanford White, whose name has been so prominently before the public of late, he having had *carte blanche* to purchase the panellings, ceilings, fireplaces, decorative furniture, tapestries, and various objects of art. No wonder prices go up.



(R.W.S.)

Old Bridge of Stirling.
By James Paterson.

DURING April several artists, in addition to Mr. Hook, and persons associated with the art world, died. Among them are Mr. Wallis MacKay, one of the last of the old Bohemian cartoonists; Mr. Robert Brydall, born in Glasgow nearly seventy years ago, a regular exhibitor at the Fine Art Institute there and in 1906 at the Royal Academy; Mr. Andrew Paterson, father of Mr. James Paterson, and for some time director of the Glasgow Cotton Spinning Co.; Mr. Robert Maclehose, of the well-known firm of art publishers; and, abroad, Andrea Cefaly, the painter who fought with Garibaldi, and André Theuriet, who in 1885 wrote of Bastien Lepage, "l'homme et l'artiste."



The Pond, Poulton Priory.
By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.
(R.W.S. By permission of James Joicey, Esq.)

MR. J. C. DRUCKER, many of whose pictures were at the Guildhall Exhibition in 1903, has generously sent on permanent loan to the National Gallery five modern Dutch pictures: 'The Philosopher' of Israels, 'The Drawbridge' and 'Mother and Child' by Jacob Maris, 'Watering Horses' by Anton Mauve, and 'The Interior of Haarlem Church' by Bosboom—a strong and radiant picture. These are the first examples by painters of present-day Holland to be shown in Trafalgar Square, where Sir Charles Holroyd is carrying out a most important and excellent scheme of rearrangement.

FRITZ THAULOW, the talented Norwegian artist who died in November last, was at home and a great favourite in Paris His "remaining works," some 108 pictures and ten drawings, were early in May offered for sale in the Galerie Georges Petit, Rue de Sèze. In addition to his own works, Thaulow possessed examples, mostly given to him, no doubt, by fellow-artists such as Anglada Camarasa, Jacques Blanche, Eugène Boudin, Alfred Roll, Raffaelli, Constantin Meunier, and Rodin.

AT last Mr. Holman Hunt is to be represented at the Tate Gallery. On the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, April 2, he received tidings that 'The Ship,' painted in 1875, was to be presented by a body of subscribers as a mark of gratitude and admiration. Mr. Holman Hunt recalls how, "deeply entranced by the poetry of a vessel traversing the globe under the immensity of stars, bearing its freight of human joys and woes," he undertook to paint this impression of the deck of a P. & O. steamer, which still retained the simple machinery for guiding by means of a wheel at the helm.

THE Golden Fleece Exhibition, to be held at Bruges for three months onward from June 15, should be second in interest only to that held during the corresponding period in 1902 of Early Flemish works. The Order of the Golden Fleece, instituted in 1429 by Philip III., Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, survived in Flanders till 1700, when it fell into the hands of Austria and Spain. It is intended to embrace the period of art from Van Eyck to Rubens, which, of course, gives splendid scope. In Haecht's 'Picture Gallery,' lent by Lord Huntingfield to the last Old Masters' Exhibition, the only man with hat on head, probably the King of Poland, is decorated with this famous Order.

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded that coupons for the Premium Plate, 1906, should be sent to the publishers by July 1st. An illustration of the Plate for this year, an original etching by C. O. Murray, R.E., appears in the advertisement pages.



'Popinjay, Popinjay.'
By Edmund J. Sullivan.
(R.W.S.)



Slieve League.

By W. Monk, R.E.

Southern Donegal.*

By Alfred Yockney.

EVEN in the region of Donegal Bay, with its wide expanse of sea, the air is filtered in comparison with the free atmosphere of Glencolumbkille. From Glen Head and the boundless ocean one passes to the captivity of civilization. The elements seem subdued, and refinements appear. In the hotel at Carrick one may lead the purple life, for the means of entertaining visitors have been perfected. But those who have found pleasure in the vagabond life of the more western village will deplore the very existence of a fully-equipped resort. The Robinson Crusoe delusion is over, and one almost expects to see a Vanguard omnibus round the next bend in the road. From town to town there is now no hazard in moving, for refreshment of all sorts is assured.

The scenery in the south of Donegal is never disappointing. Whatever thoughts of rough-hewn cliffs remain in mind, a fine panorama is present always to enforce attention. Perhaps, as you leave Carrick and look back on Slieve League, a shaft like a search-light from heaven will pierce the stormy clouds and divide the mountain, illuminating one half with dazzling fire and leaving the other half black by contrast, cold with the heavy rain of the previous hour. No doubt as you pass by the side of a meandering stream towards the coast you will admire the near prospect, and wonder what happens when, in flood-time, the tumbling water on your right is no longer in playful mood. Of course as you approach Kilcar, picturesquely isolated, you will think of the parable of the lost sheep. The little village seems to have strayed from fertile pastures, and then apparently it fell into the hands of the Congested Districts Board. Like a good shepherd, the Board arranged for its welfare by establishing, with Messrs. Morton, of Darvel, a branch of the carpet industry. With that assistance Kilcar looks without concern at its rocky surroundings: it feels comfortable enough on its Donegal carpet.

This C. D. Board causes a lot of talk in the districts where its operations are felt. Out of the country it is scarcely known by the ordinary man, but no one can spend a few months on the west coast of Ireland without hearing many conflicting opinions on its uses. Some condemn, others praise its administration; but there seems no doubt that its activities are beneficial. In the end the visitor finds

* "Ulster and Connaught" series. Continued from page 159.



Carrick.
By W. Monk, R.E.

himself believing thoroughly in the services of the Board, especially if he happens to catch sight of the well-appointed steamer "Granuaile," and wishes to ingratiate himself with those in authority, so that he may be invited to join the next expedition to some remote island on the coast.

From the high ground to which the pedestrian has toiled from Kilcar, Fintragh Bay looks like an ideal spot for a fashionable watering-place, sheltered and beautiful. Excursion trains run from Londonderry and other places to Killybegs, and one wonders why, for there seems nothing much to amuse the tripper there except the bent-pin fishing at the end of the pier. But the neighbourhood is made for exploitation as a superior holiday-resort, and in years to come, if the owner of the house surrounded by trees does not object, some enterprising company will surely put the bay in the way of earning fame and a living.

To the town of Donegal the traveller passes by road or train. Out of Dunkineely there is a fine view of Inver Bay, with a background of irregular mountains, and the landscape is always pleasant. This is a peaceful district. The ploughman has cultivated the fields, and at Mountcharles the quarrier has found profit beneath the surface. Seafaring men, however, do not find the approach to



Killybegs, with Steamboat "Granuaile" at the Pier.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Donegal Castle.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Donegal Town.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Ruins of the Monastery, Donegal.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Donegal at all satisfactory, and the trade of the port languishes.

Donegal town is well supplied with antiquarian interest. The guide-books refer in the usual way to the Castle and to the Monastery, and there are other sources of information to feed enquiring minds. Ruins are much the same the world over, except to the expert, but the Castle of Donegal is more than usually severe and depressing; the grounds are neglected and overgrown with weeds. The police court promises the most interest in the town, but the place is so insanitary that the entertainment is out of the question. Some improvements in the lighting arrangements of the town have been made recently, so perhaps visitors will no longer pray for a return of the forked lightning which once "furrowed up the horrid gloom."

Ballyshannon was a place of some strategical importance, according to the ancient records. It was the key-town which bridged Sligo and Leitrim with Donegal and Tyrone, the sea on one side and the deep waters of Lough Erne being impassable. How such obstacles weigh now in military tactics need not be considered, but as the tramp of soldiers is still heard in the streets, the old conditions are probably not obsolete. The site appears to have attracted the attention of a fighting power in days undated, when Parthalon went from Greece to invade the country, and since then it has seen active service continually. Even in time of peace the people of Ballyshannon seem to be prepared, unofficially at least, for trouble, and every now and again the martial fire breaks out. Within living memory about five hundred residents took to arms and fought from three in the afternoon till dusk. A few years after that little battle an innocent-looking box, supposed to contain pickles and sauce, was opened by the police, and yielded eight rifles with ammunition to match. But the visitor in search of amusement will be solemnly directed to the Salmon Leap, which will probably be out of season; and, greatly bored, he will watch the amber water shredding over the falls until he is wet enough with spray to feel very dissatisfied with the locality. A few miles on is Bundoran, which enjoys a great reputation as a popular bathing-place, but which seems to lack many of the essentials of an endurable holiday resort. In a somewhat ungracious mood the traveller will strike inland to Fermanagh, and his best recollections of the County of Donegal will be identified with the western and northern boundaries.



The Falls of Ballyshannon.
By W. Monk, R.E.

NOT FOR LOAN



Painted by Gustave Jacquet

Photo W. B. Gray

U of M

Meditation

By permission of Messrs Thos. Agnew & Sons



"Caught Out": Gale coming on.

By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

Royal Academy Exhibition, 1907.

By Rudolf Dircks.

WE do not remember an Academy where mediocrity has been less content to be itself. And this, we fancy, may be largely attributed to the fresher influences which the Academy has in recent years gathered unto itself. It has, by a wise policy of administration, and in a spirit of catholicity beyond all praise, opened its doors to certain iconoclasts—and taken the wind out of the sails of other exhibitions. The iconoclastic spirit would seem to have unsettled the convictions of the average exhibitor, who has largely left the serene paths of sentiment and anecdote for pastures of a more abstract kind. The result is, perhaps, a more perceptible feeling of effort than usual. The eye looks—not altogether in vain—for a resting-place on an unaffected scheme of colour, for harmonious and natural grouping, for a pose which denotes character and a habit of life; but these are not numerous. We might wish also that the subjects of many of the portraits had been content with something less in the way of elegance, and that Nature had been observed in a more familiar mood. When one realises that all those who have talked about art, from Aristotle to Mr. Ruskin, from Leonardo to Mr. Clausen, have advocated the direct study of Nature, and how comparatively few artists have succeeded in conveying a personal impression that matters, one is rather awed at Nature's tricks of elusiveness, at her patient secretiveness. What is, after all, what one calls a school of painting but the legacy of an artist who has been able to detach himself from the prepossessions of preceding formulas and to give you Nature, not as it is—the camera can do that—not as others have seen it, but as he himself sees and feels it; for the eye, in such matters, is but the instrument of "spiritual power, incorporeal and invisible," which gives to all art its highest importance? And when a school becomes a formula, a convention, a manner, and not, as it were, a living intellectual conviction, it ceases to have much significance. It is excellent, no doubt, so far as the



The Disputation.

By Alfred A. Wolmark.



Moonlit Bay.

By Julius Olsson.

public appreciation of art is concerned, that its attention is not absorbed by one or two pictures to the detriment of the exhibition as a whole. There is good work in plenty at the present exhibition.

There are some notable omissions from the ranks. Sir L. Alma-Tadema has not completed what is stated to be his masterpiece, and neither Mr. Abbey nor Mr. Brangwyn is represented. These are serious gaps. The President is unobtrusively content with two small oil-paintings, 'Lesbia and her Sparrow' (p. 195) and 'Fishing,' and three water-colours. Mr. Herkomer has many portraits, of which the most convincing would seem to be that of an elderly unnamed gentleman. Mr. David Murray, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Swan, Mr. Davis, are all represented by work whose manner is sufficiently familiar. The presentation portrait of Dr. Martin, the editor of the *Dundee Observer*, by Mr. Orchardson (p. 199), is one of his most interpretative and admirable works. And while we are speaking of portraits, do not let us forget Mr. Joy's 'Mr. Mackenzie Bell,' which is wholly admirable for its verisimilitude and natural pose. Aphrodite and



The Reaper and the Maid.

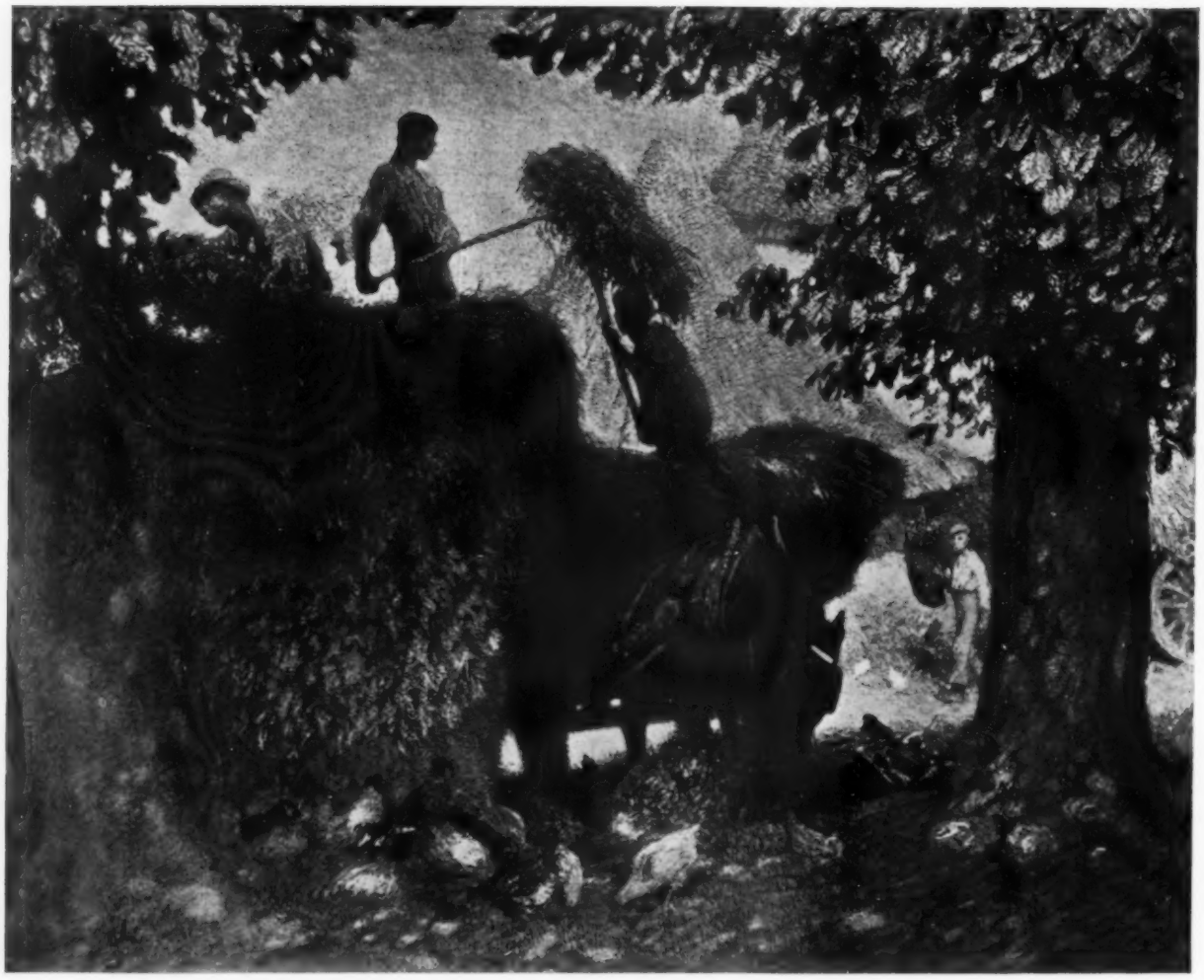
By Edward Stott, A.R.A.



Lesbia and her Sparrow.
By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

Galatea provide Mr. Draper and Mr. Herbert Schmalz with elaborate studies in the nude. Mr. Niels Lund sends a Scotch scene, of turbulent stream and trees with winter tints, the tone and colour being in his most characteristic vein. There is an extremely effective portrait of the King, resplendent in coronation dress, by Mr. Cope; and there are many other pictures equally typical of the manner of well-known artists.

Mr. Sargent is also typical of himself. It might be said of him, as Matthew Arnold said of Sarah Bernhardt, that he "fills one with a secret disquietude," and Mr. Sargent, like Madame Bernhardt, would only be surprising if he ceased



Building the Rick.

By George Clausen, A.R.A

to be so. These surprising personalities, intoxicated, as they would seem, with excess of technical gifts, are always a phenomenon of absorbing interest and endless suspicion. The fascination which they undoubtedly exercise creates a certain feeling of dubiety; you wonder whether you are being led away. A sophisticated child of his time, Mr. Sargent dazzles, delights, bewilders. Restless brilliancy may be a sufficient achievement in itself, but it is not quite calculated to charm. There has not yet been an exhibition composed of Mr. Sargent's finished work, but we can imagine a gallery of his portraits. In a gallery of portraits by Reynolds you would be possessed by the grand manner, you would feel yourself in the presence of a noble and spacious social atmosphere; in a gallery by Rembrandt you would feel the spirit of individuality and Bohemianism; in a gallery by Van Dyck your imagination would be fired by the presence of so many chivalrous gentlemen. In a gallery by Mr. Sargent, should we not be largely conscious of the *couturière* and the materialist, of ladies who buy beautiful gowns in Paris, of men who are above all men of substance? Another painter comes to the mind, a great painter, but so different in aim and execution from Mr. Sargent, that it would be absurd to attempt to institute any sort of comparison. Carrière once said, referring to Paris, "Ici on devient idiot, ce sont des diners en ville, des robes de couturières, du luxe, une surface agitée. Puis on a des commandes, on vend, on devient marchand . . . . Ah, ce n'est pas simple, ici et à présent, de rester simple! Je m'en vais." But Mr. Sargent obviously has no desire to remain simple. He does not seek abstractions; he prefers the complexities, the surface *agitée*; he does not object to the *commandes* of a particularly vital and materialistic present. And there is certainly nothing at the Academy to equal the technical dash of his portraits of Lady Sassoon, in black, with very red lips and pink fingers, and of the Countess of Essex, in white satin and diaphanous chiffons.

Mr. Sargent is certainly not simple; and neither are some of the younger men of unmistakable promise. Take, for instance, 'The Maid' of Mr. Frank Craig (p. 203), and the 'Island Festival' of Mr. C. Sims. Whatever qualities Mr. Craig's work may have as decorative painting, it is certainly an extravagant evocation of a scene which is an historic conception familiar to everyone. It expresses well enough the turmoil and turbulence of mediæval battle (only the deaf could be unaffected by the thud of those ponderous horses' hoofs!); the faces of the men suggest a mediæval type; but the figure of the maid on her formidable steed, is she not a little exaggerated, even a little grotesque? Is this young woman indeed the romantic visionary of our dreams? Mr. Craig's picture, clever as it is in colour and grouping—and in imitation of the work of Mr. Abbey—raises a question which seems to create confusion in the



The Pilchard Season.
By David Farquharson, A.R.A.



The Windmill.
By David Murray, R.A.



A Fair Haven.

By Louis Grier.

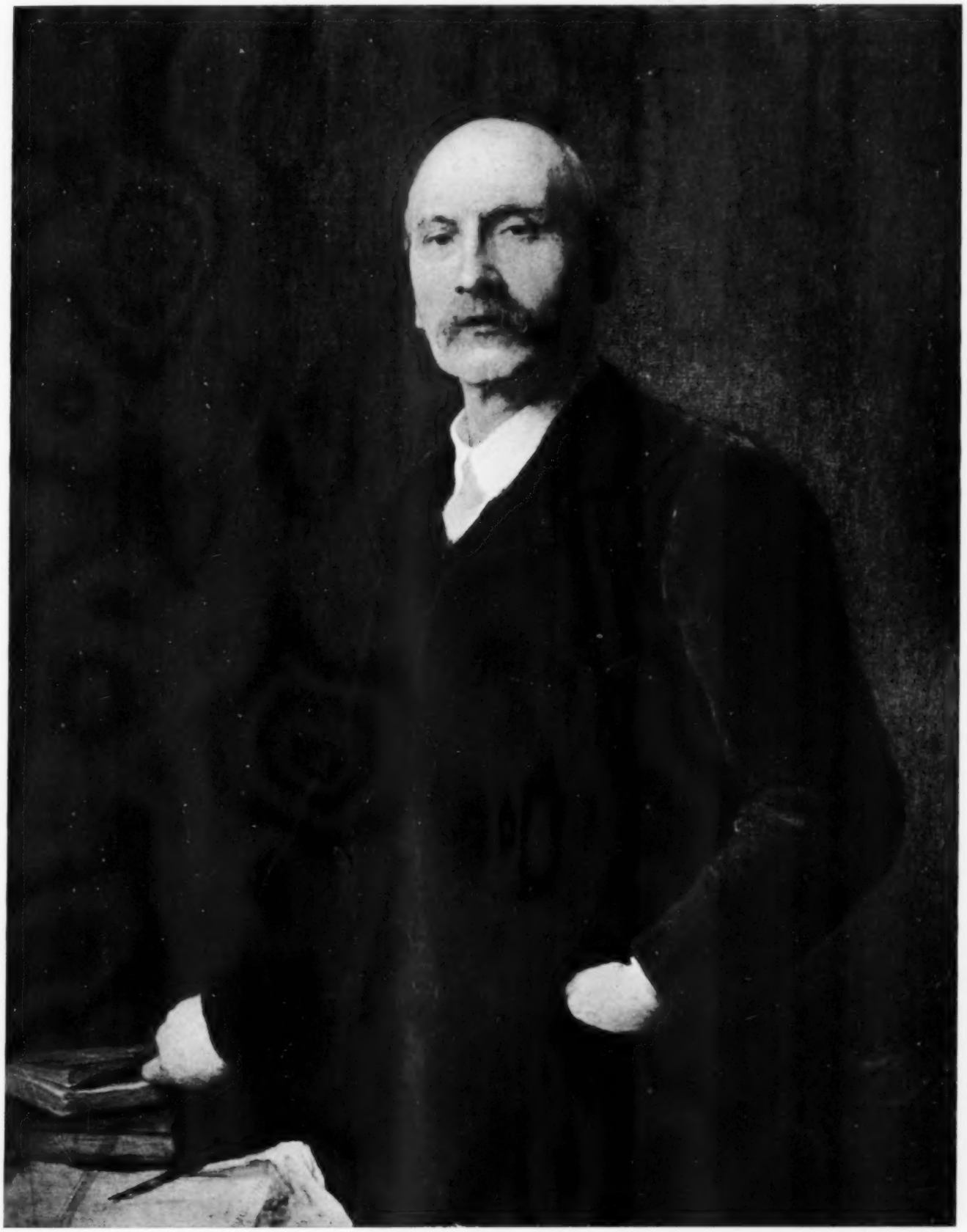
minds and methods of some of our painters as to where decorative feeling ends and pictorial representation begins. And this confusion is shared by the spectator, who is rather at a loss to know the intention of a picture: whether it be a decorative scheme, in which case the subject is of little importance, or an attempt to realise certain actual things, in which case the decorative scheme is subordinate. Mr. Sims' 'Island Festival' is a sort of pastoral extravaganza, rendered with a certain nebulous grace, which conveys a wholly charming impression. And this being so, one hesitates to speak of the entasis of the two somewhat oddly placed columns.

We turn from Mr. Craig and Mr. Sims to the next gallery, in which we find 'The Rehearsal,' by Mr. L. Campbell Taylor (p. 202), one of the surprises, perhaps the greatest surprise of the year. Nothing that Mr. Taylor has previously exhibited quite prepared us for this spacious and well-considered work, in which the decorative feeling (of which there is plenty) is subordinated to the expression of characters and of atmosphere, of what you will, which go to make a picture. The old-air suggestion, the type of characters, and their unpretentious absorption in



Bound for London: Gulls flying up the River.

By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.



(By permission of the Secretary to the Albert Institute and Victoria Galleries, Dundee.)

T. Carlaw Martin, Esq., LL.D.
By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

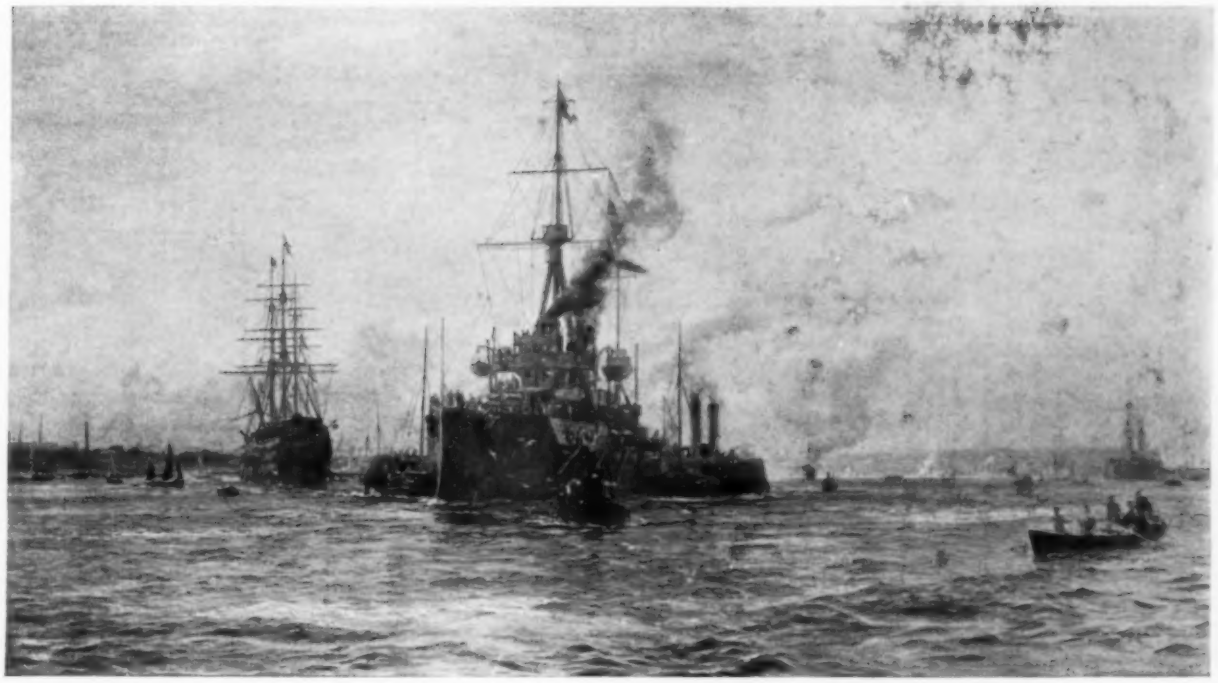


"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."
By George Wetherbee.

the music before them are all delightfully given. The room and its accessories are in perfect keeping and assist in the comprehension of the characters, without any touch of forced sentiment. It is interesting to compare this picture with Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Andante Expressivo,' and, again, with Mr. Seymour Lucas' 'Roundelay,' in which you have



At their Moorings.
By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.



"Dreadnought" and "Victory."
By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

examples both of realistic and of fantastic and picturesque treatment. Another notable picture by one of the younger men is Mr. G. W. Lambert's 'Portrait Group' (p. 207), rather skyed, to the left of the door of the large gallery, a



(Chantrey Fund purchase.)

Runswick Bay.
By Arthur Friedenson.



The Ford.

By Bertram Priestman.



(Chantrey Fund purchase.)

The Rehearsal.

By L. Campbell Taylor.



Old Durham.

By Alfred East, A.R.A.



The Maid.

By Frank Craig.



The Mirror.

By George Henry, A.R.A.



Arriving Home.
By Robert W. Allan.

large canvas containing four figures, painted with great freedom and breadth, suggesting something of Manet, something of Velazquez. The infant in the foreground is delightful, both as to drawing and as to observation. It would seem to be a pity that a better position was not found for Mr. Lambert. Mr. George Henry, the painter of 'The Lady in the Blue Gown,' of last year, and a new Associate, gives in 'The Mirror' and 'The Goldfish' two brilliant studies of apparently the same lady, gowned in white, in graceful pose, and there are nicely observed effects of light. Such studies are elusive in their suggestion, abstractions in which the mind may wander at its pleasure, and, because they are never definite, never tiresome. Mr. Henry has also sent an admirable portrait of Mrs. Franklin. Possibly no artist who has submitted so many works to the Academy sustains—more especially in his oil colours—such an average of excellence as Mr. Napier Hemy; and no artist is more unaffectedly in touch with the natural elements—the sea, the wind, and the rain—which he depicts with such unmannered felicity and skill. Mr. Hemy moves in a time of artistic eclecticism and conventions apparently uninfluenced by any thought but that which is evoked by the scene immediately before him: he has not even succumbed to a particular convention of his own. The spirit of freshness and spontaneity so manifest in his work relieves it from the faintest suspicion that his art has become a dexterous habit, evoking the echo of a feeling which has long since gone. And among the sea-pieces there are studies of moonlight on the waves by Mr. Olsson (p. 194), and Mr. Robert W. Allan's 'Arriving Home' (p. 205), on whose tranquil and pure colour the eye turns gratefully from a somewhat restless wall.



Port Gouray, Sark.
By William A. Toplis.



A Glass of Wine.
By Laura Knight.

An interesting group of painters may for the moment be associated, in so far as they would seem to have come under the influence of certain French schools of painting. We trace this influence—the Barbizon influence chiefly—in the work of Mr. Edward Stott, in some of the pictures by Mr. Arnesby Brown, while clearly Mr. Clausen is not unaffected. 'The Reaper and the Maid' (p. 194) of Mr. Stott is a charming example of this influence, carried, perhaps, to a pitch of sentimentality in the figures which the Barbizon men would have scarcely expressed in so frankly a sentimental way. The rich, mellow light of the sky on the horizon, in which the sun has for some time set, is beautifully expressed. Mr. Arnesby Brown's 'Sheepfold' is also something in the manner, admirable in its effect of light, and free from any sort of sentimental concession: take, for instance, the sheep, which are of the true Barbizon breed. We find less direct simplicity in 'Building the Rick,' by Mr. Clausen (p. 196), although the outline might have been drawn by Millet himself; but would Millet have introduced—arranged, shall one say—the trees? Mr. Clausen plainly does so because he is a virtuoso in chromatics, and these leafy trees, through which the vibrant light is shining, provide an orchestra of colour, which is the rhyme and reason of the picture. Mr. La Thangue, to take another lyrist of the sun, is particularly happy in his 'Ligurian Grapes,' a simply composed picture of a girl seated on a bench pruning a bunch of grapes, in which the sunlight and shadow, brilliant as ever, seem to serve more the expression of a simple artistic purpose than an idiosyncrasy.

Mr. John Collier, in the 'Mariage de Convenance,' again, as in the case of his 'Rèpentance oft I swore' of last year, draws a red-herring across the path. And again a young woman is implicated, kneeling, this time, in anguish at the side of a bed, in a room which is a symbol of ingenuousness (observe the print of 'The Light of the World' at the head of the bed). The *décor* is theatrical, the position of the figures (there is also an older lady in black) is theatrical, and the title is excellent for a play. As the title for a picture, what scene does it evoke? Obviously a young and charming woman being led to the altar by what Mr. Walkley would probably call an elderly voluptuary. Mr. Collier represents some pre-nuptial or post-nuptial stage, a stage of "states of mind," which is not pictorial, but literary and psychological. The question of titles is, indeed, rather a nice one. That we should prefer Mr. Herkomer's unnamed gentleman to his other portraits, may be partly due to the fact that we are not disturbed by the association of ideas which a name usually suggests. We meet the subject of the portrait on abstract terms, without preconceptions, and the old gentleman speaks for himself. A case of a title which seems to us perfectly in keeping is Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper's 'How the Devil Disguised as a Vagrant Troubadour, having been entertained by some charitable Nuns, sang to them a Song of Love.' This is truly pictorial, and Mr. Cowper has realised its fantastic and decorative possibilities in quite the right vein.

The sculpture, taken as a whole, wears an air of restraint and reserve which has scarcely been its character of recent years, in which one has seen so much ability in the making. It contains nothing wild or particularly experimental. It is



Perseus delivering Andromeda.
By Henry Pegram, A.R.A.

in a sense academic; imagination is held in hand by a scholarly feeling for the scholarly things that have gone before. And the scholarly feeling is largely French: it started perhaps with Jean Goujon. It is an exhibition of conciliation and good manners; time, and possibly other influences, have tempered the zeal of the young bloods. Of course other influences are there: Rodin's influence, for instance, notably in Mr. Mackennal's group 'The Earth and the Elements"—one of quite the best examples of this sculptor's work—to be seen in Gallery No. VI. But altogether there is much accomplishment and little enthusiasm; the prevailing spirit is unleavened by any spirit that has, as it were, run imaginatively amok. Mr. Alfred Gilbert even has not given us his usual thrill. He has given us instead, in his 'Mors Janua Vitæ,' a symbol which we find a little difficult to unravel. But the two embracing figures holding the casket suggest—and the idea is a beautiful one—that they have become united by a common affliction, by possibly the death of their children. The force of the symbol, if we interpret it aright, is somewhat diminished by the elaboration—in which Mr. Gilbert always revels—of the decorative parts.

The work of three men—Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Bertram Mackennal, and Mr. J. M. Swan—stands out particularly. They are grouped together in an excellent light at the end of the Lecture Room. The two first have hitherto been incalculable quantities. Mr. Derwent Wood is a sculptor of ideas which he has expressed under various influences. The work of Mr. Mackennal, on the other hand, has been rather deficient in idea and excellent in technical points. He has also a considerable but undetermined decorative feeling. Both sculptors have reached—Mr. Derwent Wood in his 'Atalanta,' Mr. Mackennal in his 'Diana Wounded'—their highest achievement. Mr. Wood's upright, graceful and simply-posed figure, viewed from any point, is irresistibly charming. Mr. Mackennal's 'Diana' is less simply posed (she is stooping to bind a wounded limb) but it is scarcely less happily inspired than Mr. Wood's 'Atalanta.' Between these two figures we have Mr. Swan's Orpheus'—a very youthful 'Orpheus'—with his lyre, standing tip-toe on the trunk of a tree decorated with Mr. Swan's favourite animals. This is in bronze, and the figure, without possessing the free movement of Mr. Swan's 'Silver Orpheus'—exhibited some years ago—is vibrant and finely modelled.

Then there is the dignified and harmoniously-arranged group of the model to half-size, the 'Motherhood' of Mr. Brock, one of the accessory groups of the Queen Victoria Memorial, which promises well for that monument; Mr. Thornycroft's 'Courage,' a group also destined for monumental purposes; Mr. Frampton's 'Lord Salisbury,' erected at Hatfield, and various other memorial figures. In Mr. Pomeroy's memorial statue of Bishop Ridding, the figure is kneeling in ecstatic prayer, a position which Mr. Pomeroy has used before, but which is not often seen in modern work, although it is at least as old as Claux Sluter. Mr. Drury's 'Lieutenant-Colonel O'Leary' represents a vigorous soldier in action, and a soldier's costume, its general picturesqueness, its breeches and puttees, give a sculptor a reasonable chance. In Mr. Richard Garbe's group of 'Man and the Ideal,' the crouching figure of the man would seem to possess the more interesting artistic qualities. The large



Portrait Group.
By G. W. Lambert.

relief by Mr. Gilbert Bayes, 'Amor Victor,' with its cupids and prancing horse, is imaginative and animated. Mr. Spruce, in 'The Alarm' (the figure of a sufficiently wild Ancient Briton, blowing a horn), departs from the general academic tendency in his emphasised and anatomical modelling. There are numerous statuettes and small groups: Mr. Blundstone's 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel,' suggesting a materialised picture of Watts; Mr. Henry Pegram's 'Sir Thomas Browne,' Mr. Gilbert Bayes' 'Wings of the Wind'; Miss Burlison's Tanagra-like group of two figures, 'The Gossips'; and Mr. Reynold-Stephens' 'Guinevere's Redeeming,' a composite statuette in bronze, ivory and enamels.

Mr. Frampton's 'Mr. Inderwick,' Professor Lantéri's 'Mr. Carnegie,' Mr. Pomeroy's 'Dr. Kingdon,' and Mr. Jennings' 'The Hon. Justice Darling' (but is not the face rather young?), and Mr. Goscombe John's 'Mr. Frank Dicksee,' are among the many notable portrait busts.

A brief notice of the Academy is almost necessarily inadequate, and where, as at the present exhibition, so much excellent work is concerned, almost necessarily unjust in its omissions. But, taking the exhibition altogether, it is a matter of the utmost significance that the Academy year by year is becoming less an exhibition to be judged largely in relation to itself (as was certainly the case a few years ago); now it really represents, with some show of adequacy, the varying tendencies which go to make the artistic thought of its time as expressed in paint: and these tendencies indicate, on the whole, sufficient enthusiasm, sincerity, and capacity to make the present exhibition important, not only in relation to itself, but in relation to art in its essential and wider aspects.

Dublin Exhibition.

By A. G. Temple, F.S.A.

THE Committee in London, who accepted office for the organisation of the Fine Art Section of the Irish International Exhibition, were called upon to deal with the painters, sculptors and others, in the artistic world (not those of Irish birth) whose works entitled them to public recognition. The extent of the galleries placed at their disposal enabled them to give a full display of the oil-painting and water-colour art of the British School of recent years, a broad representation of British Sculpture, of Miniature Painting and of black-and-white work, and to provide for a notable exhibition of works in oil by many of the more prominent painters in France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and other foreign countries.

Historical painting has no finer exponent at the present day than Abbey, and his Play Scene, in the great tragedy of "Hamlet," is alive in its profound impressiveness and meaning. The notable *chef d'œuvre* of Poynter, 'Israel in Egypt,' will doubtless be a great attraction at the Exhibition. Pettie's 'Rival Roses' is another impressive historical work. 'The Assassins waiting for the Duc de Guise' entirely represents the best efforts of Seymour Lucas.

The notable Yeames, 'Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassador after Saint Bartholomew's Day,' is always an impressive attraction. Coming nearer to our own time, one encounters Ernest Croft's 'Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo,' John Charlton's 'Sedan'; Andrew Gow's 'Washington bidding farewell to the Army,' and Lady Butler's spirited charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, 'Scotland for Ever,' while by the same lady the scene in the Crimea, 'The Roll Call' graciously lent by H.M. King Edward VII., will be hailed with delight by the art-loving public, as also will be 'The Last Muster,' by Herkomer, lent by Sir Cuthbert Quilter.

In the region of poetry will be found one of the supreme efforts of Burne-Jones, 'The Depths of the Sea.' Another poetical work is the beautifully finished 'Una and the Red Cross Knight,' by Campbell Taylor, while Reginald Frampton's 'Palace of Art,' gives a most carefully worked out rendering of Tennyson's well-known lines. Among many others of this class we see 'Death the Bride,' by T. C. Gotch; 'Danæ,' by J. D. Batten; 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' by Waterhouse, the large and beautiful example of Solomon's 'An Allegory,' and the late Ridley Corbet's very lovely idea of the flight of Love from the tender trembling Psyche. Mention should not be omitted of Hacker's 'There was a great cry in Egypt'; for a more original idea, interpretative of the terrible narrative in Exodus, has not been known. Frederick Sandys by his 'Medea,' Strudwick by his beautiful 'Isabella,' Sir Noel Paton by his exquisite work 'The Bluidie Tryst,' Byam Shaw by his two panels of very decorative imagery, Hope and Purity, and Miss Brickdale by her thoughtful composition, 'The Uninvited Guest,' exhibit other and varying expressions of poetical thought.

Of the portraits shown the best are those of 'Tennyson' by Watts, of 'Joseph Chamberlain' by Holl, and of 'Mrs. Hugh Hammersley' by Sargent. In this group should also figure the lovely piece of painting by the late Robert Brough, 'Fedelma,' a portrait of a Spanish girl.

Landscape is encountered in the work of its best practitioners, John MacWhirter, Alfred Parsons, Peppercorn, Leader, Charles, Tom Robertson, Wetherbee, D. Y. Cameron, Aumonier, Leslie Thomson, Gwelo Goodman, Waterlow, and Alfred East. In the painting of the sea there are many talented men now at work, and the chief of these are represented by notable examples, the most remarkable of which will doubtless be considered the Somerscales, which made so startling an impression in the Academy of 1893, 'Corvette shortening sail to pick up a shipwrecked crew.' 'The Life-boat,' by Napier Hemy, and the 'Perfect Day for a Cruise,' by Henry Moore, are also splendid renderings of the sea, on a large scale; while Robert Allan, Edwin Ellis, Colin Hunter, Wyllie, and Peter Graham are all finely shown, together with the more recent exponents of this phase of Nature—Julius Olsson, Ayerst Ingram, Gribble, Duff Tollemache, W. H. Bartlett, and Priestman.

The painting of cattle is admirably revealed in the works of Peter Graham, Davis, Arnesby Brown, and Hobley; and in J. M. Swan's painting of carnivora, no more splendid example exists than his 'Maternity'; pastoral scenes are witnessed by the ever-charming 'School Revisited,' by Leslie, 'The Reaper and the Flowers' by P. R. Morris, and 'A Poet and Peasant,' by Yeend King. Impressionism is dignified by the appearance in the collection of Whistler's 'Miss Alexander,' Greiffenhagen's 'Beggar Maid'; Loudan's 'Alas! that Spring should vanish with the rose!' and Kelly's 'La Cravatte Noir.' The New English Art Club send fine examples by Wilson Steer, David Muirhead, Moffat Lindner, and others. Of the late great leader of the Academy, Lord Leighton, the sumptuous 'Summer Slumber' is shown, the superb head of 'Atalanta,' instinct with dignity and forceful beauty, and the very beautiful half-length, 'The Music of the Sea,' as well as a small head lent by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Leighton's gift to His Royal Highness on the occasion of his marriage. His Royal Highness also contributes an interesting work by Sir L. Alma-Tadema.

The modern rendering of Nature's aspects, by such men as La Thangue, Clausen, Tuke, Brangwyn, and Stanhope Forbes, is also seen; and Marcus Stone's 'In Love,' Frank Millet's 'Piping Times of Peace,' Godward's 'The Bath of Venus,' Boughton's 'New England Witch,' 'The Prelude,' by Melton Fisher, and 'Saluting the Cardinal,' by Henry Woods, lend variation and vitality to a very systematic gathering of representative work.

In the fine collection of water-colours will be found many celebrated and familiar works, by men whose practice has ranged over the last forty years. The British sculpture, embracing carefully selected specimens of the work of our leading and rising sculptors, is witnessed in about a hundred examples. These have been the subject of much consideration on the part of Mr. G. J. Frampton, R.A. In the interesting sphere of black-and-white drawing, a rich display of nearly 300 examples has been brought together, mainly by the instrumentality of Mr. Philip Norman, F.S.A., whose services on the Committee have been of the most active character.

Rye, Sussex.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

With Notes by the Artist.

RYE, the "ancient town" added to the Confessor's list of Cinque Ports about a century after his time—the one-time nursery of the navy—has become a place of sojourn for artists and golfers—the latter always coming and going, the former constituting a formidable summer invasion. The Rye links are being constantly cared for and improved, and show an ever-increasing power of drawing the golfer, while the authorities—mainly perhaps by the teaching of Mr. Henry James—are beginning to see that the picturesque qualities of the town and its antiquities are valuable assets, attracting the artist and the archeologist, and so bringing money into the Rye coffers.

Rye has, in its early days, suffered much; with the exception of the church and the Carmelite house, the Ypres Tower and the Landgate, nothing of old Rye has survived the many sackings and burnings by the French during the fourteenth century. These invasions were not altogether unprovoked, and in many cases were followed by sudden reprisals, but none the less Rye was the great sufferer. All that was not of stone, and probably most of the houses were built of timber from the abounding forest of Anderida, was destroyed; and so, with the exception of the buildings named and a part of the old wall still standing in Cinque Port Street, which are all of grey stone, nothing remains of mediæval Rye. The Ypres Tower and the Landgate are little more than ruins. The tower was built by William of Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Stephen, as a watch-tower and a place of shelter in case of attack, and was the beginning of the system of defence-works which included the town walls built by permission of Richard I., and again, two centuries later, under Edward III., all of which system seems to have been singularly inefficient in repelling the attacks of the invader. The tower was for some time used as a council-room—the present beautiful court-hall in Market Street not being built till 1742—and later as a prison.



Coastguard's Hut, Camber.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Romney Marsh.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Rye has also suffered at a later date at the hands of the economist and utilitarian, and has been disfigured in places by slate roofs and corrugated iron buildings: yet, but for a scar here and there, the general view of the town is little injured. From Point Hill, looking across the intervening valley, the main road leads in pleasant curves up to the centre of the town, the Landgate



At the Fish Market, Rye.
By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

and the monastery appear jammed in among the mass of houses that pile up to the church; the Ypres Tower stands cut out against the Marsh, with Henry VIII.'s Camber Castle beyond. When the sun is well towards the west, the lichen-covered tiled roofs and brick walls glow in every shade of warm reds and browns. From the Marsh, the much-painted view of the town is represented in almost every picture exhibition. From out Winchelsea way the abruptness of the southern cliff becomes a feature. From the Hilly Fields the whole town becomes in the late afternoon a purple silhouette against the Marsh and the sea; from wheresoever the town is seen it is always pyramidal, a piling up of brown roofs with the church and its gilt vane as the apex.

From the town on three sides spreads out Romney Marsh, dotted with innumerable sheep, and only broken in a few places by a farm or a house, except where the quaint church and village of East Guldeford make a slightly larger landmark. Whether it be in its green stage, or later browned by the summer sun, or in winter whitened by snow; whether it be shimmering in the midday sun, or glowing orange in the evening, with the long blue shadows of the town and hills creeping across it, with rain driving over it, or with still mists veiling it, the Marsh is always a thing of beauty, a place of space and stillness and silence. Down towards Camber—the grave of old Winchelsea—the shingle lying bare and quivering opalescent in the sun, the patches of blue borage and the grey green of the sea-holly, the lemon yellow of the horned poppy and purple of the wild thyme produce a combination of colour, of subtlety and opulence creative of despair in the mind of the painter. Beyond are the broken lines of the sandhills, waving with esparto grass,



Oast-houses, Rye. By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Rye, from Military Road.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



West Street, Rye.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



The Old Hospital, Rye.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Shipbuilder's Yard, Rye.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



By permission of Ernest Vidler, Esq.

RYE ROYAL.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

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and veiled in places by the yellow mists of the myriad-flowered bedstraw, and farther yet, if the tide be out, a mile of many-coloured sands, with the stakes of the kedle nets breaking the horizon—and then the sea.

Inland of the town is the undulating country of sloping field, of wood and hedgerow, of farmstead and country seat, typical of southern England.

The sea, which once washed away some of the streets of Rye, has long since left her high and dry. Even in the time of Edward III. the sea was already receding from the landside so much that when the Landgate and wall were built, a fosse was dug also to complete the defence on that side; and now the Marsh stretches out two miles between the town and the sea, and it is difficult to imagine Evelyn waiting there impatiently watching for the ship that should bring his wife, escaping from France. Rye harbour now is at the mouth of the river, along whose tortuous and muddy windings only smacks and small craft can approach the town to unload at the fish-market, or the Strand, while ships of larger tonnage must deliver their cargoes at the river mouth. Still at all these three places may be seen masts and brown sails and black hulls, with busy men in red brown overalls, and the odds and ends that generally go with the sound of the sea and a smell of tar. Not far from the strand is a picturesque shipbuilding yard, where there is generally a boat on the stocks, and where the ground is strewn with timber of all kinds and shapes, and sheds stand floored deep in yellow sawdust and festooned with old tackle covered with the grey dust of many years.

In the town itself the streets have a somewhat foreign appearance, partly due, perhaps, to the Huguenot invasion that followed hard on St. Bartholomew, for notwithstanding that Rye had been so long at war with France, it was one of the first English towns to give an hospitable asylum to the persecuted French, who settled there, created industries, built houses, and founded families whose descendants still live there. The High Street is distinctly French-looking, and is still picturesque, though as the main business thoroughfare it has suffered most from shop enlargement, plate-glass windows, and gaudy facias. There still stands in it, however, the Grammar School, a fine piece of brick-work, erected in 1636. The George Inn is a typical country hostelry, with two good bay windows of small panes. There are several private houses of simple, dignified type.

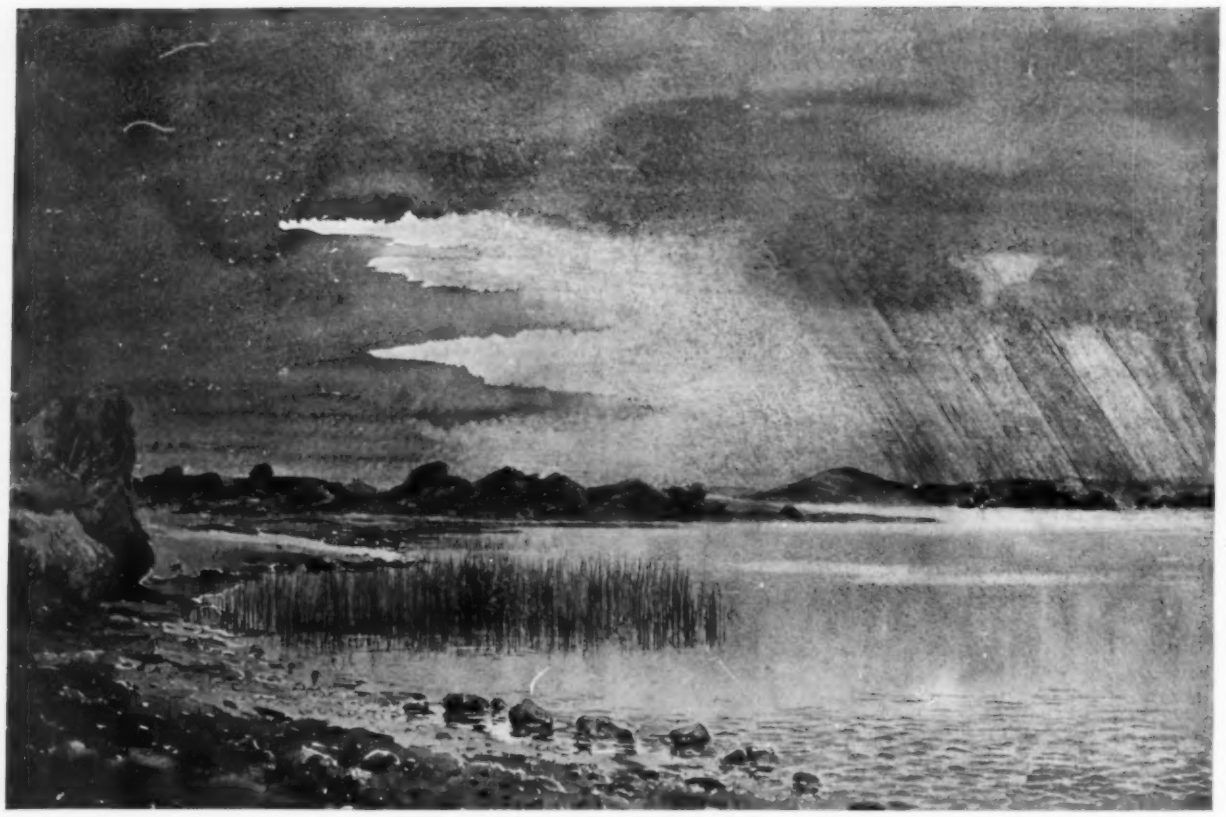
Mermaid Street, which was once, perhaps, the principal street, is very steep, and is paved with cobbles, and is almost entirely made up of old houses. The Mermaid Inn, partly timbered, is one of the "sights," and its back, seen from the cobble-paved yard behind, is, perhaps, the most frequently sketched "bit" in the town. The "Mermaid" has several good, unspoilt rooms and fire-places, with many of those hiding-places so largely used in the one-time thriving industry of smuggling. In Mermaid Street, too, is the old Hospital, with its timbering, its gables and its diamond-paned windows; and round the corner, in West Street, is Lamb House, where George I. stayed in 1725 and George II. in 1736, and which is now occupied and tenderly cared for by Mr. Henry James.

The Church, full of interest though it be, is chiefly useful to the artist as the notable feature of the general view of the town and for small details; of the building as a whole it is difficult to get a paintable view. There are many interesting old houses and gardens scattered through the town, and the wharves on the Strand are very picturesque; but though the buildings singly appeal strongly, the streets with their broken lines, their varied styles and colour, are still more attractive. Rye boasts no palatial buildings; it is essentially middle-class, just as its history is of the middle-class only—a record of prosperous merchants, of mayors and councillors and jurats. There have been royal visitors: Edward III. landed there in 1360, Henry VII. was there in 1487, Queen Elizabeth was so struck with the town in 1573 that she christened it "Rye Royal," Charles II. visited it in 1673, and two of the Georges later. But it seems never to have had any titled residents, and now has no lordly mansions. Notwithstanding this—perhaps because of it—Rye's old streets are full of interest.

The Chantrey Fund.

THE Chantrey Trustees completed their purchases for 1907 by acquiring the able picture of two cows and two calves on a moor by the sea, the work of Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A. This is the third picture by him bought with Chantrey moneys. In 1880 there was 'Returning to the Fold' (£525), in 1899 'Approaching Night' (£315). The five works bought this year, all from the Royal Academy, are: Mr. L. Campbell Taylor's 'The Rehearsal' (£1,000), Mr. Davis' 'Midday' (£945), Mr. Arthur Friedenson's 'Runswick Bay' (£150), Mr. W. G. Simmonds' water-colour 'The Seeds of Love' (35 gs.), and Mr. Bertram Mackennal's marble group 'Earth and the Elements' (350gs.). In all, £2,349 5*s*. has been expended, making a total for the last ten years of £20,418. Since 1877, 124 works have been secured at a cost of £72,235.

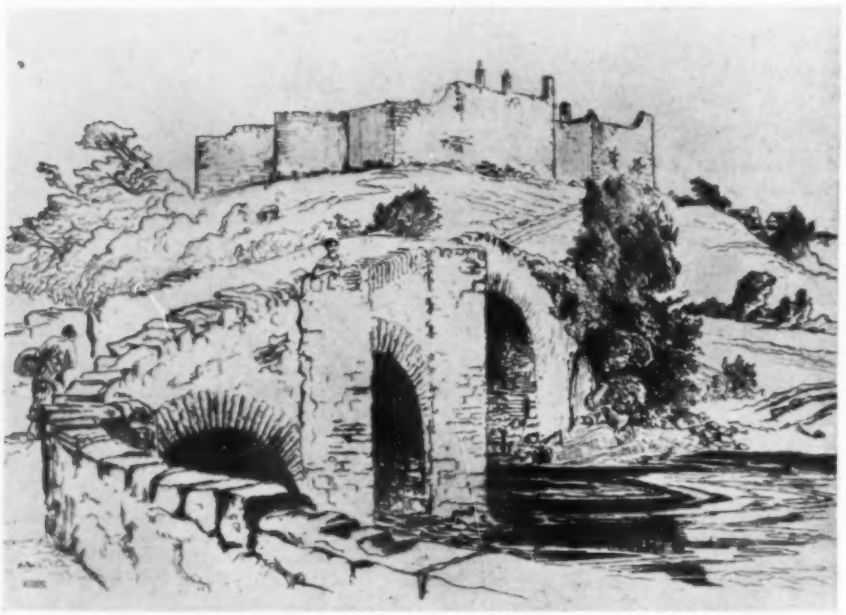
THE question of the administration of the Chantrey Fund has again been raised in the House of Commons, this time by Mr. J. T. Middlemore, who owns several important pictures by Holman Hunt, and presented to the Birmingham Art Gallery the 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' and the four works by Burne-Jones, illustrating the story of *Pygmalion and the Image*. Mr. Middlemore sought to obtain a withdrawal or modification of the Treasury letter of November 11, 1898, addressed to the Trustees of the National Gallery, whereby they should have the power to refuse to exhibit Chantrey pictures of which they do not approve. He desired, too, to oppose the plan of extending the National Gallery Loans Act, by which "undesirable" works would be distributed among provincial galleries. Nothing came of his questions, however.



Lough Erne.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Lough Erne.*

WHAT is a simple landscape? A simple seascape is quickly defined: it is composed only of sea, sky and atmosphere. The weather is calm and there is nothing alien to decorate the boundless ocean. But it is not so easy to strip the land of its accessories and to reduce the earth to its original state. A path, a hedge, a tilled field or some other unnatural formation is evidence of the presence of man, and wherever man has been the character of the scenery has been changed. Even a brightly-coloured patch of cultivated land, which gives such a sparkle to the distant landscape, makes the picture ineligible, and later on, when the reaping machines are at work, the design is yet more complicated. It is indeed impossible to name a place that possesses a really simple landscape, for no sooner is one named than the originality of it is spoilt by the curiosity of visitors or by the advance of civilisation. The destructiveness of human beings in this respect is remarkable, and all the preservation societies in the world cannot keep the land untouched. This is well enough in general, for the earth was made to live on, and not to look



The Bridge at Belleek.
By W. Monk, R.E.

* "Ulster and Connaught" Series. Continued from page 192.



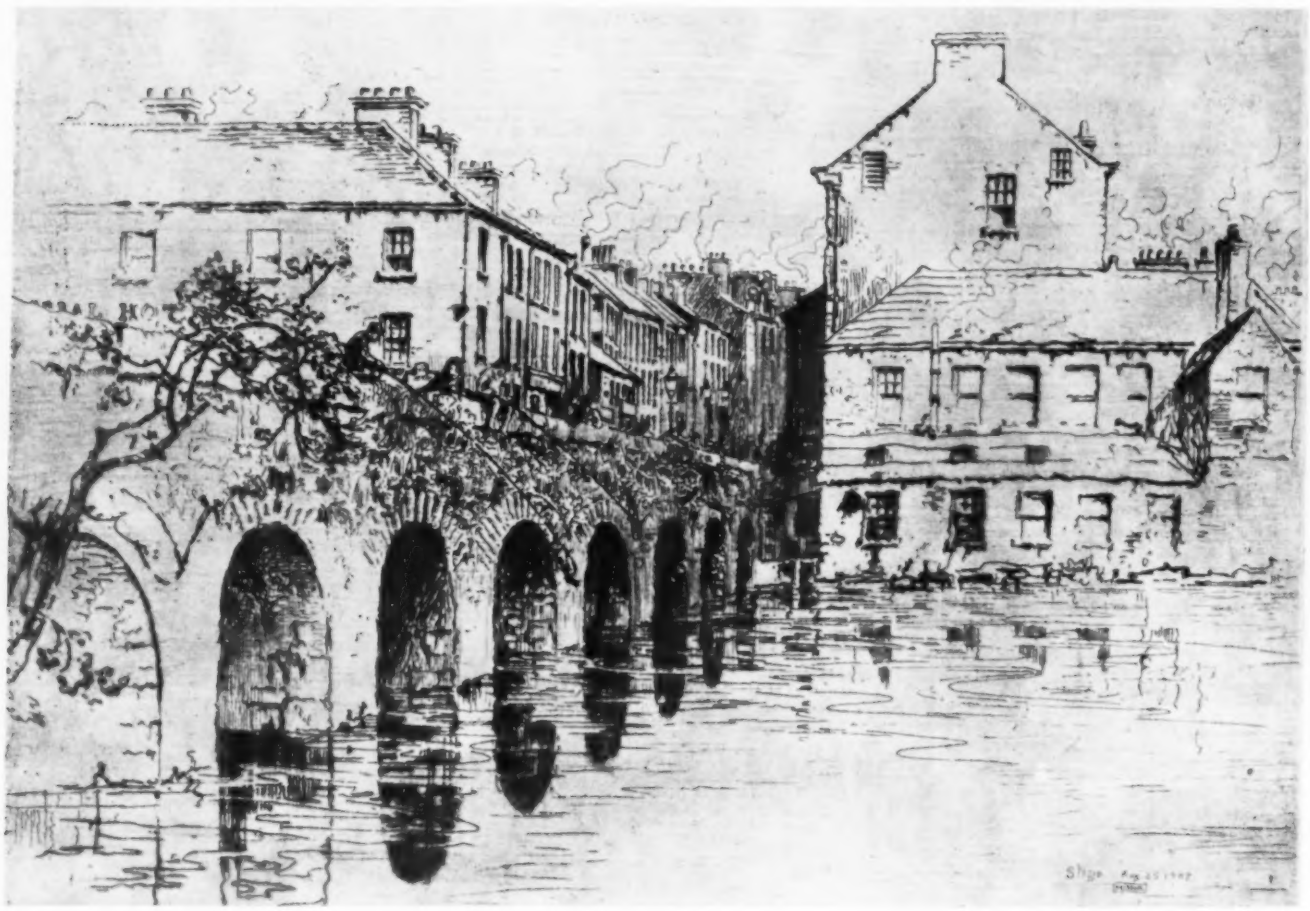
Ruins on the Island of Devenish.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Enniskillen: The Castle.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Sligo: A Bridge over the Garrogne.
By W. Monk, R.E.

at; but sometimes it is unfortunate from an artistic point of view.

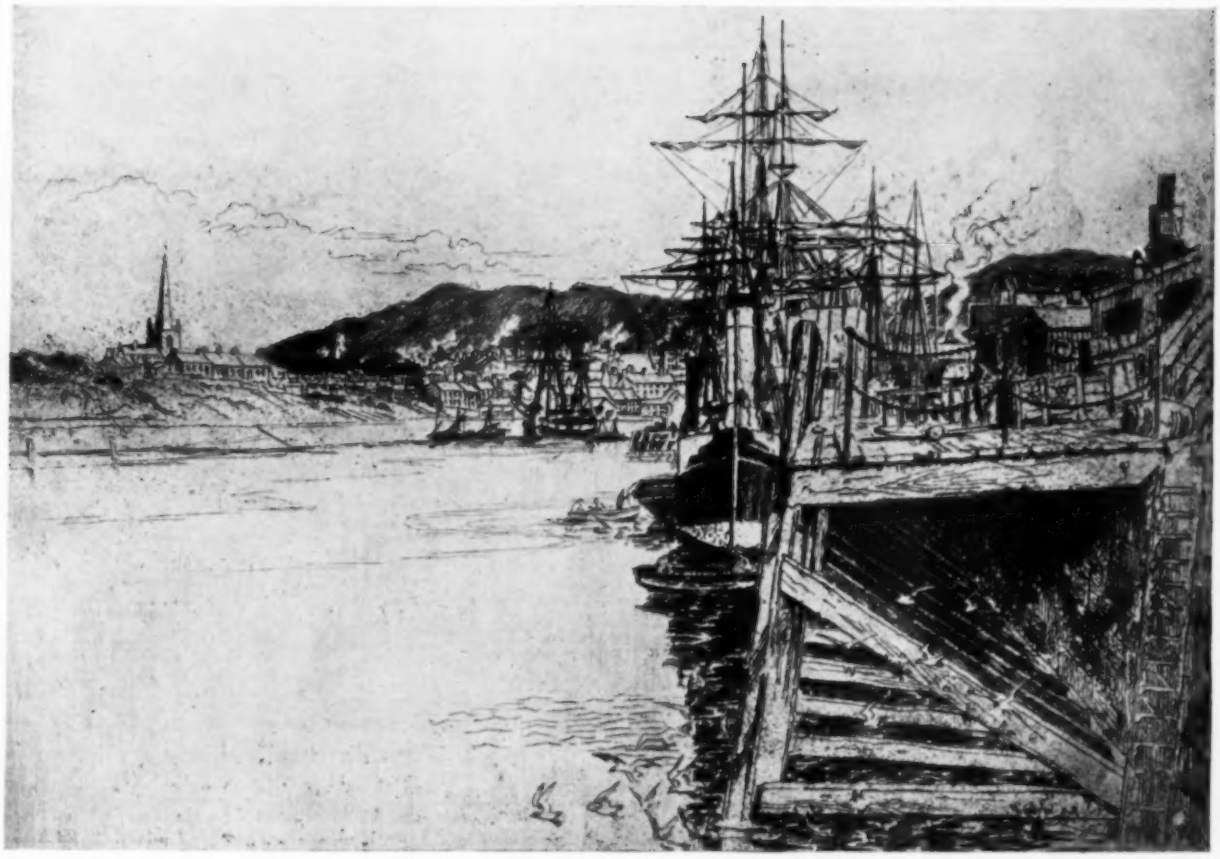
An inland view, as untouched and as natural as a simple seascape, being unobtainable, we are allowed, in speaking of a simple landscape, to include certain objects, simple in themselves and not disturbing the pastoral feeling. There must always be in the picture the suggestion of true contentment and of unostentatious prosperity and, so long as the spirit of quiet beauty prevails, a few auxiliaries may be permitted to appear. Thus the little farm, the windmill, the orchard, blessed with an abundance of blossom or the higgledy-piggledy barn-yard.

These characteristics appear in the neighbourhood of Lough Erne, and the traveller coming inland from the west of Donegal cannot fail to notice the gradual refinement of the scenery. Modern agricultural implements are used by the farmers, and the wild strength of the land has been tamed. "Simple" landscapes of the new definition often appear, and all hope is lost of finding a really simple landscape to compare with the naked seascape. It is true that the coast, worn by the sea into fantastic shapes, is natural and untrimmed by hand, but it is far too full in design, much too broad and formidable, to be called simple.

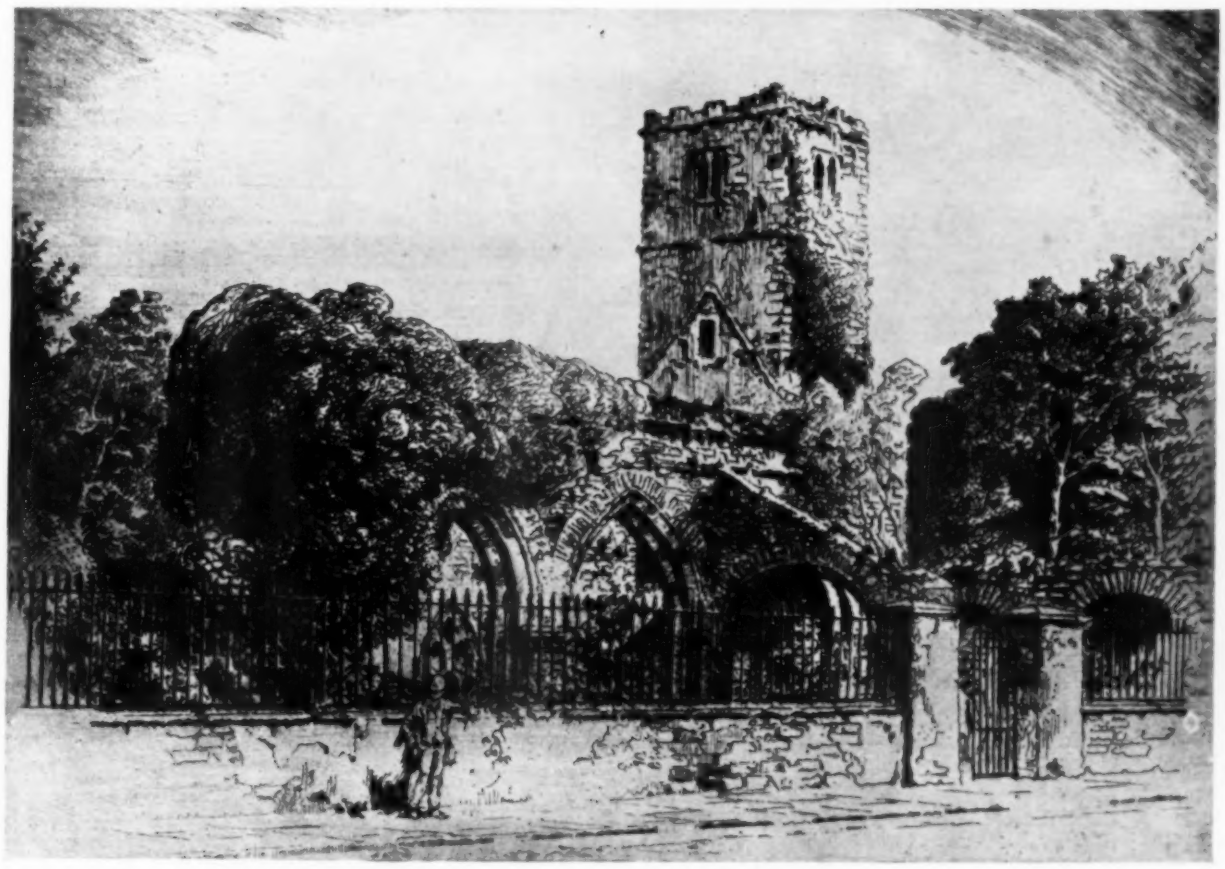
Lough Erne is a pleasant sheet of water, vast and variable; and there is something of Cumberland and Westmoreland in the surrounding country. Wordsworth's 'Guide to the Lakes' would be a suitable book to read before or after walking on the road alongside the water. Even the unsettled weather will be there probably to complete the illusion. At Belleek the bridge will appeal to the artist more than will the pottery concern, which, externally at least, does not offer entertainment. From Enniskillen a boat may be rowed to Devenish, and on the island, if the cattle do not object, some hours may be spent profitably. The grazing inside the abbey ruins is judged excellent by the live stock, so nervous archæologists must beware.

Sligo is not a prepossessing town, but it is full of pictorial interest. Anciently it was a place of some ecclesiastical and military importance, and the remains of past days provide ample material for historical study. In the early years of the nineteenth century it was well known for its illicit whisky stills, thirty-seven in the neighbourhood having been destroyed in one day by the Government. In modern days its life seems to be devoted to aboveboard commerce; but it is not famous for its loyalty to England. The country has a good agricultural reputation, and on Sligo quay is great activity with passenger and mercantile traffic. People still talk there of the loss in 1859 of the Marquis of Drogheda's yacht through the buoy in the harbour having been moved. But for its beggars, Sligo would be quite tolerable for a few weeks: as it is, the traveller is not sorry to move on.

A. Yockney.



Sligo: The Harbour.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Sligo: The Abbey.
By W. Monk, R.E.

'Meditation.'

By Jean Gustave Jacquet.

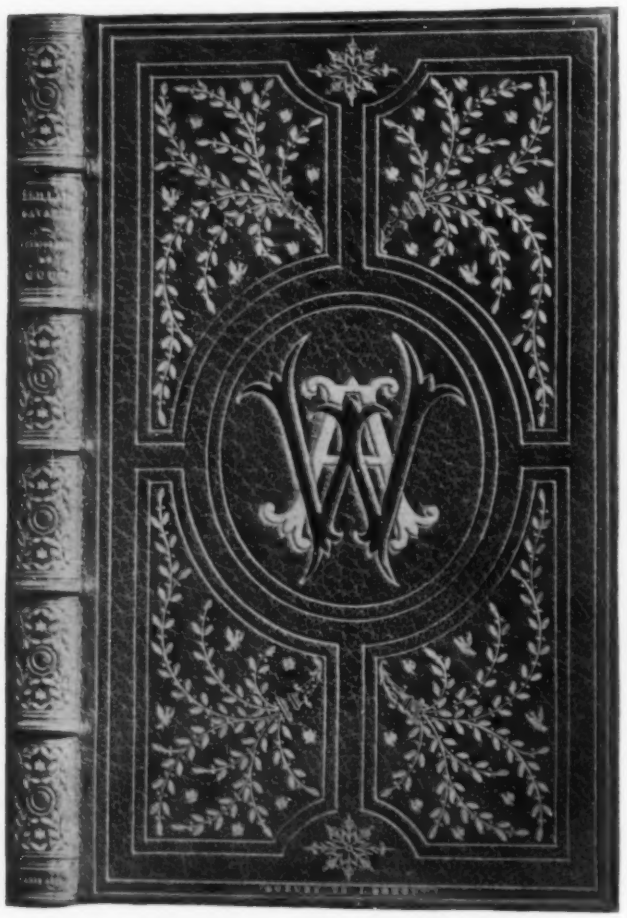
JEAN GUSTAVE JACQUET was born at Paris in 1846, and carried off medals in 1868 and 1875. He was a pupil of the "faultily faultless" Bouguereau, who was some twenty-one years his senior. Gustave Jacquet made his début at the Salon in 1865 with 'Modesty' and 'Sadness,' and his 'Call to Arms' attracted much attention in 1867. It was about this time that M. Edmond About wrote of him: "Behold an artist, unknown to-day, who will be celebrated to-morrow." As a fact, in his particular genre he is one of the most popular of present-day French painters. Soon after this prophecy the 'Sortie de Lansquenets' was bought by the State, and is now at the Château of Blois. Some see in M. Jacquet a modern representative of Greuze. Like many of his countrymen, Jacquet is not alone a collector of arms and armour—as well as of fine tapestry, and rich stuffs such as artists like—but he has used them on the battlefield against the enemies of France. He took part in the sortie under General Ducrot, during the Siege of Paris on October 21st, 1870, which was repulsed at Malmaison by the Germans, witnessed the death of Cuvellier, and saw Leroux grievously wounded. 'Meditation' will, to some, recall Wordsworth's line, "She was a phantom of delight."

> "A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament;
> Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
> Like twilights' too her dusky hair."

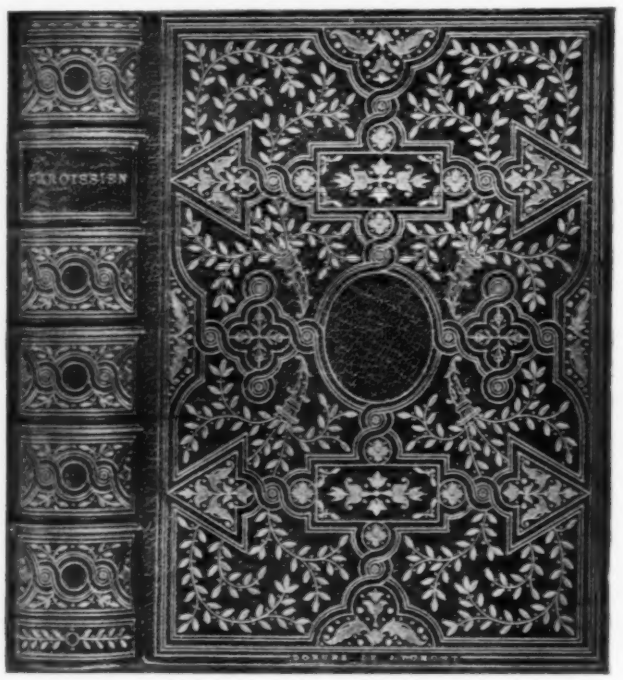
The late Mr. Alexander Ionides owned a little panel, dated 1875, something akin to 'Meditation,' and several examples were bequeathed to the Sheffield Art Gallery in 1906. Apart from his portraits, the 'Jeanne d'Arc praying for France,' which was at the Salon of 1878, may be specially mentioned. Jean Gustave must not be confused with Jules Jacquet, the accomplished interpreter in black-and-white of the minutely finished works of Meissonier.

Some French Crafts.

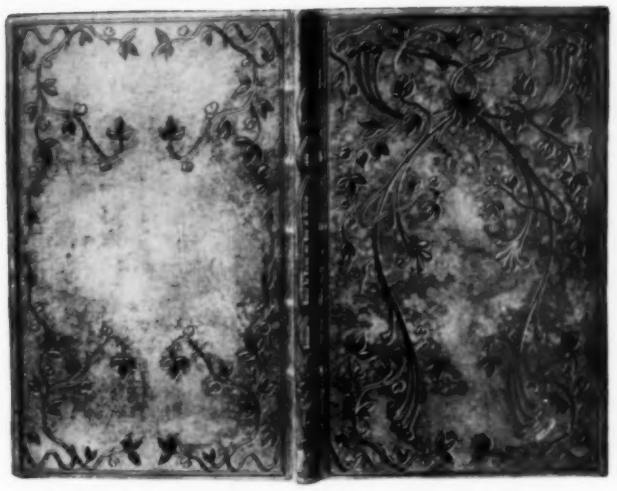
SOME recent bindings and metal-work by distinguished French craftsmen are interesting to English eyes, not least for the significant differences they present to work by English craftsmen. In France, both the influence of traditional styles and of the nature-study which, in decorative art, is almost inevitably affected by Japanese influence, are more forcible and distinctly imposed on modern work than in England. Rapid review of national styles of the past characterised craftsmanship in France during the greater part of the nineteenth century. The revolt from fashionable imitation of the past into the irresponsibilities of style that were allowed to the individual in the New Art was a closing phase of the restlessness of art that reflected the political restlessness of the times. In England, craftsmanship was an æsthetic crusade headed by Gothic banners against



Binding.
By J. Domont.



Binding.
By J. Domont.



Book Cover.
By Eugène Aumaitre.



Book Cover.
By Eugène Aumaitre.

the deadening force of commercial production. In France, unsatisfied skill has played a larger part than any other force in renewing craft-production, and that force has naturally issued in a greater variety of styles than English craftsmanship, so much more the creation of leaders, shows.

The bindings of M. Domont, the fine metal-work of M. Brateau, are instances of individual craftsmen whose work stands apart from influences that drive in the direction of naturalism. The design of M. Domont's laurel-garlanded bindings recalls Clovis Eve, and the technique of the modern binder is of the excellence that was enforced on the historic binders by guild-ordinance and inspection. The tooling is all put in twice, and the precision of the work is evident even in illustration, where so much of the effect of the bright gold or deep blind tooling is lost.

In the bindings of MM. Meunier and Aumaitre, on the other hand, tradition—save that no French craftsman ever has to find for himself his technique—is hardly suggested. The return to nature in book-binding, as in other crafts, has, in France, been the revolt from



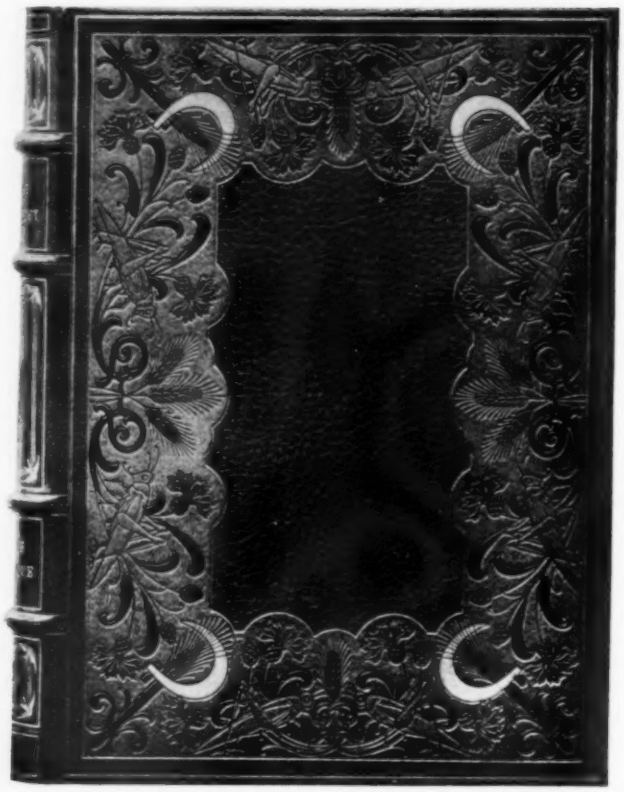
Goblet.
By Jules Brateau.



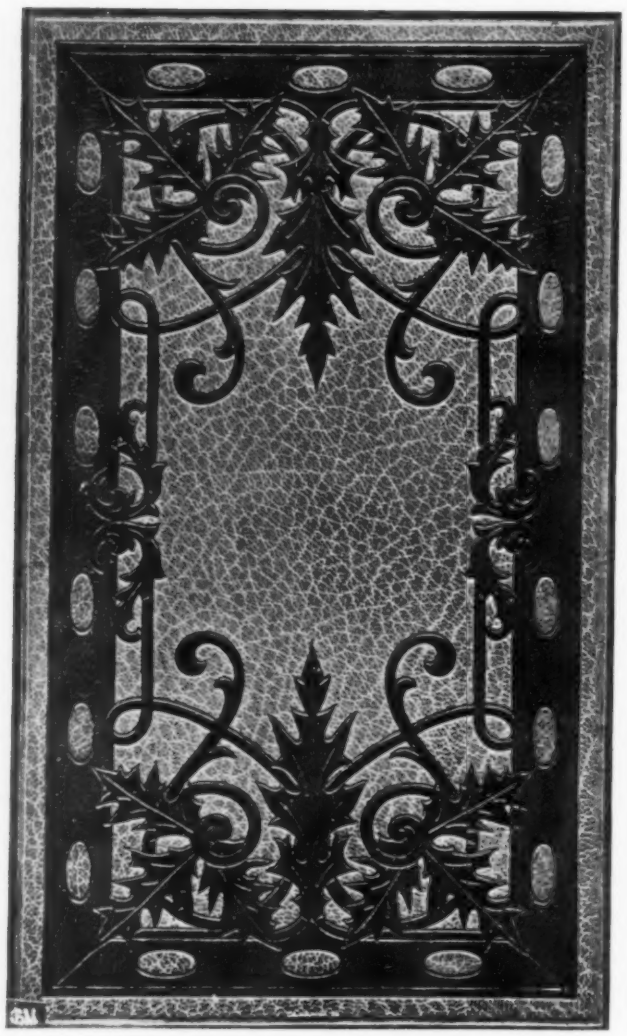
Goblet.
By Jules Brateau.



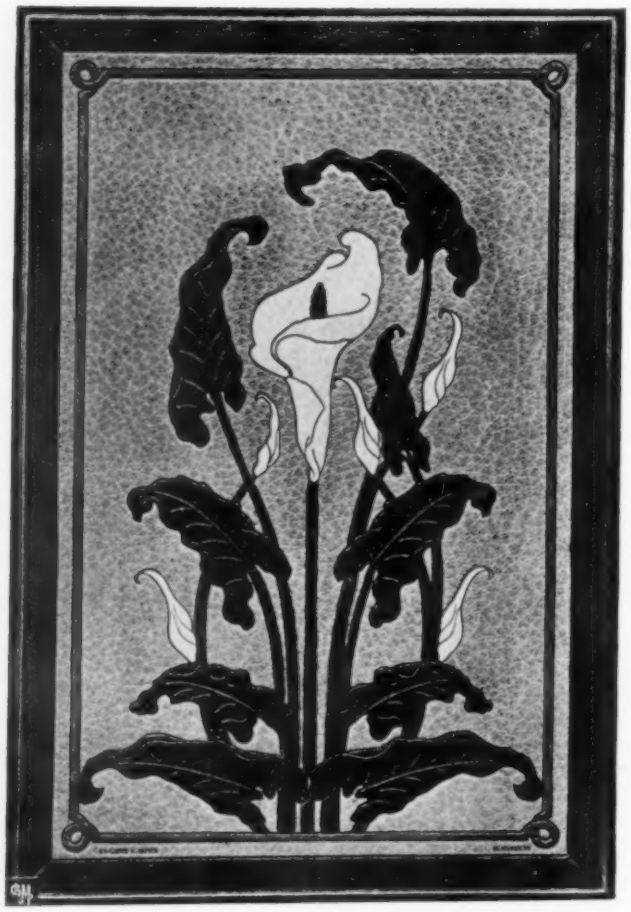
Book Cover.
By Charles Meunier.



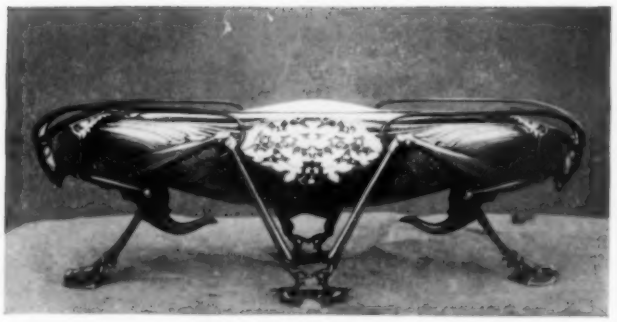
Book Cover.
By Charles Meunier.



Book Cover.
By Charles Meunier.



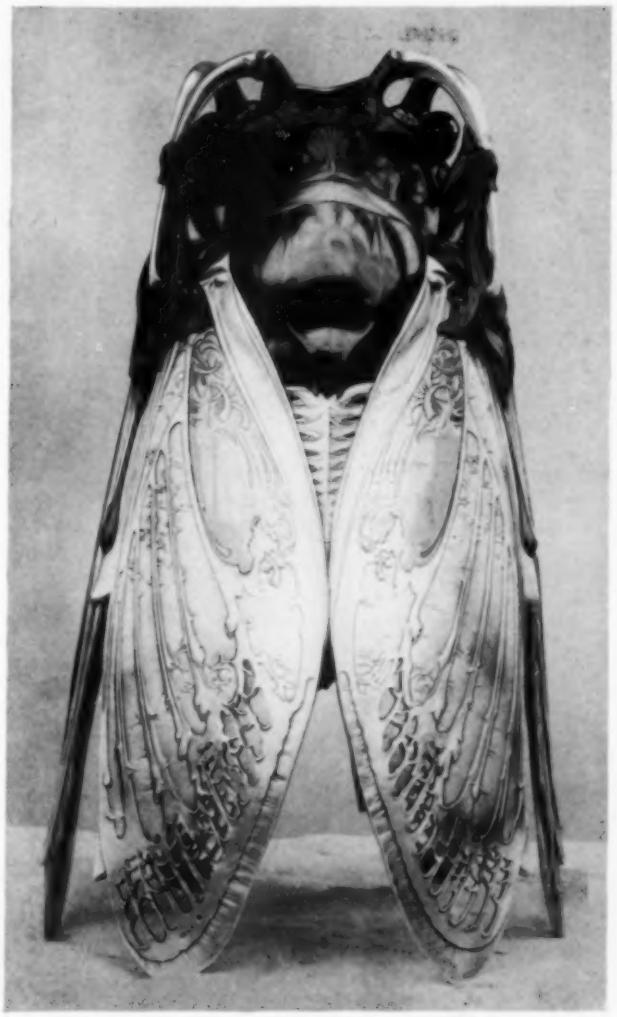
Book Cover.
By Charles Meunier.



Jardinière in Silver and Enamel.

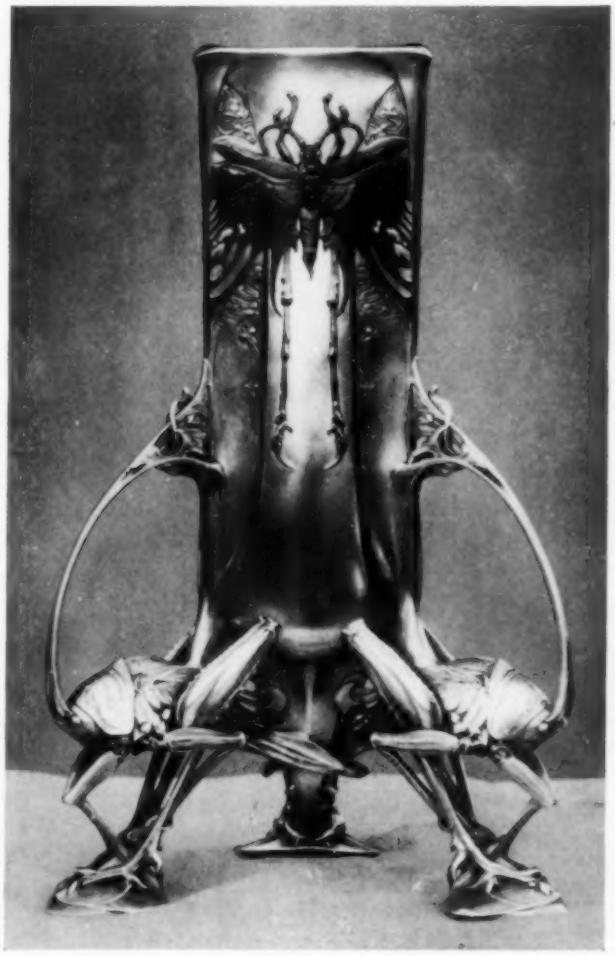
By J. Habert Dys.

formality. M. Aumaitre, employing colour vividly by preference, even when he is attempting no representation of natural growth, as in *Noir et Rose*, where the suggestion of the title is used as colour-basis, uses processes to give gradated colour in his treatment of leaves and flowers. He, like M. Meunier, treats frequently the two sides and back of the volume as a unit, a device giving the freedom valuable to the ideas of M. Meunier, represented in his designs—or representations—of growing flowers. The immediate relation of his more rigid designs to nature is hardly less emphatic. The range of colour and method used by these artists is necessarily extended beyond the



Vase in Bronze, Silver, and Enamel.

By J. Habert Dys.



Vase in Silver and Gold.

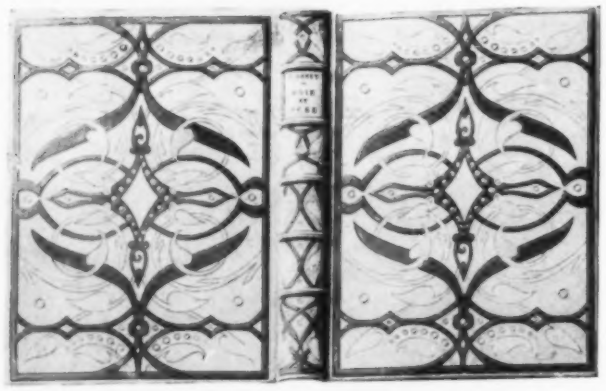
By J. Habert Dys.



Table.

By Henri Hamm.





Two Book Covers.

By Eugène Aumaitre.



Gold-tooled Binding.

By J. Domont.

limits sufficient for infinite variety when the representation of nature is excluded. In such experiments, modes, variations, craft-life may master new possibilities, if, as in these instances, caprice is no evasion of difficulty.

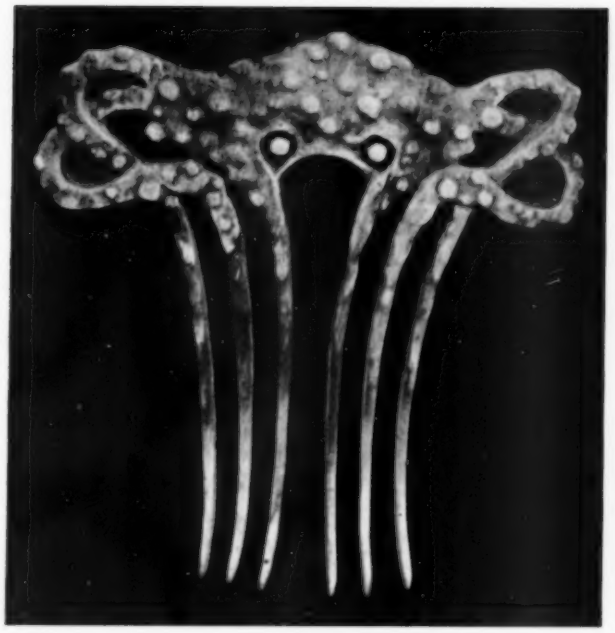
Between the metal-work of M. Brateau and of M. Habert Dys there is only one bond—technical accomplishment. On the goblets and the sword-hilt of M. Brateau, the delicacy of the work renders in little all subtleties of form. The miniature figures of children dancing in a ring, the figures of nymphs in the round or in high relief, that alternate with these charmingly wrought child-figures, are as animated as they are delicate. In the goblet of 'The Seasons' the same happy treatment of the surface, now in low, now in high relief, the same graceful and accomplished use of the figure, are to be noted. M. Brateau is an artist who puts the art of the goldsmith on the level it once occupied, when the sculptor produced masterpieces in the small forms of goblet or casket.

The vases and jardinière by M. Habert Dys express the discoveries of elaborate detail that the microscope has revealed to the sight of scientists and artists. The filmy wings, feathery antennæ, the armoured joints of the grasshopper, are surfaces, forms, new to the decorative artist. In this region of the unexpressed the Japanese, whose eyes went far into the world of detail before the Western world looked through the microscope, are guides in art. M. Habert



Binding.

By J. Domont.



Hair Comb.
By Henri Hamm.



Hair Comb.
By Henri Hamm.

Dys in the silver vase, supported by gold grasshoppers, their antennæ like flying buttresses against the column of the vase, has followed that nation of artists in metal to some extent. In the jardinière a filagree of enamel, evolving from the wings of the grasshoppers, enriches the silver, and the filagree pattern of the wings are again delicate detail in the second vase.

In M. Henri Hamm's combs and the other objects by him, the natural form on which he bases his design is not seen in the clear detail of the microscope, but in an



Presentation Sword.
By Jules Brateau.

impression of colour and form. The slight bodies of dragon-flies, meeting tiger-lilies, the tentacles of the sea-creature, give him suggestions that, without exaggeration and obvious artifice, he employs in the form of jewellery.

Passing Events.

THE catalogues of the summer exhibitions at Burlington House are carefully compiled, but from time to time, as is inevitable, errors creep in. This year, for instance, for several weeks after the opening, Nos. 76 and 339 both appeared in the catalogue as 'Camp Followers,' by Miss Winifred Austen. The title was puzzling as to No. 76, a free and able picture of some fowls and chicks, which turns out to be by Mr. George Pirie, named by him 'The Brood.' The tying label, which is obligatory, seems to have got detached, and that of Miss Austen substituted, but that does not explain how the name and title, which is, or should

have been, written on the back of the work, came to be disregarded. Mr. Pirie, who has exhibited off and on at the R.A. since 1888, was advised of the mistake prior to the opening of the exhibition, but many hundreds of catalogues were circulated which had no mention of his canvas. Mr. Pirie, who now dates from Midhurst, is connected with Glasgow, where his studies on animals have often been seen. At one time he followed a path similar to Mr. Crawhall's, and was influenced by Mr. James Torrence.

THE first edition of the 1905 Academy catalogue contains, by the way, one entry minus the name of any artist—"No. 910. 'A Portrait.' This water-colour was submitted without label or description, and hung on its merits. Some time after the show opened Mr. E. C. Alston claimed it as his, and in subsequent editions of the catalogue it so appeared, of course.

ALMOST invariably at this time of the year there are a crop of suggestions as to what the Academy should or should not do. Some would like to see it metamorphosed into a kind of "Independent," where, as in Paris, any artist—or shall we say painter—could command a certain amount of wall-space subject to his pictures not being vetoed by the police. Mr. Walter Donne proposes something more feasible, though against his plan to ameliorate the lot of the great "unhung" a good deal is to be urged. He suggests that the winter exhibitions at the R.A. should be extended, that the galleries which under the present system are empty be employed for a second exhibition of contemporary work. There is no denying the enormous increase in the production of pictures, but from the standpoint of the public, as distinct from the artist, it is expedient that there should be a "close time" at Burlington House.

MUCH has appeared in print as to the rejection by the Academy Council of Mr. Conrad Dressler's portrait in marble of the Queen of Spain, presented as a marriage-gift by a number of the ladies of England. Subsequently it was "exhibited by command of the King." From an authoritative source we learn that it is the invariable custom of the Academy to accept or reject all work submitted by non-members, and afterwards to submit to his Majesty a complete list of those associated, by subject or otherwise, with the Royal Family. In the case of Mr. Dressler's portrait, which appeared on the list among works not accepted, the King made no comment. Afterwards, however, he expressed a desire that it should be seen at Burlington House, hence the directors of the New Gallery were approached to that end. It is far from infrequent that works not deemed suitable for inclusion are exhibited by virtue of what is, to all intents and purposes, a Royal command. As to the present case, it has been wrongly asserted that there was no sculptor on the selecting committee. Mr. Swan served, and Mr. Brock is directly responsible for the arrangement of the section.

AN English art critic made an instructive calculation in connection with the two big summer shows in Paris. The New and the Old Salonites have in the Grand Palais between them something like 7,500 exhibits. Allowing one minute to each, on the basis of an eight-hour day, with an interval for refreshments, three weeks of close labour are required to complete a survey on these lines. Yet hundreds of writers have to publish critiques after two or three visits totalling, perhaps, seven or eight hours.

LIVERPOOL lost no time in organising a memorial exhibition of works by John Finnie, R.E., R.C.A., generally spoken of as the doyen of Liverpool artists, because for forty-one years he was head-master of the School of Art there. Finnie, born at Aberdeen in 1829, died only in February last. The Liverpool exhibition comprises between 400 and 500 of his pictures, water-colours, pastels, etchings, mezzotints, etc.

INCONVENIENT as is the several months' closing of the great reading-room of the British Museum to students, for purposes of thorough cleaning and inspection, now undertaken for the first time, we are promised one very interesting result. Mr. Muirhead Bone is pictorially sovereign over scaffoldings, as his splendid plate, 'Building,' and his drawing of the great gantry of Charing Cross station indisputably prove. The official photographer found the scaffolding in the Bloomsbury reading-room "one too much for him," so to say. Mr. Bone's services were enlisted, with what pictorial issue we shall in due time see.

MR. A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER, no doubt on the strength of his spirited portrait-drawings of a number of prominent cricketers, was some time ago commissioned to paint a picture commemorative of the success of Kent in the County Championship of 1906. It represents the match between Kent and Lancashire of last year's Canterbury Cricket Week, with faithful portraits introduced of the South County eleven.

THE admirably painted stained-glass window in Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper's picture of the Devil as a troubadour singing of love in a nunnery, was suggested to him, we understand, by the superb window in Fairford Church. It is one of the finest examples of stained glass in this country.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD will publish soon an important book by Mr. John Swarbrick on the lives, work and influence of Robert and James Adam. Mr. Swarbrick originally gained a prize for an essay on this subject read before the Architectural Association. The editor of THE ART JOURNAL has already expressed regret that a portion of the essay was published without acknowledgment in the article starting on page 123. Mr. Swarbrick has devoted much time and care to the preparation of his book, and the work no doubt will be worthy of the two artists whose influence is beginning to be felt again in contemporary architecture and decoration.

IN aid of the Highgate Club for men an interesting collection of pictures has been shown at the Literary and Scientific Institution, South Grove, Highgate. The pictures, some of which are famous and valuable, were lent by residents in the neighbourhood, and credit is due to Mr. H. W. Birks, Mr. Pye-Smith, Mr. D. Croal Thomson, and to the other members of the committee for promoting the exhibition. One of the extra attractions to the scene was a lecture by Mr. G. Clausen, A.R.A.

no. 14



Engraved by F. Miller

The Fountain of Love
By Fragonard



Ballysadore.

By W. Monk, R.E.

'Midst the Mountains of Mayo.*

By Alfred Yockney.

AT Ballysadore we are fairly in the Province of Connaught. From Sligo we have been on the watch for new characteristics, but nothing has appeared. and we might be in County Donegal. This seems very strange to us, for so strong is the recollection of the school atlas, that we looked for some difference in the face of the land. The traveller in England will be excused if he does not notice when he passes from Strathclyde into Wessex, for those are old divisions which exist to most people only in the pages of fiction. But in Ireland, where the provinces are so large-lettered in modern maps, we had an idea that there might be some obvious distinction from Ulster and Connaught. The thought occurs to us that perhaps Ireland is not really so split up politically, as well as geographically, as it is made out to be on paper.

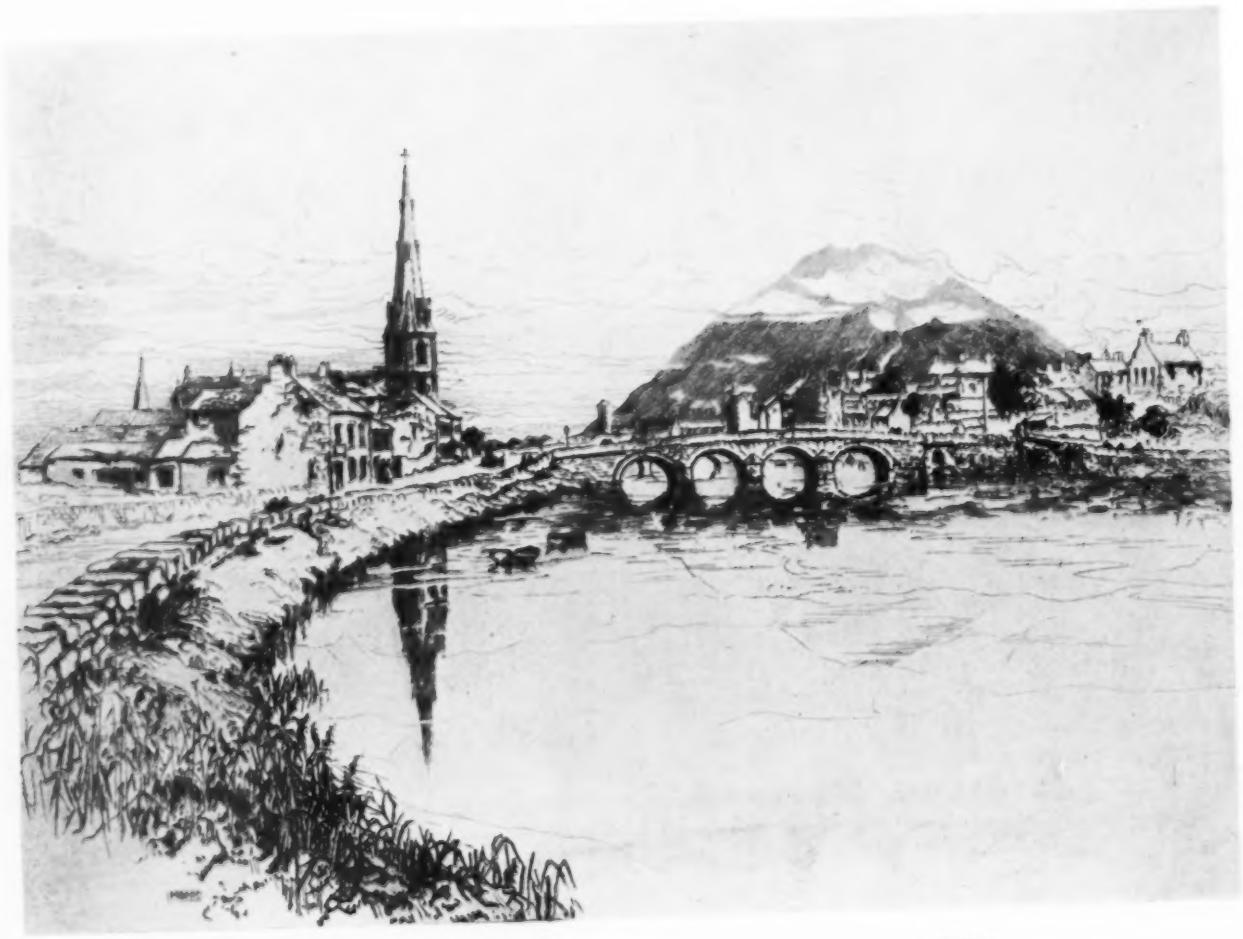
According to the dictionary, Hugh O'Neill, Lord of Cinel Eoghain, was defeated by the Connaughtmen at Ballysadore in 1201. Nothing there reminds one of this or of any other battle, but this peaceful-looking town has had many a fast undercurrent of excitement. Perhaps its gory place in history was unsought, and conflict was thrust on the inhabitants against their will. It is certainly hard to believe that behind the existing ruins there once lurked the local fire of battle, and the visitor will be inclined to think that, even in the days of tumult, the town would have preferred to advance in the world by other means than the sword, or to have remained inconspicuous for ever. The town, with its mills and other visible industries, bears a look of hereditary dislike to strife, and it seems to have bred nothing more violent than the cascading salmon river which bubbles down to the sea.

There is no railway across County Sligo to Ballina. The representatives of the district hope to get one before long from a sympathetic Chief Secretary; but, meanwhile, the traveller from the North must go along the mail road if he wishes to visit the little Parisian town on the River Moy. In spite of occasional miles of dreary waste-land it is a pleasant enough way, for the road runs parallel to the sea, and even when the water is hidden from sight the knowledge that it is there lends a sense of companionship. When Donegal Bay is in sight, so, often, are the cliffs on the other side, and the fine views should not be missed.

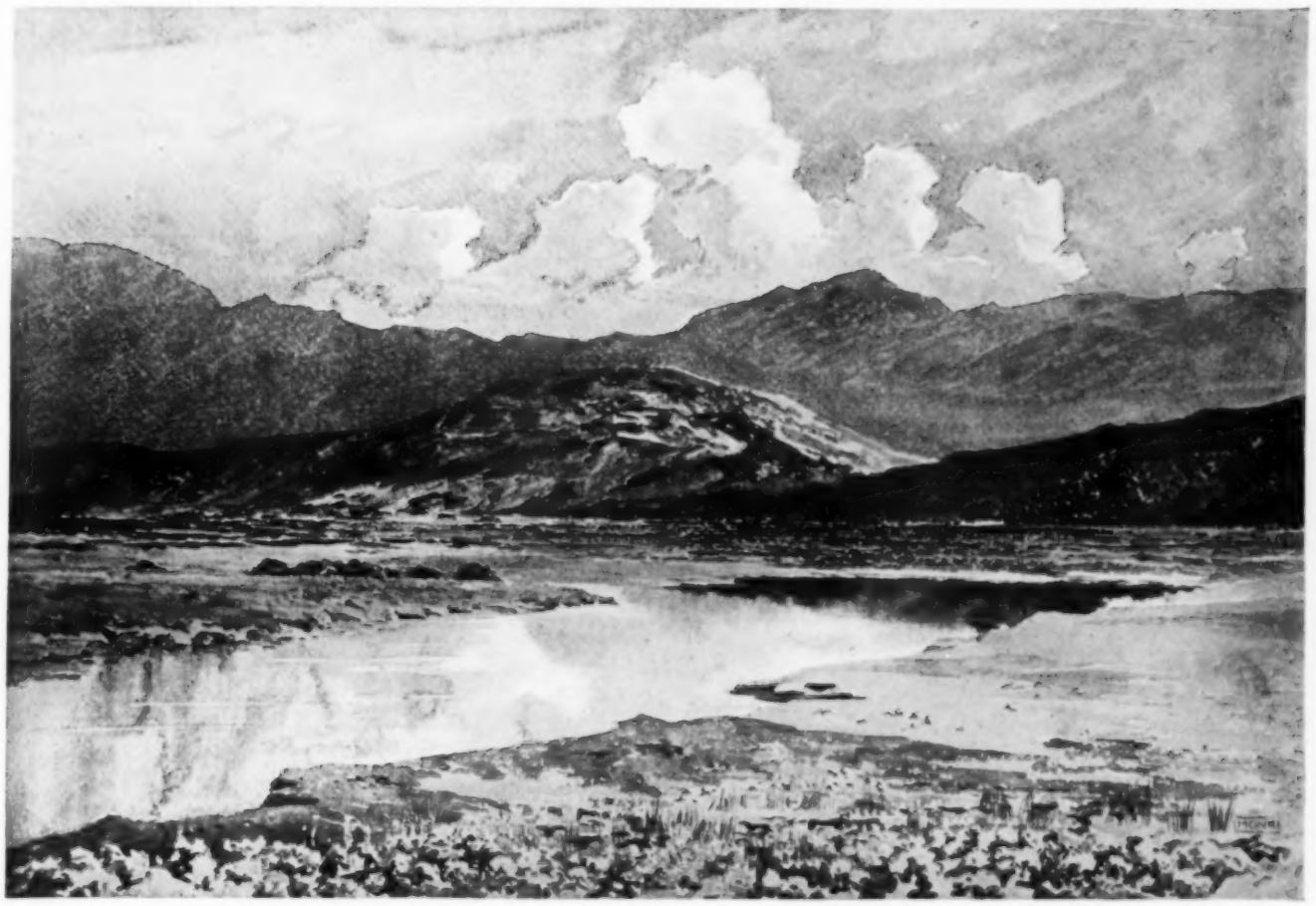
* VIII. "Ulster and Connaught" series, continued from p. 217.



Ballysadore.
By W. Monk, R.E.



Ballina.
By W. Monk, R.E.



The River Moy.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Ballina looks foreign to the eye, like many other towns in the West. Perhaps memory prompts the vision, for there lingers in many minds the history of the French invasion of 1798, and no one touches the local soil without hearing more of that event than he has ever read in books. But the attack cannot have altered the plan of the town, and some other influence must be looked for if on closer inspection the traveller finds that the alien appearance of the place is not the illusion of first sight.

The fact about Ballina that first strikes the visitor is its background. Like a huge monument a mountain dominates the town, and reduces the buildings of mankind to insignificance. The shape of it is usually a subject of speculation, for mists envelop its peak in most weathers, and the smoke of civilization puts an uncertain haze in front of it. This accentuates its bulk, for that which is invisible and can only be calculated always seems greater, like hidden danger, than the real thing. From the artistic point of view, of course, the presence of vapour is not a detraction.

This landmark at Ballina, big though it is, is not an isolated mass. Mountains are now in every picture; each landscape has its heavy edge in the distance. Yet one never feels shut in. On the contrary, the traveller seems



Lough Cullin, Foxford.
By W. Monk, R.E.

to be always in the midst of the open country, and although apparently surrounded by hills, he breathes free, wholesome and invigorating air. All seems clean and quiet, and London seems very far away. Even the official notice near the Drummin Woods, that visitors are requested not to pluck the rhododendrons, fails to bring back any coherent thoughts of town affairs, suggestive though the warning is of railed-off lawns and gardens.

Nearly a hundred years ago a thrill went through Mayo at the news of a dreadful calamity which had befallen some dwellers in the county. A farm stood on the side of a valley, and was overhung, at about two miles away, by four lakes, each communicating with each other. With that description the exact locality may be discovered, perhaps, by someone who knows the district well. The house was completely swept away by an immense body of water which burst from the lakes, and seventeen souls, according to the report sent out from Castlebar, were hurried into eternity. That piece of forgotten history may be recalled when in the neighbourhood of Loughs Conn and Cullin, for there the waters are wide and deep, and the effect of overrunning may be conjectured. More pleasant thoughts, however, will soon be inspired by the remarkable scenery. The heathered rocks and islands fill every view with colour, and Nature is to be seen at her best. Near the Pontoon Bridge is an ideal spot for a very quiet holiday. The presence of an "Angler's Hotel" suggests possibilities of sport and comfort, and with such surroundings fishing seems an alluring pastime even to those who are not sworn to the craft.

'Midst the mountains of Mayo the chief source of interest will be found in the scenery, but it cannot be denied that the human accessories form an important feature. Especially are the turf-cutters to be noticed. In picturesque groups the people follow this curious industry, and they seem to thoroughly enjoy the work. Along the roads the laden donkeys walk leisurely, attended by boys and girls in delightfully incomplete garments. Untrammelled with unnecessary clothing, their movements have an animal quickness and ease, and it is an object-lesson in agility to watch them.

Castlebar was once appointed to be the seat of the Republican Government of the Province of Connaught. It was in the summer of '98 that the French invasion took place, and although the success was short-lived, the apostrophe year of the eighteenth century has ever since been in the calendar of a certain section of Irishmen. Even if the events of that year meant something to the traveller before he left home, he will leave the neighbourhood of Castlebar with a sense that his education in history has been neglected. The place teems with military associations, and lynching seems to have been a popular amusement there. Someone is sure to point out the tree in the Mall where the hanging was done, but accounts differ as to which party most



Turf-cutters at Castlebar.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Near the Pontoon Bridge, Loughs Conn and Cullin.

By W. Monk, R.E.



A View from Castlebar.

By W. Monk, R.E.

deserved it. We take an indulgent and diplomatic view of the circumstances, and guard against ghostly dreams by walking out to observe the distant mountains, brilliantly lit up by the setting sun. There is far more romance in this than in the other.

By the kindness of Mrs. Wuidart, who lent her house in Eton Avenue, Mr. Monk's drawings and etchings of Irish scenery were shown recently in London. The illustrations to the second half of the series will be exhibited in Dublin in the winter.

The Fountain of Love.

By Jean Honoré Fragonard.

THE De Goncourts affirmed that France of the eighteenth century had no poets to breathe in words the soul of the times, the spirit of the people. Its only two poets were two painters: the inimitable Watteau and Fragonard. Fragonard, born at Grasse in 1732, died on August 22, 1806, in Paris, where has recently been held the most wonderful exhibition of his works ever brought together, comprising some seventy authentic pictures and nearly one hundred drawings and miniatures. He was a true child of Provence, the "land of sunburnt mirth." Love, joy, youth were his themes; asceticism, everything that conflicted with free-going, richly-coloured life, he disregarded. His disposition is aptly suggested by the De Goncourts as "*paresseusement travailleuse.*" Asked how he became a painter and in what way his style had been formed, Fragonard rejoined characteristically: "Tire toi d'affaire comme tu pourras, m'a dit la Nature en me poussant à la vie." No wonder he was a favourite of a pleasure-loving period, that disregarded the rising tide of revolution which in 1789 swept over France. Jean Honoré began his active career as a junior clerk in the office of a notary, who soon discovered, however, that the youth would do "far more good in copying pictures than he has ever done in transcribing deeds." Then, he went for six months into the studio of Chardin, who found his pupil incorrigibly idle and destitute of talent. Fragonard's wanderings about Paris were, as a fact, more profitable than the hours spent with Chardin, whose temperament was alien to his. Boucher, astonished at the excellence of some copies by the youth, admitted him into his studio and entrusted him with designs for the Gobelins tapestry factory. And he added wise precept to wise example. "My dear Frago," said Boucher before the Provençal set out for Rome in 1756, "in Italy you will see the work of Raphael and Michael Angelo: but in confidence and as a friend I tell you this—if you take those fellows seriously you will be a lost man." "Frago," as with exuberant familiarity he signed many of his now famous compositions, did nothing of the kind. How foreign the monumental art, the sculptured certitude, the gravity of Michael Angelo were from the frolicsome fancy of Fragonard is apparent from his famous 'Swing' at Hertford House, painted in 1765. The story goes that a gentleman of the Court one day met Doyen, who had just exhibited a religious picture, and taking him into a boudoir, asked him to paint a *petite dame* in a swing set in motion by a bishop, with the noble himself depicted on the ground glancing upward at his "dear little lady, whose dainty feet will twinkle above my eyes." Doyen suggesting that the picture could be improved by making the shoes of Madame fly off in the air, to be caught by Cupids, recommended "M. Fagonat" for the task, and he substituted a gallant for the bishop.

'The Fountain of Love,' which in the Wallace Collection hangs near the dissimilar 'Fontaine' of Watteau, exhibits in high degree the sensuous ardour of Fragonard's style. With unreflecting vehemence the man and the woman press forward to drink of the cup held out by one of the chubby, mischievous Cupids. Bitter-sweet must be the draught. The dark, rather ominous picture was bought by Sir Richard Wallace at the San Donato sale in 1870, for 31,500 francs. For 'The Swing' £1,200 was paid in 1865, and that same year the beautiful 'Chiffre d'Amour' was bought from the collection of the Duc de Morny for £1,400.

A DECISION by Mr. Justice Parker allows Mr. W. S. Marchant to continue to use the name "The Goupil Gallery" for his business premises at 5, Regent Street; and Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. have failed in their attempt to adopt the title for their Bedford Street agency.

Fantin-Latour as Lithographer.

THE poet, the artist, and the craftsman in Fantin-Latour are nowhere more intimately and exquisitely revealed than in that wonderful series of lithographs which began in 1862 with the 'Venusberg' from Tannhäuser, and continued almost up to the time of his death in 1904. Fantin stands with Whistler, and let us add Mr. Charles Shannon, as a master lithographer. He was a pioneer in the modern revival of the art. His innovations in technique, the massive shadows, the boldly scratched-out lights, were at first regarded as outrageous, but when in the seventies he came into his own, connoisseurs began to experience delight. None but a genius could so balance true whites and true blacks, with sensitively gradated links of connection, could plunge into the deeps of shadow or rise into serene moonlit spaces, could give a magic as of flowing water or of distilled music, issuing as a breath of his own being. Fortunately for us, the artist, years ago, enabled the British Museum to acquire, far below market value, fine proofs of about two-thirds of his whole work on stone. They are a national treasure.

Now, admirers of Fantin, collectors in every land, owe a debt of gratitude to his widow for republishing, in convenient form, the admirable catalogue *raisonné* of M. Germain Hédiard—one of the most adequate pieces of work in its kind extant. For long the edition of 1899 has been practically unprocurable; moreover, 145 subjects only were therein dealt with, whereas now we have descriptions and histories in little of the whole series of 193 lithographs, including the four which appeared in 1906, with a biographical and critical study by M. Léonce Bénédite. M. Bénédite gives an interesting account of Hédiard's labour of love, all but completed in manuscript when he died in 1904. Then there is the compiler's essay on Fantin, and the reprinted preface to the catalogue of 1899. Altogether this is a fitting tribute to an artist, a master, associated by many with "les fleurs: ces petites choses divines," albeit there is, if we mistake not, but one flower lithograph. Yet the fragrance, the dews of peace and of wonder, are about example after example. This new catalogue is indispensable.

The New English Art Club.

NOTHING like the whole force of the New English Art Club is marshalled at its 38th Exhibition, held in the Dering Yard Galleries, which are too narrow for several of the important pictures. Mr. Conder, Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Orpen, and Mr. George Thomson send nothing; and Mr. A. E. John has pencil drawings only—two of which, however, are of exceptional fineness. Yet, size considered, the show is the most vital of present-day work organised this year by any London society. It exhilarates, conveys a sense that art is a living force among us, not an exhausted echo, or a parade of virtuosity. The New English has been spoken of as a "body" to whose distinguished, adolescent "head" is attached a sorry spectacle of a long, indeterminate "tail." There is an element of truth in the exaggerated statement, for in the little temple are some who merely echo the chants of the priests. But this summer the proportion of genuinely animate exhibits is considerable. Eliminate the "masterpieces," and the "garret" still remains interesting. Here we dare to repeat the jubilant phrase of Whistler, that "Art and Joy go together, with bold openness, and high head, and ready hand—fearing naught, and dreading no exposure." Mr. Muirhead Bone's 'View in Leeds' dominates the section of drawings. It is the subject of his etching contemplated afresh and fortified. In simple majesty, in unforced grandeur, in essential stability, even Mr. Bone has not surpassed this noble drawing of a towered church and houses, on the top of a bare, steep bank of lighted earth, standing illuminate against a clear sky. He understands force as an affair of relationships. Mr. John's full-length study of a girl, No. 25, is immediately reminiscent of Rossetti's lovely pencil-portraits of Miss Siddall; but the 'young Titan,' often charged with brutality, is in the suave, delicate treatment self-expressive, and suggests that tenderness as well as vehemence is within his compass. Psychologically, too, the drawing is said to be remarkable. There is none, of course, to fill the place of Brabazon, whose so-called anarchy had such fair issue. Notable are the spacious and scholarly landscapes by Mr. A. W. Rich, brilliant summaries of nature by Mr. Wilson Steer, sure and delightful flower-pieces by Mr. Francis James, an accomplished 'Oriental Vase' by Sir William Eden, two or three slight, airy, and charming landscapes by Mr. Tonks, an able study in black-and-white on grey paper of a woman asleep by Mr. Francis Dodd, and four unperplexedly set down if not altogether unperplexing immediacies by Mr. Sargent. Mr. Sargent's ardour of sight is still more authoritatively proclaimed in his two pictures. 'A Balustrade'—a wide and weighty stone balustrade decorated with spheres—leaps into the vital sunshine of Italy from luminous summer shade. The "thing seen" causes a swift and eloquent pictorial reaction. The picture has something of the impartiality of sunlight itself, of what Manet called its immense benevolence. In the second canvas there is shown, cool and grand and grey, the massive base of the Salute 'Plus on sait, plus on simplifie.' Degas' gibe of Sargent being "le chef de rayon (the obsequious young man behind the counter who belauds silks and satins) de la peinture" cannot for a moment be sustained before the adventurous joy of 'A Balustrade,' the broad authority of 'La Salute.' Mr. Steer's life-sized portrait of Mrs. Hammersley is in many respects a wonderful accomplishment. As a piece of

painting, the gleaming ivory satin gown, part of whose ample design requires explanation, the straw hat with blue trimming, and more particularly the silver-green landscape and leafage, that unite graceful traditionalism to fresh appreciation of nature, are astonishingly good. But the face, as it now is, is overwhelmed by the draperies, and sinks almost to the level of an accessory; the pigment has a dead look. Mr. Steer's other open-air, 'The Beaver Hat,' is in colour gay and delicate, and to the left of the alert figure is a lovely passage of pearl-grey in the landscape. It is to be hoped that, at a subsequent exhibition, an important portrait by Mr. Sargent will hang near one by Mr. Steer, for comparison would be instructive. Among the landscapes, Mr. W. W. Russell's two views of spirey Coutances are the best. He does not sacrifice the character of the real green earth or of the congregation of buildings to light, however potent, but concentrates on the larger truth in singularly honest, forthright way. There are, too, Professor Holmes' 'In the Jura,' grave, scholarly, emotional withal, essentially the work of an artist; Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Afternoon,' nature in joyous sunlight and quivering shadow; strenuous Yorkshire scenes by Mr. James Henry; finely tempered canvases by Mr. H. S. Teed, owing something to the influence of Williamson of Liverpool; Mr. David Muirhead's 'Norfolk Landscape,' assimilated through Ruysdael and the Dutchmen; Miss Alice Fanner's fluent 'Datchet'; Mr. Sydney Lee's 'Roadside House,' exaggerated in its attempt to reproduce actual surfaces of bricks and mortar; interesting architectural pieces by Mr. Francis Dodd and Mr. Alexander Jamieson; a good study of the interior of Billingsgate Market, by Miss Clare Attwood. Mr. Will Rothenstein shows three grave-faced Jewish priests 'Reading the Megillah' (a rendering of certain chapters of the Book of Esther), seriously searched and of real authority. Brilliant, if rather inconclusive, is Mr. Henry Tonks' 'Strolling Players.' Mr. Shackleton's rainbowed sea-shore fantasy, the iridescent 'Passing Hour,' with a group of naked figures, must not be dismissed as merely Turneresque. Mr. Glyn Philpot, who evidently admires Mr. Charles Shannon, shows how considerable is his talent in 'Christ in the Tomb with angels,' though imaginatively he falters and falls. Mr. Charles Stabb has exhibited nothing so important, or perhaps so good, as 'A Woman with a Teacup.' Of many other pictures worthy to be named, it must suffice to indicate the spirited portrait-sketch by Mr. L. A. Harrison; the skilled interiors with figures of Dutch-like particularity, by Mr. F. H. Shepherd; Mr. Albert Rothenstein's 'Laundry Girl,' not unbeautiful despite its "ugliness"; Mr. Von Glehn's 'Gold and Lacquer,' and the exhibits of Mrs. MacEvoy and Mr. Ambrose MacEvoy, who is fully represented at the separate show in the Carfax Gallery.

IT is curious how the beginnings of artistic coteries are so often marred by squabbles and misstatements, such as a little courtesy of the give-and-take order would probably have amicably settled. In the century before last the Royal Academy had some serious controversies before it became firmly established, while during the middle of last century the foundation of the Royal Scottish Academy was marked by some outrageous acts of colleagues and would-be patrons such as now seem incredible.

And here is the early history of the most flourishing, apparently, of the "outside" institutions revealed in what seems to be a series of shabby misunderstandings or something worse. In any case, Mr. W. J. Laidley, whom every one knows to be a man of honour, in his account of "The Origin and First Two Years of the New English Art Club" (John Lane), has much to relate about the extraordinarily uncivil way he has been spoken of by his former comrades. In this book Mr. Laidley tells the story of his treasurership of the club, and of his generous support thereof when support was most needful. He backs his statements with documents, and although the reader cannot help feeling that the author acted towards the end of his treasurership and also in preparing this book, like a disappointed man, yet it is apparent that he was animated throughout his connection with the club by a sincere desire to promote its well-being.

Bradfield College.

THE Greek Play at Bradfield College puts, every three years, a luminous vision of the Greek stage before our eyes. The Antigone of Sophocles, the play given this June by the scholars of Bradfield, is one of three plays that are thus set in the open air, in sunshine and cloud for lighting, in a dell of green where the wind stirs the trees, and bird-notes, the flight of wings, are interwoven with the stress of heroic language, the simple music of pipe and lyre. The archæology of text-books can never injure for us the living life of Greek drama as literature. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, breathed imperishable life into the Saga-figures of their art, and theirs is an immortality of beauty. But groping archæology has injured, to the unimaginative, the idea of the sunlit Greek theatre, set in a clear space open to air and sky, where the wreathed altar with its spice-laden smoke, the "orchestra," the palace-front, the chorus, all bore to the Greek an undying breath of the old country-side, haunted still by Dionysus and by Pan. These Bradfield performances renew, as far as possible, all that beauty, and bring a modern audience into the Greek theatre, to hear and see Greek drama as it lived and breathed.

If there are hindrances to our finding the whole or the performance so beautiful as are parts, the unprejudiced Greek of a Sophoclean audience may have felt the same. The chorus, like all survivals, is apt to be inconvenient in the action of the "Antigone," however splendid are such passages as that concerning Love, the conqueror. The dancing and chanting of the fifteen greybeards failed frequently to be impressive, despite the admirable Coryphæus made by the Warden—substitute, at a day's notice, for C. K. Seaman. On the stage the figures of Creon (A. G. R. Garrod), Teiresias (F. R. Barry), the two messengers and the guard—though with reservation on the comic side—told with remarkable force, histrionically. The Antigone of C. R. Eddison was dignified, pathetic, if less than sublime, and the cast, even to the boy who leads blind Teiresias, was admirably coherent. An added memory of beauty belongs to the summers when Bradfield holds this festival.



Ingle-nook in Fumed Oak, with Accessories.

Designed by Robert Paterson.
Made by The Crafts, Glasgow.

Scottish Arts and Crafts.—I.

IN the sequence of great craftsmen sculptured on the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert Museum, George Heriot, the Edinburgh goldsmith and jeweller, has his place. Part of the reputation that has remained to Master Heriot through three centuries is from his substance as founder of Heriot's Hospital, and promoter of "the fortunes of Nigel." But this latest commemoration honours him as craftsman, and as representative of Scottish craftsmanship. He is, indeed, the fitting figure to be in the place, yet, except by the rare conjunction, in his case, of skill and prosperity, he might have remained one of the many un-named Scottish craftsmen who did their work precariously in poverty and strife. It is noted of George Heriot, that he was "fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world." That course brought him to prosperity and importance at the Court of Whitehall; while in the native country of King and goldsmith, the crafts grew humble and plain, serving the sober needs of the many, now that the Court was gone, and neither Church nor State employed display.

At the present day, for the first time since Scottish crafts lost splendour, either by the going of the artificers to London, or by their staying at home in poor work, craftsmanship north of the Tweed is a distinct and considerable activity. Different influences of time and place have moulded the craft-revival in Scotland and in England. The real coalescence of the two countries came too late for contact to stimulate industry in the handicrafts. What it gave was incentive to commerce and manufacture. Craft-tradition had lapsed. The frigidity of the eighteenth century Classical style had chilled the current of native invention. The return to Gothic was a scholar's return, not a harking-back of national taste to its ancestry. In this broken and uncertain period of workmanship the machine and mechanical productions, of obvious advantage in cheapness, were established. Beauty of form was a hidden desire, till Morris saw and denounced the ugliness that commercialised production has made. He led the craft-revival as a poet who is also a doer of poetry can lead, and a true and lively faith in the thirteenth century and of what



(Photo. Bedford Lemere.)

Premises of the West George Street Property Co., Glasgow.

Architect, John A. Campbell.

is represented by pre-Renaissance craftsmanship animated the workers who followed him.

In Scotland, when the impulse to do individual work, to carry out a personal design in material, grew strong, the



Grille to cover a Glass Window.

Designed by Sydney Mitchell and G. Wilson.
Executed by T. Hadden.



Wrought-iron Lamp and Bracket.

By Ramsay Traquair.



(Photo. Bedford Lemere.)

The Edinburgh Life Assurance Building, Glasgow.

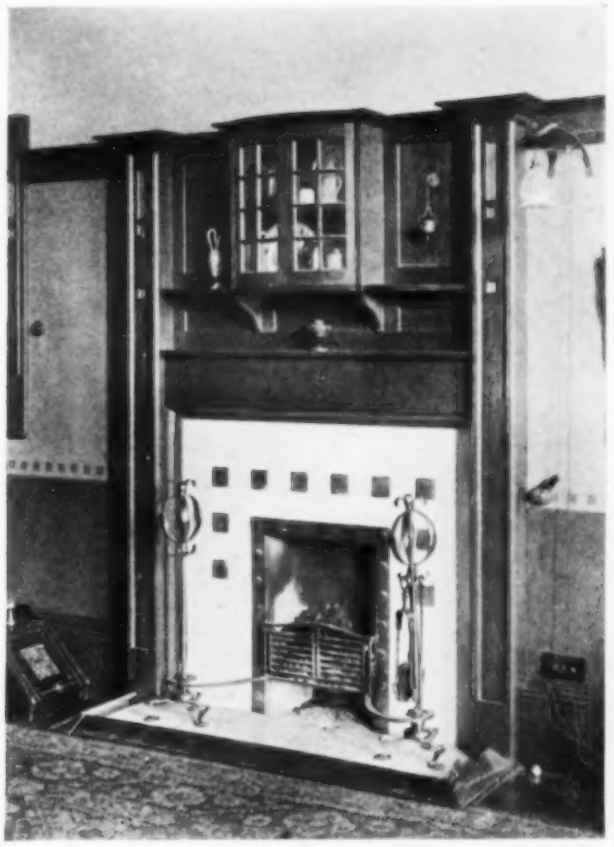
Architect, John A. Campbell.



Wrought-iron Dragon for Garden Fountain.

By Ramsay Traquair.

desire for a style that had not been pressed through the mill of mechanical production led to experiment, not to revival. It allied itself naturally with the only new tendency in design that had emanated from the craft movement, the so-called "New Art," the return to first principles of design, indepen-



Dining-Room Chimneypiece in yellow pine, stained and varnished. Inlay on pillars of opalescent green glass.

Designed by Robert Paterson.
Made by The Crafts, Glasgow.



Drawing-Room Chimneypiece in yellow pine, enamelled ivory-white, with walnut shelves wax-polished, and opalescent pink glass inserted in pillars.

Designed by Robert Paterson.
Made by The Crafts, Glasgow.

dent of the accepted forms of these principles in the decorative styles of Europe. If, as is not doubtful, the example of Morris and the Arts and Crafts first suggested the departure from custom, and the eager inquiry into what Nature might reveal to sight cleared--as far as possible—of conventional ideas, the style that resulted was not the production of English taste. The "New Art" practised within the Arts and Crafts movement is a translation of "l'Art Nouveau," a phase of style, not a phase of art. Scottish crafts-



Mirror-Frame in Plaster.

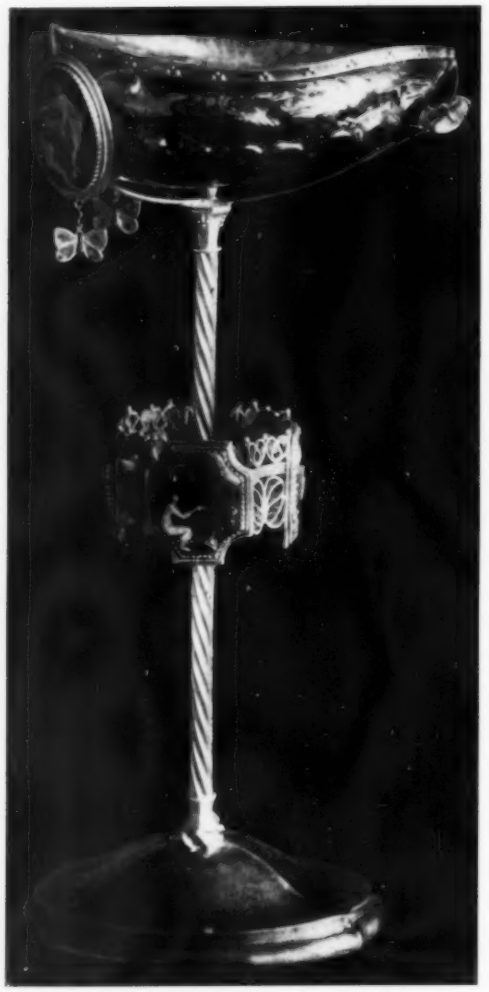
Designed and made by J. P. Main for the Scottish Guild of Handicraft.



Wardrobe in Mahogany, stained silver-black and wax-polished.

Designed by Robert Paterson.
Made by The Crafts, Glasgow.

manship has assumed distinct form as an expression of principles, and has enlarged from individual into general expression, in closer agreement with the Continental than with the English craft-renaissance. Indeed, Glasgow—and it

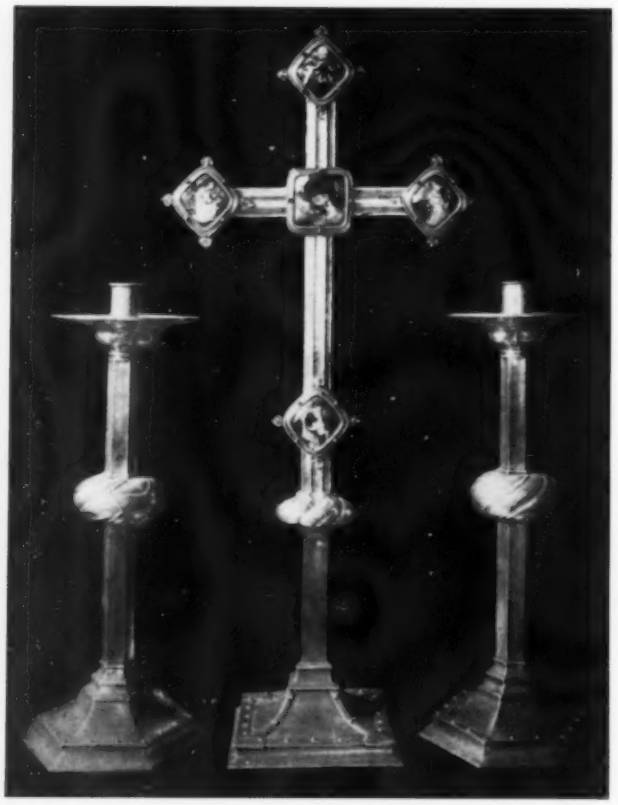


Shell Mount.

Designed by Ramsay Traquair.
Made by J. M. Talbot.
Enamels by Mrs. Traquair.

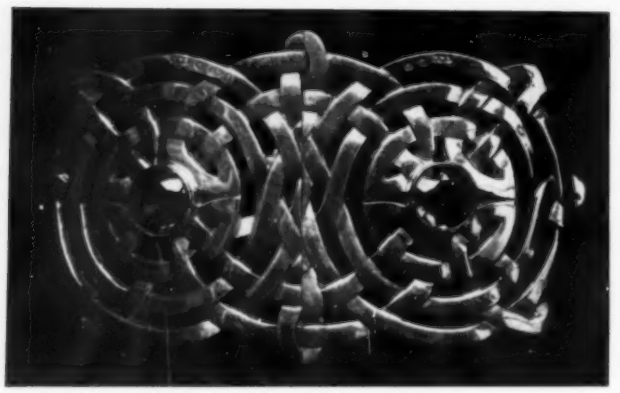
is to Glasgow that the Scottish "School" of craftsmanship belongs—is a recognised teacher and originator of schools of design flourishing and developing as national movements on the Continent.

It is, then, of an enterprise differently conducted and composed to the English Arts and Crafts movement that a consideration of the work of some craftsmen in Glasgow



Altar Cross and Candlesticks.

Designed by R. S. Lorimer.
Made by J. M. Talbot.
Enamels by Mrs. Traquair.



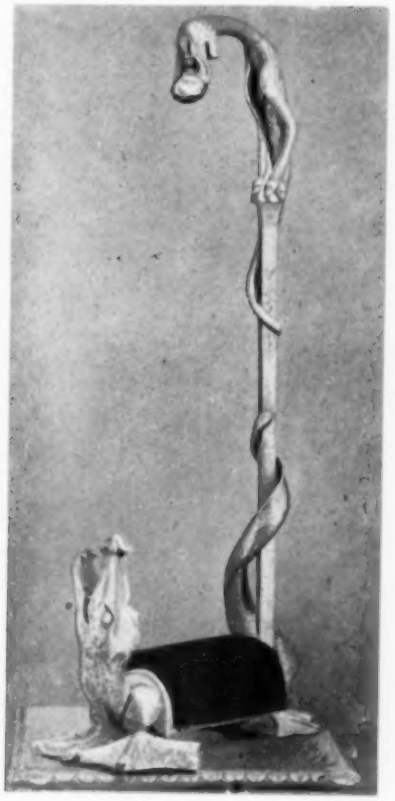
Waist Clasp: Amethyst and Silver.

Designed and made by J. M. Talbot.



Shell Mount.

Designed by Ramsay Traquair.
Made by J. M. Talbot.
Enamels by Mrs. Traquair.



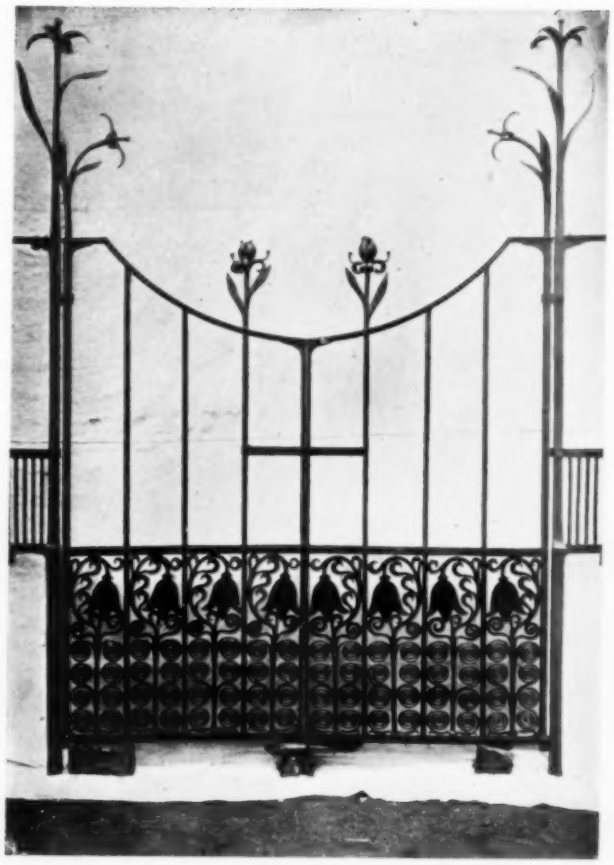
Footbrush.

By Ramsay Traquair.



Garden Gate at Cromar House, Aberdeen.

Designed by Sydney Mitchell and G. Wilson.
Executed by T. Hadden.



Gate at Sunderland Hall.

Designed by Sir T. D. Gibson Carmichael and Ramsay Traquair.
Executed by T. Hadden.

and Edinburgh leads one to think. Yet, if the group of craftsmen who chiefly represent Scottish arts and crafts to the public of other countries are of the Glasgow school, the highly distinctive art of such designers as Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. George Walton, Miss King, Mrs. Newbery, Miss Macbeth, is not representative of the whole craft activity of the country. Glasgow has produced a strong association of craftsmen and designers, whose individuality has developed in a certain direction of decorative art, developing the scope of it, but



Wrought-iron Garden Bell and Bell Cote.

By Ramsay Traquar.



Dressing-Table.

Designed by Robert Paterson.
Made by The Crafts, Glasgow.

remaining a recognisable unity. Like the equally distinctive and earnest Birmingham school, however, it is not the exponent of a national creed of decoration, or even of the entire craftsmanship of the city that owns the school. Modern architecture and interior decoration in Glasgow have not been studied when the buildings of the Glasgow School of Art and the interior of Miss Cranston's tea-rooms have been seen. Such buildings as the premises of the West George Street Property Company, or the Edinburgh Life Assurance, are also of to day, the big, unperplexed work of a modern Glasgow architect, Mr. John A. Campbell. Or, to take a smaller art characteristically and importantly developed from the Glasgow School of Art—the art of embroidery. The embroideries of Mrs. Newbery and of Miss Ann Macbeth, together with the work of their many pupils, are a distinct and vivid phase of modern embroidery, and a real development of the lovely craft. But, outside the School, a worker such as Mrs. M. H. Paterson is also adding to what has been beautifully done with the needle. The triptych, rich with twined boughs of flower and fruit in lustrous silks on a lustrous background, figures of winged amorini upholding a basket, is an example of her fine work. One might go through many other arts fostered in variety of design and idea by the great city. In furniture, as it is to be seen in the craft shops, or in place in recent schemes of decoration, the striving after novelty, and after essentials of construction, which are two main tendencies of the New Art movement, are exemplified, sometimes in forms that show the extreme result of such motives.

The chimney-pieces, ingle-nook, and furniture executed by The Crafts from the designs of Mr. Robert Paterson are instances of work where the construction is determined by most careful consideration of use and place. Every detail



Cabinet.

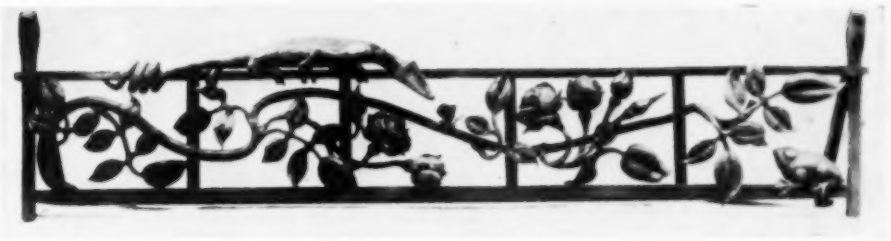
Designed by H. S. Wyse.
Made by the Scottish Guild of Handicraft.

is thoughtfully and inventively planned to be convenient. Decorative effect is attained by the fitness of the work for its purpose, as much as by a choice of materials which shows the designer's appreciation of subtle effects of colour and surface. The tiles of hand-cut glass in the ingle-nook,



Cabinet.

Designed by H. S. Wyse.
Made by the Scottish Guild of Handicraft.



Wrought-Iron Flower-Box.
By Ramsay Traquair.

delightful in greenish colours and gaining charm from the slight irregularities of shape, are an instance. An inlay of opalescent green glass in the dining-room chimney-piece, of opalescent pink glass in the ivory white of the drawing-room chimney-piece and the use of pink and green glass tiles between the polished iron frame and white tiles, suggest Mr. Paterson's colour ideas. The furniture by the Scottish Guild of Handicrafts is only one branch of the Guild's activity, in which metal-work, stained glass, pottery and other crafts are included. Simple in construction, with variety of surface pleasantly obtained by the gesso panels, the two cabinets designed by Mr. Wyse are examples of satisfactory work by the Guild. The mirror frame is by Mr. J. P. Main.

If, leaving for the moment more detailed notes of the craft activity of Glasgow, one turns to what is being done in Edinburgh, the variety of Scottish craftsmanship as it derives from different circumstances is farther suggested. Edinburgh has had no such central organisation of teaching for the crafts as Glasgow, where the Renfrew Street School really equips the "art-student" with an art. That can only be done in the school when the fine arts and those "not fine" are related, as they have always been in times of the life of art in the community. The true effect of such school-organisation is in the equipment of the individual to fulfil his service, his responsibility, to art as an organisation in life. The architect who designs and supervises the fittings and furniture of his structure is a forward hope of the vital future of arts and crafts. The effect of the art of Mr. Mackintosh in determining the style of the Glasgow craftsmen is one emphatic demonstration of a fact that need not be laboured. On the organisation of the school—the best substitute that modern conditions allow for the great training organisations of the craft-guilds—depends what may be called the chief probability of art in life. Glasgow has a



Embroidered Triptych.
By (Mrs.) M. H. Paterson.



Poster.

Designed by W. Christie.

school organised to develop and direct capacity for art, and it has produced a body of efficient art-workers, and several genuinely individual artists.

Edinburgh has a past as a craft-city, and in her printing-press, in book-binding, glass-blowing, and other industries she has possessed fairly steadily a craft-life that has never wanted distinction, and owns some fine phases. With the important exceptions of fine printing, however, and some admirable binding, what is being done cannot be seen as a continuity with the past. Nor is it the result of an organised system of craft-teaching, though the Arts and Crafts Club holds classes in various crafts, including bookbinding, which has here a starting-point belonging to the present, deriving from the teaching of Mr. Douglas Cockerell, whose pupil, Miss Pagan, conducts the class. Still, it is chiefly for the work and influence of individual craftsmen that Edinburgh crafts are worth studying, whether the art, like that of Mr. R. S. Lorimer, is closely connected with the craft-life of Edinburgh, or a delightful addition to it, as are the embroideries of Mrs. Douglas Maclagan.

These delicate embroideries, so spontaneous in design to the growing beauty of fair-petalled rose and columbine, are exquisite work. In the front and back of the chasuble, the hood of the cope, are the grace and freshness of an art acquired and practised in delight at the beauty of fine embroidery. Losing the lustre of the silk, the radiance of gold, these embroideries lose much in reproduction, but their bright delicacy is suggested.

The art of Mr. Lorimer and of Mrs. Traquair is, in part, well known in London exhibitions. But to realise the influence of Mr. Lorimer's designs for metal-work, wood-carving, and those crafts which serve his architectural schemes, it is necessary to go to Edinburgh, and Mrs. Traquair's work as a whole can only be seen in Edinburgh, where much of it has permanent place. It is an opportunity for the crafts when designers of vivid ideas have need of them, but if fine skill is wanting there can only be poor expression of design. It is the good fortune both of designer and of art when, in his larger schemes, he finds skilled co-operation. Mr. Lorimer has had that good fortune, and it is this response of Edinburgh craftsmanship to the opportunity of co-operating with architecture that makes the work now being done there so significant and genuine a sign of a living craft-spirit. Skilled woodcarvers such as the Brothers Clow, whose work, in its fine skill in the material, in appreciation and expression of beauty, is far more than the mere reproduction of a design, are not to be obtained at the need of the designer. They belong to a reality of craftsmanship that has the simplicity and energy of daily work, and is in real relationship with the inspiration of the past as something not to be taught but to learn from. In small work, as, for instance, figures of child-angels, kneeling close-winged in adoration, Mr. Lorimer's design, and the work of the carvers, has a tender beauty to be unreservedly praised. These, other figures, also for bed-posts, the twisted posts, are a few among many examples of expressive art which has been still more importantly employed in architectural woodwork.

In other crafts, too, artificers of fine skill are to be found in Edinburgh. Mr. T. Hadden has executed much metal-work of importance for architects, including Sir T. Gibson Carmichael, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. John Kinross, Messrs. Sydney Mitchell and Wilson—designers of the garden gate for Cromar House, and the grille—and Mr. Ramsay Traquair, whose talent includes a capacity for expressive grotesques. Mr. Hadden's work is that of the craftsman who knows the splendid possibilities of his craft, and is master of it to serve it. Mr. J. M. Talbot, a silversmith and jeweller whose skill in delicate work is exemplified in the shell-mounts designed by Mr. Traquair, is another of this group, a designer himself, as the silver buckle shows, and fulfilling the work he executes with the thoroughness of the artist.

Sales.

ON April 20th there were sold at Christie's the pictures and drawings belonging to the late Mrs. Lewis-Hill and to the late Right Hon. Lord Davey. Landseer said, "If the public knew as much about art as I do they would never buy my pictures"; but that hardly applied to some of his landscapes, painted for himself, not for the public at all. One of the two animal studies by Landseer, 'The Deer Family,' painted in 1838 for William Wells of Redleaf, almost maintained the value set upon it in the seventies. It fetched 2,700 gs. against 650 gs. in 1852, 2,900 gs. in 1875, 3,050 gs. in 1886. 'The Hunted Stag,' 1859, declined, however, from 2,850 gs. in 1888 to 900 gs. Other of the Lewis-Hill pictures were Sir Luke Fildes' 'Venetian Flower-girl,' 1884, 1,650 gs.—Mr. Holloway

The Art Journal, London. Virtue & Co.

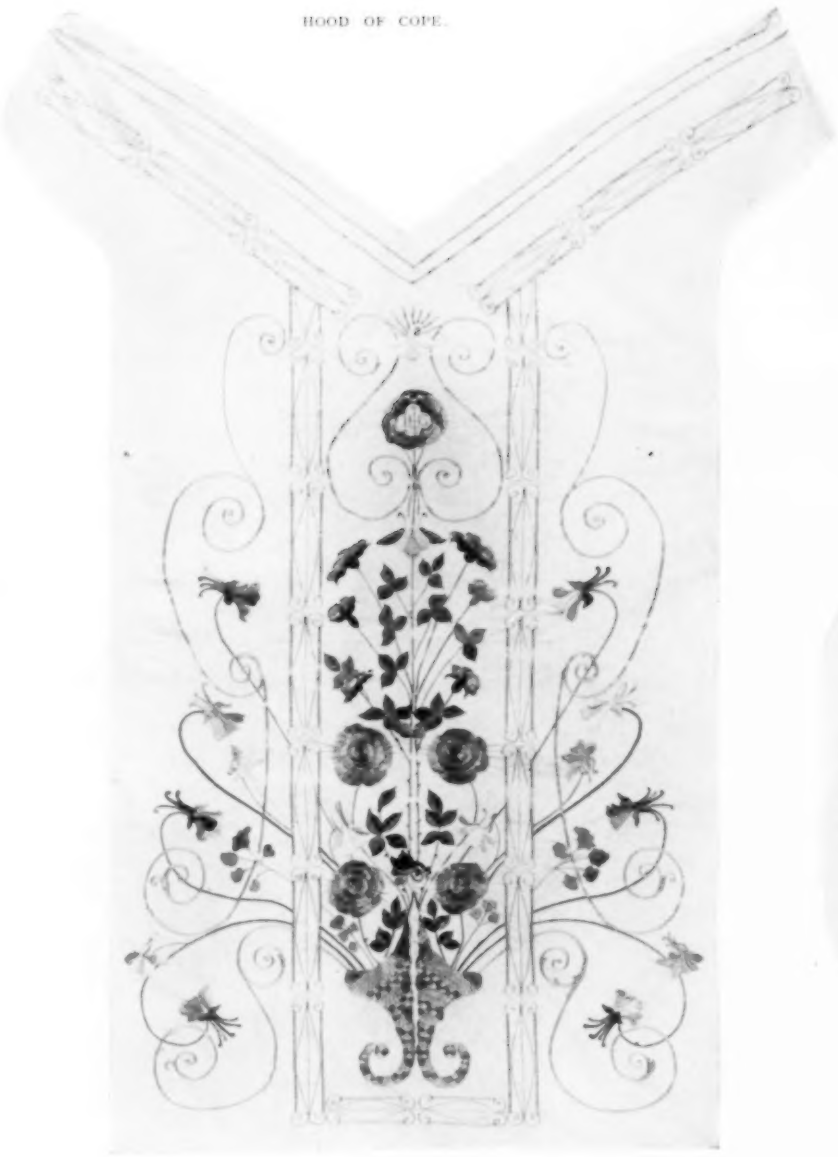
EMBROIDERY.

DESIGNED AND WORKED BY MARY L. MACLAGAN.



BACK AND FRONT OF CHASUBLE.

HOOD OF COPE.





paid 2,000 gs. in 1883 for the artist's 'Applications for Admission to a Casual Ward,' now in the gallery at Egham; 'Flowing to the River,' 1871, by Millais, a view near Waukmill Ferry, a few miles below Perth, 1,050 gs., 60 gs. less than in 1880; Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Hesperia,' 1887, 400 gs.; Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Bad News,' 1882, 300 gs.; Meissonier's 'L'Amateur d'Estampes,' 11½ in. by 9½ in., 500 gs.; Northcote's 'John, Viscount Hinton,' as a boy, 390 gs.

The jewels, old silver, French furniture, porcelain, etc., belonging to Mrs. Lewis-Hill, a sister of "Hope Temple," the composer, fetched about £134,130. Of this, £94,805—the highest total on record for a single afternoon's jewel sale—was realised for 110 lots of jewels on April 15th. The top prices were £16,700 for a rope of 229 pearls, and £12,200 for a pearl and brilliant necklace, converted from the Earl of Dudley's tiara, which made £10,300 in 1902. An emerald and brilliant brooch jumped from £780 in the sixties to £4,500. A Louis XV. marqueterie commode, the ormolu mounts having the mark of Caffieri, from the collection of the Marquise de Langon de Mont-de-Marzan, made 3,800 gs.; and a pair of Vincennes figures of reclining nymphs, on ormolu plinths, 520 gs.

Little of note was in the second portion of the Massey-Mainwaring collection, which fetched £14,297. A pair of old Worcester hexagonal vases and covers brought 510 gs.; a set of bed furniture, of old lace and embroidery applied on linen, 740 gs.

The 27 pictures belonging to Lord Davey made £7,310. There may be named Burne-Jones' 'Flamma Vestalis,' 1886, for which he received 500 gs., 2,000 gs.; by Watts 'Ariadne in Naxos,' 1875, 700 gs.; 'The Carrara Mountains,' 1881, 260 gs.; 'Genius of Greek Poetry,' 1878—this bought for the Preston Art Gallery—and 'Paolo and Francesca,' 1870, 220 gs. each; 'All the air a solemn stillness holds,' 1868, and 'The Isle of Cos,' 210 gs. each; Ridley Corbet's 'Orange light of widening morn,' 650 gs., 50 gs. more than the Chantrey Trustees paid in 1894 for his 'Morning Glory'; Cecil Lawson's ''Twixt Sun and Moon,' 1878, 420 gs.; Rossetti's 'Bower Maiden,' 1874, a time when he was being assisted by Knewstub and Dunn, 430 gs.; and Leighton's 'Egyptian Slinger,' 1875, and 'Golden Hours,' 1864, the year he was elected A.R.A., 280 gs., and 250 gs. This 'Golden Hours' made 1,100 gs. in 1880. The seven pictures by Watts, offered by his executors, were unenthusiastically received. But 'Escaped' brought 420 gs., 'Fireside Stories,' 1899, 200 gs. From another source, however, came his 'Little Red Riding Hood,' sold for 1,250 gs.; and a version of Constable's 'Salisbury Cathedral' went at 1,500 gs.

On April 27 a 'Virgin and Saints,' ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, made 780 gs., against 160 gs. in 1853; and on April 30 six recent etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron brought several times published prices.

ON May 10th Messrs. Christie broke through their time-honoured practice of holding all important picture sales on Saturday, a concession, of course, to the general demand for a week-end holiday. Though the dispersals of the month were far less notable than often before, there were particularly interesting moments. The Norman Court collection of Mr. Francis Baring included, for instance, a fine portrait catalogued under Amberger, but probably by Mabuse. It represents 'Jean de Carondelet' (1469–1544), 16½ ins. by 13¼ ins., painted about 1531, which from an opening of 100 gs. went to 3,700 gs., 1,300 gs. more than was paid in 1901 for his 'Jacqueline de Bourgoyne.' In the Louvre is Mabuse's portrait of Carondelet, painted in 1517, bought in 1847, with a 'Virgin and Child' by him, for 1,000 francs. A 'Salvador Mundi' by J. van Scorel (1495–1562), a portrait of a lady attributed to whom was presented by Queen Victoria to the National Gallery in 1863, starting at 10 gs., fetched 2,600 gs., this far eclipsing any previous auction price. Quite as remarkable was the 1,900 gs. paid for El Greco's 'Christ at Calvary,' belonging to Señor Don Alberto Gonzalez-Abreu, whose fine collection of armour included a full suit, Milanese, late sixteenth century (500 gs.). El Greco, whose original name was Domenicos Theotocopoulos, born at Crete between 1545 and 1550, died at Toledo—where is his wonderful 'Burial of the Count of Orgaz'—in 1614, two years before Cervantes. Señor Cossio of Madrid has published an exhaustive study of this remarkable artist, sculptor, architect, painter and wit in one, referred to by Giulio Clovio, in a letter of 1570, as "A Candian youth. . . . . a pupil of Titian," whose portrait of himself "amazes all the artists in Rome." El Greco is now accepted as one of the most authoritative evokers of the spirit of Spain, where are most of his best works.

On May 31st a splendid study of a peacock and other birds in a landscape, signed by Hondecoeter, made 1,600 gs., a sum only twice exceeded at auction—in 1895 for the Clifden poultry picture, which made 4,150 gs., and in 1897 for the Unthank 'Two cocks fighting.' 2,175 gs. Venice pictures by Guardi have greatly advanced during the last few years. His 'Piazza of St. Mark's' and 'Doge's Palace,' each 18 ins. by 30 ins., made 1,500 gs. and 1,350 gs., and 'Ruins of a Palace,' 20 ins. by 20 ins., 640 gs. against 56 gs. in 1863. The Guardis belonged to the late Hon. Mrs. John Ashley, nine lots of whose porcelain and decorative furniture, bought for £332 between the fifties and the seventies, now realised £1,547. Apart from these, a Sèvres biscuit bust of Louis XV., by Dodin, 1758, made £1,000.

Several of the most prominent pieces in the third portion of the Massey-Mainwaring collection failed to realise anything like expected amounts. The beautiful Regence commode, with ormolu mounts designed by Cressant, and executed by Caffieri, said to have been valued by the late owner at £5,000, made only 1,700 gs.; a set of three Old Dresden vases and a pair of beakers, with the mark of Augustus Rex, 1,000 gs. The three portions sold this year total almost £90,000. On May 15th a vase-shaped patch-box, 2⅜ ins. high, belonging to Mr. R. T. Gill of Brighton, was bought by a Frankfurt dealer at £2,150. It is of brown agate, exquisitely mounted with gold, and enamelled by a French craftsman of the seventeenth century.

Never before have so many important British pictures been offered at one time in Paris as during the first two days of the Sedelmeyer sale. For over a quarter of a century M. Charles Sedelmeyer, a native of Vienna, has held an honourable place among European dealers. Now he has retired. The first three of a twelve days' sale, divided into four sections, totalled £113,352. Raeburn's 'Mrs. James Monteith' made £5,200, against an expert valuation of

£4,000: his 'Mrs. Pattison,' sold for 2,600 gs. in Edinburgh in 1904, £4,480; his 'Colonel Ramsay and Wife,' £4,280; Romney's 'Miss Elizabeth Tighe,' for which he received 34 gs. in 1793, £6,400; Lawrence's 'Sir Charles Binny and two daughters,' which made 1,950 gs. at Christie's in 1902, £4,400, less by £1,600 than the expert valuation, for Lawrence is ranked very high in France. Many other pictures sold remarkably well. An exhaustive account of the sale appeared in that excellent publication, *Le Journal des Arts*.

TWICE during the present year, or thrice if we take Paris doings into account, the former auction record for a picture by Lawrence has been eclipsed. The 3,000 gs. paid in 1906 for 'Miss Ogilvie,' which twenty-one years earlier cost the late Mr. T. Hoade Woods 195 gs., now appears insignificant. On June 6th Messrs. Robinson & Fisher offered, by direction of the Trustees of the Settled Estates of Sir Robert Peel, Lawrence's portrait of Julia, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, the famous Prime Minister, which for years had been one of the chief treasures of Drayton Manor. The picture, 56 × 44 in., showing her as a little girl of eight or ten, in pink dress, seated in a leafy landscape, nursing a favourite spaniel, was No. 78 at the 1828 Academy, and in 1833 was engraved by Samuel Cousins. There were six bids only, the first of 5,000 gs., the last of 8,000 gs., at which Mr. Charles Wertheimer carried off the prize, the price being considerably less than was anticipated. On the following day, June 7th, Messrs. Christie dispersed, for a total of £9,383, 150 pictures belonging to the Duke of Fife, removed from Duff House, Banffshire, recently presented by him to the neighbouring community. They were, in general, historically rather than æsthetically interesting. A moonlit river scene by A. Van der Neer made 1,400 gs., a portrait, by a Dutch artist, of the Duchess of Buckingham, holding a miniature of the first Duke, who was murdered, 230 gs., and the Scottish National Portrait Gallery obtained for 62 gs. a presentment of William, Earl of Glencairn, probably by a Dutch artist.

On June 28th forty-four pictures belonging to the late Mr. William Imrie, Liverpool, totalled £10,592. The two important Rossettis fetched considerably less than their last auction prices, though much more than twenty years or so ago. 'Veronica Veronese,' 1872, made 2,000 gs.; 'Dante at the Bier of Beatrice,' 1880, 2,400 gs. Mr. Imrie's will empowered the trustees to offer, if not previously sold, this last picture and Burne-Jones' 'Tree of Forgiveness' to the National Gallery. Leighton's 'Melittion,' 1882, fetched 1,200 gs.; Alma-Tadema's 'Pomona Festival,' 1879, 600 gs.; Mr. J. M. Strudwick's 'Evensong,' 1897, 520 gs.; Watts' 'For He had Great Possessions,' 1896, and Burne-Jones' 'Garden Court,' both lent by Mr. C. S. Goldmann to recent exhibitions, realised respectively 1,000 gs. and 2,500 gs. On June 14th £32,222 was the total for 129 works belonging to the late Lady Kortright, Captain F. H. Huth, and others. A pastoral by Gainsborough rose from 425 gs. in 1857 to 5,700 gs.; Raeburn's full-length of Mrs. Hart, painted about 1810, to 6,600 gs. The late Mr. Brabazon's portrait of Queen Mariana, which he treasured as a Velazquez, fell at but 750 gs. On June 10th Mr. Hugh P. Lane gave 2,500 gs. for a little Watteau, 'La Contredanse,' which was started as low as 5 gs. Another conspicuous item was a large miniature by Andrew Plimer of two sisters, nearly full-face, secured on June 6th by Mr. Asher Wertheimer for 1,000 gs.

In quite a different kind were 52 etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the property of Mr. E. S. Willard, the actor, which, on June 25th, fetched £830 11*s*., many times published value. 'St. Laumer, Blois,' issued at 4 gs. in 1903, brought the highest price, 31 gs.

The Chantrey Fund.

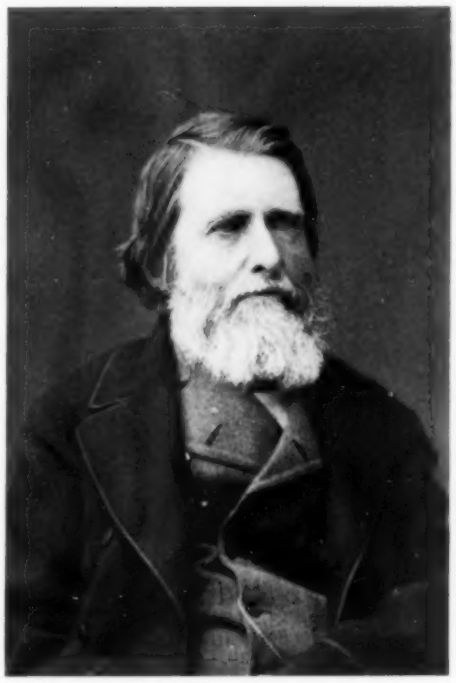
THE Chantrey Trustees had not, after all, completed their purchases of the year when they acquired for 900 gs. the 'Mid-Day' of Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A. They made a sixth purchase from the Academy: Mr. Siegfried M. Wiens' bronze group, 'Girl and Lizard,' No. 1789 (150 gs.). Mr. Wiens has exhibited at Burlington House since 1893, but hitherto pictures only, not pieces of sculpture. At the recent show of the Pastel Society there were half-a-dozen drawings by him.

FOR the first time the Chantrey Trustees selected a work from the New English Art Club, which has proved one of the chief recruiting grounds for the Academy. The picture chosen from the show in Dering Yard was Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Afternoon,' a small sun-glad landscape, quivering with light and air. But before the Chantrey decision was made the canvas had been bought by the National Art Union for £80, and was won by Mr. G. A. Hay, of Johannesburg, who intends to give it to the Art Gallery to be founded there. Probably Mr. Fisher would prefer to be represented in the Millbank collection by a more important work, and it is to be hoped that next year such a one will be available. We have good reason to believe that 'The Bathers' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1900, p. 178), would have been bought by the Chantrey Trustees had it not belonged to Mr. Staats Forbes. It was one of the most beautiful landscapes at the 1900 Academy. Since then, however, there have been other opportunities. In 1906, for instance, Mr. Clausen secured for Melbourne the 'Lane, Antibes,' which was at the New Gallery.

WE understand that at least one influential member of the Academy Council was anxious to procure Mr. J. Buxton Knight's fine winter landscape, 'Old December's bareness everywhere,' but he failed to carry his point. The picture was priced at £250, and, modest as is that sum compared with several paid this year, it is said that the artist would, from the Chantrey, willingly have accepted less had he been asked to do so.

Ruskin at Oxford in 1883.

By Lewis Lusk.



(Photo. by Elliot and Fry.) Ruskin in 1883.

THE Taylorian Museum at Oxford was a somewhat small building in 1881 compared to what it is, and there is now a general air of go-aheadness about it, always speaking comparatively. In those days an ancient and somniferous peace brooded adown its corridors and in the one roomful of pictures. In the Ruskin Drawing School, which was immediately beneath the picture gallery, the same dreamy condition prevailed. There was a master, who came sometimes on the days when it might be thought that a pupil or two might be there, of the undergraduate order. Twice a week, a girls' school flocked in like a cloud of gaily-plumaged birds, and the sombre saloon was full of their subdued twitter and rustle. A curtain was then drawn across the width of it, leaving a sufficient space for any undergraduate or other youthful male creature who might be coming in to study. But very few of these did come there to study, and during my first year of residence at the University, during which time I spent a good many afternoons in the School, I think there were never more than three others, at the outside. Frequently I met but one other man; sometimes I was alone. If people came, it was as visitors, not as students, and they were taken around the cases of Turner and Ruskin drawings by the master, if he happened to be there, or by the custodian, an old servant to Ruskin, and rather accustomed to air his reminiscences of the great man in an Ego-et-Ruskin-meus style which was amusing enough as a novelty.

Thus the place had no great allurement for the mass of undergraduates, after one visit. The master was a painstaking but somewhat austere personality; the old custodian was as meritorious as a faithful mastiff, and apt to growl at folk who behaved carelessly in presence of the precious contents of that august saloon, the whole of which was Ruskin's gift, "even to the cocoanut matting you gents are a-treading on," as he used to remark; the girls' school was as *bien gardée* as a nunnery; most men, sketchers, who cared to copy a Turner, found the 'Rivers of France,' and the 'Oxford Almanack' and the old masters' studies, all delightfully arranged upstairs, more interesting objects of employment, and more cheerful as to their surroundings.

In the school, one copied a specimen of the 'Liber Studiorum,' the 'Little Devil's Bridge,' or one which gave an equal breadth of brown tones; then one of Turner's early water-colours, some small triumph of clear grey washes and delicate detail, whether of boat-building or stone-building. After this came a specimen of his opalescent period, as I may express it, one of those fairylike vignettes which were so wonderfully engraved by Goodall and his school. The Campagna, the Stone Pine, the Martigny—anybody who has seen Rogers' 'Italy' knows the first two.

Roughly speaking, this constituted the course of the Ruskin Drawing School in 1881 and 1882, for anybody who chose to try and work through it. To learn to use the brush, I practised Ruskin's well-known exercises in washing squares, at home, as did others. If one could not draw well enough to paint with, one copied two or three of the 'Liber' in the original outline. It was all Turner, and the master was rather of South Kensington, and insisted on accuracy above every other quality. Thus the course was laborious.

I have described it, because a college contemporary of mine, who has since risen to great eminence and wide influence as an art critic, has pointed a gibe at the place in one of his early articles, his phrase being that, in the Ruskin School, young men were merely taught to niggle at Turner copies. I do not deny that the little course was toilsome, but I cannot recollect that my great contemporary even entered the place more than once during the whole three



Ruskin's Favourite Walk: The Commencement.



Ruskin's Favourite Walk: The Shadiest Portion.

years during which I studied there. This being so, I think that I may be allowed to lift my feeble voice against even that authority upon the arts, when it is a question of the old Ruskin Drawing School. From personal experience I can affirm that the careful study of Turner's three notable stages of work was as far as possible in Turner's own spirit; a broad piece, or a piece of miniature, each was done as nearly as possible in the original manner; my first attempt at one of his marine drawings, I remember, had to be re-drawn on another piece of paper, because the first great wash had not properly hit the tone or been sufficiently used to express the edges of certain forms, as Turner had used the flow of it. This is water-colour painting, not niggling, and the result upon me—and, I suppose, upon some others who worked there then—was, at any rate, to make me sensible of the scholarship of this most dainty of all the graphic arts in the hands of its early grammarians.

It corresponded nearly enough with the course which Ruskin has laid down for the amateur in his *Elements of Drawing* (1st Edition), and my memory of that early time and its severe labour, with intervals of reposeful contemplation of the large collection in the surrounding cases, is one of gratitude to one of the noblest minds of our Victorian age. Turner's impressions were there—masterly splashes on paper cunningly wetted, marine mostly these—and his elaborate pencil landscapes, with a little finished gem of distance, to show how he laid his foundations; and his



Ruskin's Favourite Walk The Vista.

wonderful grey drawings of the arcades and waters of Nemi, with the lights scratched out in the modern French manner; and his pen-and-ink on blue paper, and his body-colour on grey paper, and his fairyland vignettes on white card—all these one learned to know and love. Of Ruskin's own, the great pencil studies of Abbeville and Venice; of H. S. Marks, his skilful bird-studies; of Burne-Jones, the Psyche series of designs, and some large figures in water-colour, two women hand-in-hand, and a wonderful fair-haired head; of Rossetti, the water-colour of Christ in the house of His parents; also a fine oil-study of Tintoretto, the best thing of his known to me. Am I not justified in saying that it was good for an impressionable youth to study Art in such a place?

One memorable day the door opened, and in came a spare man in a padded frock coat, and grey trousers a trifle too long for him. His gait was that of one who has been weakened by illness, his grey hair flowed over his coat-collar, his beard partly concealed his shepherd's plaid necktie, his mouth had a curious sarcastic curl beneath his grey moustache, his eyes gleamed sternly at us beneath his bushy grey brows. We gasped. It was Ruskin!



Corner of Keble College.

I had been copying the outline of a Turner painting, and this pencil stage was nearly complete. Ruskin passed quickly along the scanty line of us—we had been increasing in number that term, for a wonder—and he came behind me, and stopped. My heart stopped likewise for a moment; I was in a depressed frame of mind that day, and everything had seemed to go crooked. One has those frightful periods when one is boyish and desperately in earnest about something, and Art then seemed such an inaccessible Parnassus . . . "Please let me have your seat!" said Ruskin very courteously, and I stumbled up, and he sat down, and looked at it in silence. Then he said, to my astonishment, "You are doing that truthfully, and it is also beautiful. I have no correction to make. Go on."

Then he arose, and passed along the line, and, like the old grandmother in Béranger's poem, "comme un trésor j'ai gardé son verre," the particular drawing which earned for me this first memory.

He was rather active in Oxford for a while, having taken the Slade Professorship after Richmond had given it up in disappointment at the scanty attendance his lectures

received. Ruskin's magic name galvanised the Oxonians into a fresh interest. There was a large influx of young men to the school, and possibly some of the new-comers made the Master's acquaintance. He was severely impartial, however, in his criticism, and I had no more surprises, though always a kindly stimulation. One or two of his phrases abide with me. On one occasion he instantly dropped upon an irregularity in a sky. "That's very bad!" he said sharply. "I am afraid it is," I said. "But *don't* be afraid," he cried. "Don't be afraid of *any* fault; but out with it—out with it at once!" And he seized the brush and swooped down on the blotch, like a hawk on a chicken. "There, I don't allow it to stay, and it is gone in a second. Never delay correction."

On another occasion, when asked as to a blend of colours, he said, "I will have no formula for mixing colours. I try to hit the exact shade instinctively, and then try afresh, till it comes." Again, "Here is your pure paper, untouched; there is your first wash. About the first wash on the untouched paper there is a peculiar purity and quality which is in no second or third one. So get all you can into your first wash, for all the rest is nothing but amendment and



Near Wadham College.

correction of what is essentially failure." Here his idealism appears very markedly. Every effort, he considers, should be supreme. It is the keynote of a whole philosophy of action, and one may see a religious quality in it, as in the mediæval motto, "What I gave, I have—what I saved, I lost."

On the young ladies' days he showed an acute perception of motives. Several of them in the front row pushed out their boards beyond the line to attract his attention. He knit his brows, then went to the smallest beginners, and carefully left the pushing ones to the very last, giving them least attention also. Once only did a personal disfavour appear. In the school was a deaf and dumb youth, not attractive, but laborious. Him at first Ruskin shunned; indeed, he told the master that he disliked deformity instinctively. Only after some persuasion could he be induced to come near the youth and criticise his work along with the others. But later on he gave him a very fair meed of praise, having overcome his instinct by an effort. It shows how extremely sensitive he was to physical impressions, for the actual work produced by this cripple was better than most of the other performances.



The Natural Science Museum.

He gave three or four lectures in the Science Museum to a crowded audience, on which occasion he praised Kate Greenaway much, and exhibited some of her drawings side by side with the prints from them, showing how much was lost in reproduction. He brought also a small Copley Fielding, and lectured on the old water-colourists. There was a fine large work of Fielding's also in the school at that time—a storm on a moor—an old possession of his, the first bought by his family, he said. Also works by John Walton Bunney—his pupil at the Working Men's College—Wilmot Pilsbury, of the R.W.S., and D. Rossiter, a name possibly unknown to most, but connected with much beautiful work of a simple and sunny character.

Also, of course, he revealed to us the wonderful pen-drawings of Miss Alexander (Francesca), and they were on view in the school for a good while.

Next year, in 1883, he changed his first course of work for pupils, and introduced a new and peculiar one, which is explained by the following printed leaflet:

NOTE BY PROFESSOR RUSKIN.

"I leave for the present to Mr. M.'s (the master's) experience and judgment the direction of the junior students in the Ruskin schools: and have arranged the following scheme of work for students of either sex entering our classes from the age of sixteen and upwards, adapting the exercises enforced especially to the conditions of University



The Ruskin School: Ground Floor.

life, but yet arranging them with the collateral view of their probable introduction in schools where more consistent attention to the subject of art could be given than is possible in connection with the courses of reading at present necessary to distinction in Oxford. The pass certificates, however, will ultimately be given only to students who have attained such a degree of skill as must imply their having attended in the school with steadiness during the whole period of their residence in the university, giving at least a couple of hours in each week out of their best and untired time, and supplementing the work done in residence by some consistent practice during vacations.

"In the first year the student will be required to attain steadiness and accuracy in the outline of simple forms, and ease in the ordinary processes of pure water-colour painting; that is to say, he must learn to lay smooth tints within spaces of complex shape without transgressing their limits, and over spaces of large extent with equality and smoothness. The actual exercises given will be primarily map-drawing with the necessary projections of the sphere, and such colouring and shading as may sufficiently express the character of the country; next the delineation of the *primary types of good architectural construction*; and, in association with these, exercises in the elements of ornamental design in colour and form; the drawings being carried forward to approximate completion in light and shade.

"The second year will be given to the study of landscape; completing in connection with it that of architecture, so as to form the student's taste and judgment in that art, and to increase to the utmost degree possible his enjoyment of the historic buildings, the natural phenomena, and the organic beauty of the inanimate world.

"In the third year, he will be required to draw from the beautiful forms of life; distinguishing the characters in which such beauty consists from those of awkwardness or deformity, and to copy a certain number of examples of figure painting, such as may sufficiently direct, and in part form, his taste in the highest walks of art, while he is assisted and encouraged at the same time in the rapid sketching, both of animals and figures from nature, so as to give him interest in familiar scenes and daily incidents."

The last of these paragraphs is noteworthy, as showing the admission of figure study. As a matter of actual experience, Ruskin did not encourage it, nor is there any very apparent reason why he should. No doubt to the born landscape painter such a course would give quite a sufficient power of draughtsmanship. Theoretically, his scheme is simple, practical, and very wholesome, as good as could be devised.



Natural Science Museum, where Ruskin's lectures were delivered.



The Taylorian Museum and Ruskin School.

There are various views on the question of art-schools, and the new course which Ruskin had composed was to supply what he thought would be an adequate equipment for self-training as a landscapist. Several times he emphasised his conviction that the artist must really train himself, and he kept telling us to study his *Laws of Fësolé*. Much of the *Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters* he had discarded or changed his views about, but not the *Laws of Fësolé*. The fact is that Ruskin was very much in advance of his time, and one fears that he will always seem so. When one comes to know the real workings of so-called practical men and so-called business institutions, one seems to see a secret correspondence between some of Ruskin's most peculiar ideas—"fads" as they have been called—and the sober wisdom of the Scriptures.

Between Ruskin's resumption of the Slade Professorship and his resignation of it ran a scale of changes. He had some friction with the academics—when prophet meets priest there is always that tendency. He lamented the falling-off of the young men too. "No one will follow my teaching—you all leave my school," he said. This was soon enough after my own departure to make it feel somewhat personal, so I sent to him my summer's work, with a letter which doubtless succeeded in conveying my feeling of gratitude to him for the great mental assistance he had given to me and others—for he returned the studies with a very kindly letter of appreciative correction.

His visit to Oxford did him harm, ultimately, for the excitement of his lectures and other socialities brought on an illness, and he was never the same man thenceforward, it is said. At first he enjoyed his residence there, and often one saw his grey impressive figure moving in the Parks, rapt in contemplation of the rich green harmonies around, yet

smiling gently, and even making a little stiff bend of his head to those who recognised and saluted him with reverence, and they were many. His favourite walk seemed to be along that old avenue of fine trees—passing Keble College and the Museum where he lectured, then on past the lovely garden-gate of St. John's to the end at Wadham. Of such a walk one could indeed never weary, it might well be supposed. But he stayed too long, perhaps, in a climate which is at once enervating and stimulative, tempted perhaps by those wonderful sunsets which kept happening after the Java eruption. Night after night one saw their glorious flare; the Oxford sunset, often as peculiarly romantic as that of Edinburgh, became every evening a great colour poem. Certainly, he had more of Oxford than was beneficial to him. But Oxford benefited vastly, for he brought thither many beautiful works, and left them there. Doubtless also there are many who date the commencement of what is best in their lives from his appearance amongst them then. He sowed his good seed broadcast, for all who willed to reap, and let us hope that those others thanked him while he still could hear their voices. It is the one duty which the small may always fulfil towards the great. But it should never be delayed. Like correction, as Ruskin said, it should never be delayed.



Street-Entrance to Ruskin School in Taylorian Building, 1883.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

OF thirty or forty exhibitions opened recently, the largest was that of the Pastel Society at the Institute. Prefacing the catalogue is a note on "The Permanence of Pastel," in which the bold claim is made that of the mediums at the disposal of the artist it is the one least liable to change, the easiest to preserve in good condition. Emphasis is laid, too, on its adaptability to any kind of subject, its responsiveness to the intentions of the worker, its charm of technical quality. Yet, inasmuch as genius consists in the arrangement of the materials of some art in conformity with a mood, pastel, like water-colour, and for the matter of that, every other medium, is frequently misused. Many exhibitors attempt to gain effects only to be compassed in oils, abandon forthright freedom, slightness, subtlety, for elaborate realism, which in the end must be rather flimsy. None employed pastel more legitimately than the late Mr. Brabazon, who persuaded it to express the frail beauty of flowers, the wonder of a fair luminous cloud, the secret of things humble or august on which rested his exquisite sight. The group of pastels by him at the Institute magically testified to his gift of effortless artistry. Prominence was given to eight portrait sketches in black chalk by Mr. Sargent, who has never been so ubiquitous as this summer. The best of them show his power to make straight for a clearly-discerned goal, to be summarily incisive and win to the living life. 'Mrs. Charles Hunter,' for instance, is a fine example of immediacy on a reasoned basis. Exhilarating in its hurry to capture fleeting expression is Signor Mancini's vivid characterisation of a man, laughing as he smokes. To balance the strenuous Sargents, there were hung opposite several delicate pencil studies of heads by Burne-Jones, and a large cartoon of 'Love and the Pilgrim,' lacking the impulse which we look for in works of this kind. Much of his art, indeed, fails to mirror the uplifted vitality of which a sense is so finely conveyed in the 'Life,' by Lady Burne-Jones. The disciplined eloquence of M. Simon Bussy was admirably declared in the 'Basses Alpes,' the design rhythmically placed within the picture-space, the imaginative as well as the actual atmospheric envelopment gravely and authoritatively preserved. This is a true issue of contemplation; it is an image of nature passed through the prism of a personality. Mr. J. R. K. Duff is another who uses the pastel medium with remarkable success. The clear blue of the sky, reflected in the quiet pool, the screen of slender trees, the just design, are features of 'The Farmyard,' and 'The Regatta'—filmy white sails on pearly water, looked down on by a cow—is charmingly sportive. Into his 'Snow Scene: Evening' M. Le Sidaner subtly weaves notes of rose, of coral, of topaz, of dim green—a charming harmony. Among many other good exhibits were Lhermitte's 'Les Baigneuses,' in a curving river, serenely lighted; Mr. Fred Mayor's 'Southsea Pier,' with colour delightfully floated on to the water; Mr. Carton Moore Park's frolicsome drawings of black-legged lambs, in one case chased by a Cupid; a pondered nocturne of the river by Mr. Muhrman; gay impressions of London and New York by Mr. Pennell; terse and effective studies by Mr. Bruckman; summer woods, with a nymph or the naked figure of a boy in the greenery, by Mr. Tuke; several notes by Mr. Livens, who evidently works with pleasure in pastel; and M. Réné Billotte's drawing of an impressive crag, a pearly pool, an ebbing sunset, and a young moon floating in light, which, though wanting in spontaneity, hints at his sensitiveness.

Several interesting exhibitions were held at the Fine Art Society's. More than once the mountain pictures of Mr. E. T. Compton have stood out at the Academy as astonishingly realistic. He has not the cosmic imaginativeness of the peerless Turner; but with force and clarity, with keenness of perception, he renders the surfaces and suggests the majesty of remote peaks and sunlit glaciers. Alpine heights, sheer and craggy, are his æsthetic home. 'The American Pilgrim's Way in England,' is the admirable idea of Miss Elizabeth Chettle's too pretty and trivial series of water-

colours. Many of his countrymen share Washington Irving's "hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration" for England, "the birthplace and mausoleum of the sages and heroes of our paternal history"; and the homes and haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, and of other men who have sculptured history, offer a fine theme for pictorial treatment. The approach must be that of the artist who senses things in their relationship and origin. In their Bedford Street gallery, Messrs. Manzi, Joyant & Co. brought together a number of important paintings of the French and Dutch schools. These included Troyon's big 'Cattle Market and Fair in France,' frank and masterly, which occurred in the Miéville sale of 1899, two noble pictures by Daubigny, a three-quarter length, life-size figure by Corot, in a lovely landscape, and authentic proclamations of the art of Besnard, Harpignies, Boudin, Diaz, Degas. Sir F. Carruthers Gould's harvest of political cartoons was this year gathered in the Brook Street Galleries. He has lost none of his cunning; nay, he appears swifter than ever at thrust and parry. Shaft after shaft is aimed with remarkable precision and force. As a design, F. C. G. has never done anything better than 'The Potsdammerung,' and really witty is his version of Calderon's 'Renunciation,' where St. Elizabeth (Balfour) is covered with the Preference umbrella, while Confessor Chaplin watches beside the altar of Protection to see the vow fulfilled. 'Visions,' again, will reach where many a harangue fails. In the first the Kaiser is taking three strides over the entire universe, in the second our King performs the same giant trick. Thus the English Teutophobe and the German Anglophobe press see respectively these sovereigns everywhere. At the Alpine Club there were shown a number of portraits by Mr. Sholto Johnstone Douglas, who into the Academy of 1906 succeeded in steering an almost "life-size" motor-car. He is skilled and diverse, and we may reasonably expect his distinct talent to mature. An exceedingly instructive exhibition of pictures and sketches by James Ward was organised at the Mount Street Galleries. For too long we have lost sight of this master draughtsman, some of whose animal studies are among the very best things in their kind that the British school has produced. Though not claiming to be representative, the show in Mount Street proved that Ward had a firm grasp of the monumental, and had amazing certitude of sight and hand. At the Baillie Gallery a number of pictures and water-colours by the Earl of Plymouth, one of the active Trustees of the National Gallery, testified to his refinement, to his quest not of the meretricious but of the beautiful. Probably never before has an ex-First Commissioner of Works held a public picture exhibition. Another titled amateur, Lady Victoria Manners, showed at the Graves Galleries a number of broadly-handled water-colours, chiefly of gardens in England, Italy and Sicily.

Of special note was a collection of paintings by Mr. C. H. Shannon and pictures and bronzes by Mr. Charles Ricketts, brought together at the Carfax Gallery prior to exhibition in Munich, Leipsig, Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg. Each of these artists is moved by a lofty intent, each is single-minded in his devotion to beauty, to pictorial or plastic significance. In some of his most recent works —the grave yet lyrically-conceived 'Holy Women,' for example—Mr. Ricketts seems to have come under the influence of Blake, of whose pictorial genius he was at one time far from convinced, it is said. Of many other exhibitions, attractive from some point of view, there may be named that of fantastic drawings and lithographs by Miss Tyra Kleen, a Swedish disciple of Max Klinger, at the Modern Gallery, deft and dainty drawings in coloured chalk, 'Silhouettes de Femmes,' by M. Gabriel Nicolet, and faithful records of bas-reliefs and wall-paintings in ancient tombs and fanes of hieratic Egypt by Mr. Walter Tyndale, both at the Leicester Galleries.

At Obach's were pictures by French and Dutch masters. Familiarity enhances pleasure in lofty achievements. Here were 'Le Verger' by Daubigny, of the 1876 Salon, an amazingly salient picture of the fertile earth, almost, one may say, lifted intact on to the canvas; Millet's monumental 'Trait d'Union,' left unfinished in his studio, the peasant father and mother being those introduced into 'The Angelus'; one or two supreme little Corots, enchantments of silvery light and tremulous leafage; a tiny, inimitable heart of a green forest, minutely defined yet broad, by Rousseau; the unexcelled 'Fête Champêtre,' a fantasy by Monticelli of silken fabrics, half-shadowed faces, entwined cupids dancing in light, and a parrot, all woven into a spell; a bigly apprehended study of a peasant's head by Fantin; unusually good examples by Couture, Ziem, Mettling. Harpignies' 'Pont du Moulin, St. Privé,' painted in 1889, when he was seventy, is in design and in colour masterly. Morning sunlight, cool and clear, is on the level green meadows, on the quiet stream, and about the trees whose leafy branches make an exquisite patterning against the serene sky. What lovely quality of sight, how sound the expression of that sight! Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's exhibition in Pall Mall East of twenty pictures, chiefly of the early British School, included the little-great group of the Wollaston family in a sumptuous interior, painted by Hogarth in 1730, last publicly seen at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888, Reynolds' sketch for the portrait of Mrs. Abington, with liquid, deer-like eyes, Hoppner's life-sized group of Lady Jane Mildmay and child, and his now famous silhouette, 'Lady Waldegrave,' which belonged to the late Mr. T. H. Woods, a pearly landscape by Gainsborough, given by him in exchange for a violin, and important portraits by Romney and Lawrence. Under the auspices of the Entente Cordiale, there was arranged in the Grafton Galleries an exhibition of works by members of the Société des Aquarellistes Français and the Société des Peintres de Marines. Though not adequately representative of present-day art in France, MM. Edouard Detaille, Réné Binet, Georges Scott, Guillaume Dubufe, Guirand de Scevola, Edgar Maxence, Maurice Boutet de Monvel, and several others had characteristic drawings. Mr. W. B. Paterson showed, in Bond Street, some new drawings by Mr. Joseph Crawhall—who works entirely from memory, never direct from life—broad, bold, penetrative, among them, 'The Horse Pond,' alike persuasive as a decoration and structurally strong. There were some good landscapes by Mr. James Paterson and Mr. H. S. Teed; and Messrs. W. Nicholson, W. Orpen, J. M. Swan, and Muirhead Bone could be studied advantageously.

Messrs. Connell organised the most comprehensive exhibition yet held of etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron. Including the Belgian set of ten plates, now first seen, there

were impressions, in general so good as to declare the real intentions of the artist, of 90 out of the 200 or so plates on which, since the late eighties, he has learned and laboured. Light, more light, to transmute and uplift, is Mr. Cameron's cry. His progress is marked by increased care and understanding of the mystery of light and shade, of the romanticist's consciousness of the background. Light is as the shepherd who leads forth, and reveals, in many of the landscapes that are a new beauty in etching, none finer than 'A Valley of the Ardennes'—over the dark earth is an illuminate sky—one of the impressive Belgian set. His susceptibility is quickened by wonder. Of the new architectural studies, there may be named the interior of Notre Dame, Dinan, its crucifix imaginatively set against the light of the east window.

Several other attractive one-man exhibitions claim attention. That of thirteen pictures by Wilhelm Hammershoi, at Mr. Van Wisselingh's in Grafton Street, was arranged for months before the opening of the Danish Exhibition at the Guildhall, where the group of Hammershois was a prominent feature. Though as a Master of Peace Vermeer is incomparably superior, the Dane shares in his gentle exaltation of vision, in his quiet-breathed imagination. As at the Guildhall, so in Grafton Street, several of the pictures were of silent, empty interiors, the absence of any human figure strangely enough serving to suggest the joys and sorrows of life. Akin in temper to 'The Open Doors'—ivory-coloured doors, with pale gold mountings, room opening into vacant room—of the Guildhall, are good examples, such as 'The Empire Sofa,' set against a grey wall below gold-framed pictures, 'Sunlight on the Floor,' coming through a casement, the rectangular lines of whose frame cast patterning shadows, and 'The Old Piano.' Hammershoi may here be working rather a thin vein, may be following an idea as distinct from developing a pictorial motive, but he does it subtly, with a certain quiet distinction. The black-clad figure in No. 8, another serenely grey-walled room, with a circular table of polished wood, gleaming silver, and in the right corner a felicitously treated black stove, is inevitably reminiscent of Vermeer. It is lent by Mr. Leonard Borwick, the pianist, who writes an enthusiastic Foreword to the catalogue. Another, and a very different Continental artist, born in 1862, two years earlier than Hammershoi, hitherto unknown in London, made his *début* at the Goupil Gallery. This is Herr Gyula Tornai, the Hungarian, whose 77 original pictures of Japan, China, India, and Siam show him to be a man of remarkable force and conviction. He sets his palette with splendour, he dares to be opulent. In his fearlessness there is a certain barbaric element. His pictures of Eastern temples, of Japanese priestesses in sumptuous robes, of ornate interiors, of dancing geisha—some of them on a very large scale—are in carved frames, boldly designed by the artist with dragons, serpents, birds, figures and patterns that emphasize or contrast with the pictorial motive. Herr Tornai's is a bold, unconstrained vision of the gorgeous East, of its religious and social pageantry. Two Scotsmen were in the possession of the Leicester Galleries. Mr. G. Denholm Armour, who lives in a hunting country and himself hunts, has a remarkable gift for sporting subjects. He is a vital draughtsman. Less familiar, but even more noteworthy, perhaps, are pictures such as 'Cocks Fighting,' brushed in with extraordinary confidence, and 'Sow and Pigs,' a sty dignified by honesty of sight and skill of hand. The series of water-colours, chiefly of the Cornish coast, by Mr. John R. Reid, showed how strong and varied he is, how keen is his observation. At the Dowdeswell Galleries were 47 vivid drawings of India and Ceylon, made by Mr. Walter Crane during a winter trip; at the Baillie Gallery the first 'Little Master of the English School' to be brought forward was Charles Edward Holloway (1838-97), whose poetic art appealed to Whistler; at the Fine Art Society's, portraits of prominent folk by the popular Hungarian, Herr László, and water-colours of the Tiber, from its source to the sea, by Signor Carlandi; at the Stafford Gallery, a group of graceful dry-point portraits by M. Helleu; and at the Carfax Gallery an artist's expression of many moods by Mr. Ambrose MacEvoy.

Passing Events.

MR. ARTHUR SANDERSON, whose fine assemblage of old Wedgwood was privately disposed of *en bloc* a few hours before it was to have come up for sale at Christie's on June 12, possesses, of course, a splendid collection of pictures, of which an account was published in THE ART JOURNAL some years ago under the title of "A Northern Home." From time to time Mr. Sanderson has lent of these pictures to the Old Masters Exhibitions. One recalls, for instance, the romantic 'Homeward Bound' of John Sell Cotman, Rubens' portrait of Elizabeth Brandt, Van Dyck's 'Countess of Northumberland' and 'Cardinal Rivarole,' Hals' rubicund 'Michael De Waal,' a superb Hobbema of the late period, 'On the Road to Scheveningen,' and admirable examples of Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner and others.

MANY of those who intended to buy pieces of Sanderson Wedgwood were not unnaturally chagrined at the turn of events. The incident caused the whole subject of private-treaty bargains *versus* auction sales to be discussed widely and with animation. The not unreasonable cry of the dealer is that he cannot keep up the expensive establishments, now apparently necessary, on the basis of a ten per cent. profit on purchases under the hammer, and on occasions he is prepared to pay a larger sum for a given object or collection if the amount be not made public. For instance, a Bond Street firm is said to have offered 10,000 gs. to the Peel Trustees for Lawrence's portrait of Julia Peel, and on this being declined they did not take part in the competition on the succeeding day, when the picture fetched 8,000 gs. at Robinson & Fisher's. Messrs. Duveen had been in negotiation for the Sanderson assemblage of Wedgwood for a couple of years or so, and at the last moment obtained it for rather more than £20,000. Mr. Arthur Sanderson is no less prominent in the world of commerce, as the well-known distiller of Leith, than in the world of art as a genuine lover of beautiful things.

AUTRES temps, autres mœurs. In 1864, the Salon rejected Rodin's 'Man with a Broken Nose'; in 1877 he was charged with casting direct from life the

masterly 'Age of Bronze,' now in the Luxembourg. The 'Age of Bronze' was spurned too by the Royal Academy, which in 1906 placed the name of the sculptor among those nominated for Honorary Foreign Academicianship. The Oxford University did well to confer on him in June the honorary degree of LL.D. Rodin's indomitable resolve, to use his own words, is "to make his work of the same message for the senses within the domain of art as the Creator's work in the domain of Nature."

THE Birthday Honours list had its special interests for artists. The knighthoods conferred on Sir William Quiller Orchardson and Sir Hubert Von Herkomer raised the number of R.A. knight painters to six, Sirs Alma-Tadema, Luke Fildes, William B. Richmond, and Ernest A. Waterlow being the others. Sir Edward Poynter is a baronet, and there is a knight architect in the person of Sir Aston Webb. Sir Hubert von Herkomer, a naturalised Bavarian, is a man of many-sided and enormous energies. He is almost as well known in the world of the motorist as in the world of art. Sir W. Q. Orchardson—"Urquhartson" is the name of the Highland clan from which he claims descent—alike as portraitist and as painter of exquisitely handled genre and historical pictures, is one of the most distinguished of living artists. Many would have preferred to see the Order of Merit given to him. The Dundee Gallery is fortunate in possessing his masterly 'H. B. Fergusson' (p. 252), psychologically illuminative and æsthetically finely poised, as, too, the 'T. Carlaw Martin' of the 1907 Academy. It is interesting to note that the Birthday Honours included a peerage for Sir Samuel Montagu, whose bust-portrait, seen at the 1904 Academy, is in reticent beauty hardly excelled by any other picture from Orchardson's brush. He becomes Lord Swaythling.



Children of Albion.
By G. W. Lambert.

IN Chelsea, and far beyond the limits of Chelsea, Mr. G. W. Lambert is recognised as among the most talented of our younger artists. His self-portrait was one of the most interesting pictures at the inaugural exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, though the cigarette was an addition of which Velazquez, his inspirer, might not have approved. On the same wall was his group, 'Children of Albion' (p. 250), whose identity is an open secret. Highgate is on a hill-top; so are these fair-haired, clear-eyed boys and girls.

THE late John Trivett Nettleship, one of a remarkable quartet of brothers, has, not without warrant, been called our later Landseer. Pictures such as 'The Dirge in the Desert' (p. 251) explain the foundation for that. Besides painting many animal pictures of immediate appeal, Mr. Nettleship wrote with understanding of the art of George Morland, and of the poetry of Browning before he became a cult. Dr. Edward Nettleship, the oculist, is a brother.

THE exhibition by the Pastel Society of the cartoon by Burne-Jones for one of his last pictures, 'Love and the Pilgrim,' reminds us of how, soon after his death in 1898, Mary, Duchess of Sutherland, bought that work at Christie's for 5,500 gs. It was painted in 1896–7, and has the inscription "Dedicated to his friend A. C. Swinburne."

EARLY in the year several public announcements were made to the effect that the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society had been disbanded. Mr. Walter Crane, the President, says that this statement is entirely erroneous, and that, on the contrary, many new members have been elected with a view to strengthening the next triennial exhibition, due in the autumn of 1908. This is satisfactory hearing.

THE death, at the age of eighty, of Mr. Walter Richard Cassels reminds us of his astute purchase years ago of Turner's 'Rape of Europa.' It is one of the pictures of the late period, probably painted in the forties, and seems to have been sold with seven or eight others a decade later for £1,000 or so to a London dealer. At the Thomas Agnew sale of 1871 it fetched but 295 gs. But the enthusiasm for the "resurrected" Turners of about the same period ensured a very different money-verdict in 1906. The 'Europa' then realised 6,400 gs. Nor was this the only instance of Mr. Cassels' wisdom as an art investor. Five pictures, for which he gave about £1,700 in the seventies, produced £8,547.

MR. P. FLETCHER-WATSON, who died at the age of sixty-five on the last day of June, has been much before the public of late with his water-colours of Milan, Toledo, and other cathedrals. In 1894 Ruskin expressed himself as "delighted with the beautiful work" of this pupil of David Roberts, the only one he ever had, if we mistake not.

SIGNS are not wanting that an unfortunate form of rivalry between the Royal Academy and the International Society, at one time pronounced, is diminishing. For instance, the election in 1906 of Mr. William Strang as



(By permission of J. D. Denham-Smith, Esq. Photo. Caswall Smith.)

A Dirge in the Desert.
By J. T. Nettleship.

an Associate-Engraver of the Academy has not stood in the way of his joining the Council of the International. There is ample scope for his activities in both directions.

HERR PHILIP A. LÁSZLÓ is, it seems, swift with his brush, as well as skilled in fashioning a likeness. Three days after the King "commanded" the portrait of Princess Victoria, it was on view in Bond Street. Apropos of lightning portraiture, there is a tradition that Gainsborough painted the bust of Samuel Linley, R.N., now in the Dulwich Gallery, in about forty-eight minutes.

MR. WYNFORD DEWHURST, R.B.A., the talented Claude Monet-ite, is, as was Hogarth, a believer in direct and summary appeals to the picture-buying public. This summer, for the third time, he caused to be offered under the hammer a number of his recently-painted impressions. The thirty-one canvases totalled £446, including 60 gs. for the 'Terrace by the Seine.'

TOO little notice has been taken of the death of Théodore Verstraete, one of the most prominent of Belgian landscape painters. By many he was called "Le Millet Belge." A native of Ghent, his was a youth of privation, but the painter instinct in him was strong, and after winning the gold medal for landscape, he became one of the founders of the open-air school. Later he retired to a cottage in the desolate plains by Antwerp, and worked assiduously as an interpreter of peasant life, of those who feel much yet can utter nothing. Verstraete was a *Sociétaire Fondateur* of the New Salon, where he frequently exhibited. A friend writes of his upright and noble character, of his whole-hearted devotion to art, of his generosity to struggling confrères. In 1906, the exhibition of his works in Antwerp testified to the honour in which he was held. Twelve years ago he sustained an injury which induced brain congestion and partial paralysis. He was born at Ghent on January 4th, 1851, and died on January 8th last.

CONTRARY to expectation, the enlarged and altered version of 'The Light of the World,' a condition of whose sale was that it should ultimately go into some public building, is not destined for the Tate Gallery. The Rt. Hon. Charles Booth, after sending it on a pilgrimage round the empire, has offered it to St. Paul's Cathedral, and the gift has been gratefully accepted by the Chapter. In Sydney alone the picture attracted, within twenty-five days, over 300,000 persons, nearly thrice the population of the place. Ruskin hailed the original 'Light of the World,' when it was exhibited at the 1854 Academy, as "one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age." Half a century later, Dr. Furnivall claimed that the new and enlarged version "is the culmination and crown of Victorian English art; nay, the greatest that our country has ever produced, and fit to range with the most glorious creations that the world has ever seen."

THE late Mr. George Herring's idea of benefiting King Edward's Hospital Fund by the sale of some of his pictures, old silver, etc., which realised £1,397 5*s*., to say nothing of his palatial town house, No. 1, Hamilton Place, is alike novel and generous. By the way, John Frederick Herring, who died at an advanced age a few months ago, painted, in the year of the Queen's accession, the portrait of

a favourite cob, which, when five years old, was matched to go in harness from Tottenham Court Road to York and back, a distance of 400 miles, in five days. Mr. Edge left such four-footed records far behind by covering, in his motor car, 1,581 miles in twenty-four hours—a distance equal to nearly one-fifteenth part of the circumference of the globe.

THE presentation by the R.I.B.A. of the Royal Gold Medal for the Promotion of Architecture to Mr. John Belcher almost synchronised with the appearance of Mr. Belcher's interesting essays, "Essentials in Architecture" (Batsford, 5*s.*). In it he ably defines architecture as "not a science plus art, but a science interpenetrated in all its methods and applications by the true spirit of art."

MR. ADRIAN JONES, whose equestrian statue of the late Duke of Cambridge has been placed in the centre of Whitehall, opposite the new War Office buildings, began life as an army veterinary surgeon, serving in India, and through the Abyssinian, Boer, and Nile wars, of 1868, 1879, and 1884. His first exhibit at the Academy, in 1884, was a portrait of his own hunter, entitled, 'One of the right sort.'

THE Birmingham Art Gallery has yet again profited by the generosity of Mr. John T. Middlemore, M.P. He has presented Watts' 'Little Red-Riding Hood,' sold at Christie's on April 20 last for 1,250 gs. A smaller and somewhat different version, painted on panel, which belonged to Mr. Harry Quilter, fetched 90 gs. in 1906. The Rt. Hon. W. Kenrick, a second of those to whom the Birmingham Gallery owes much, has given £5,000 towards another art gallery purchase fund. To him Birmingham is indebted among other things for Millais' 'Blind Girl,' which to Rossetti was "one of the most touching and perfect things I know."

SEVERAL works by the late Arthur Tomson, included in the Memorial Exhibition at the Baillie Gallery, are finding their way into public collections. For instance, the picture 'In the Down Country' has gone to the Castle Museum, Nottingham; the oblong 'Harvesting,' with rhythmic moving oxen in the waggons, to the recently founded gallery at Wellington; and two cat drawings to the British Museum. In each case Mrs. Arthur Tomson is the donor.

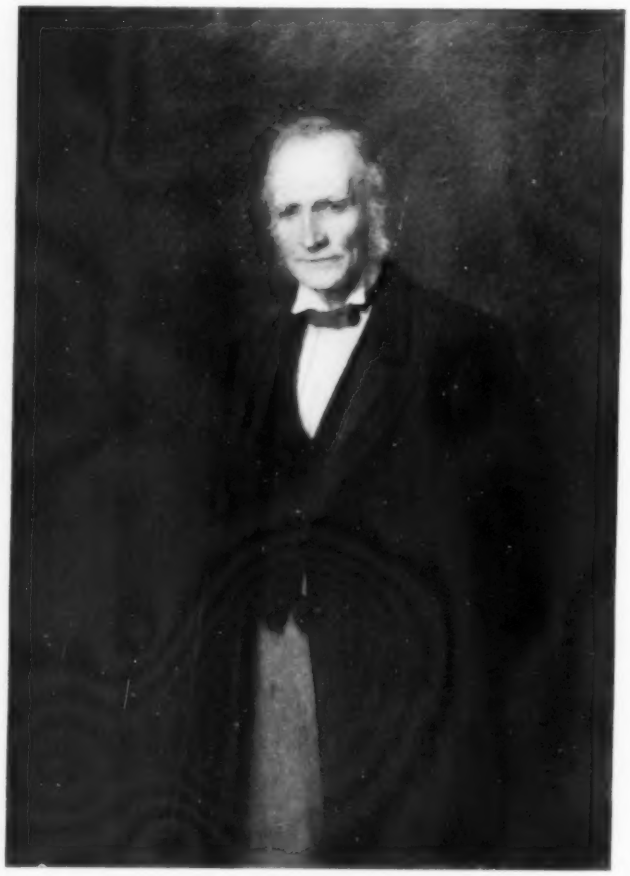
THE Trustees of the British Museum are not permitted to buy for the Print Room work by a living artist, however able. No time was lost, however, in the case of Brabazon. Three drawings from the Memorial Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery were purchased: a brilliant sketch, 'Algiers,' 'Near Bristol,' and 'Sunset: Madrid,' the last in pastel. These were catalogued respectively at 25 gs., 30 gs., and 15 gs. The large and fine drawing of the Egyptian Gallery in the Museum, with scaffolding up for renovation, and a sketch of more scaffolding at the Museum, in gold-point, both by Mr. Muirhead Bone, have been secured as records of the building. The first of these is well reproduced in Mr. Campbell Dodgson's monograph, which surely he will publish in English. That there would be a sufficient demand for it is unquestionable.

FELIX REGAMEY, who died at Nice early in May at the age of sixty-three, was, because of his ardent love of the East, called the "Patriote Japonais." He is best known as a painter of Oriental subjects. A collection of forty of his works seen at the great exhibition of 1878 is now in the Musée Guimet.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has resolved to buy the pieces of statuary which remain in the studio of the sculptor Falguière. The groups 'Cain and Abel' and 'Femmes Lutteuses' are to be placed in the Petit Palais. Rodin's bust of Falguière and his portrait of Carolus Duran are also to be acquired.

MR. HERBERT J. FINN, over fifty of whose water-colours were reported stolen from his private art gallery in Old Bond Street as he was about to open his annual exhibition, is best known by his cathedral and other architectural studies. Examples have from time to time been reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL.

THE gold medal for painting at the Old Salon goes, by a considerable majority at the third ballot, to M. Henri Martin this year. This looks like a belated recognition of the remarkable merits of his frescoes for Toulouse, his native city, which formed a kind of one-man show in Salle XVI. in 1906. On that occasion he "ran" for the medal of honour.



Henry Balfour Fergusson, Esq.
(Albert Institute and Victoria Galleries, Dundee) By Sir W. Q Orchardson, R.A.

Mr. Alyn Williams.

By Arthur Lawrence.

IT has been rather the habit to hide the insignificance of one's subject by deluging it with an amount of superlatives which shall prevent the onlooker from seeing the subject except through a glass darkly. It is possible that if the small horse kicks up a great deal of dust, that through the dust it may seem to be a very big horse indeed. I don't propose to praise Mr. Alyn Williams, although if one omits to do so, I suppose that anything in the nature of adverse criticism with not less convenience can be omitted. He is conducting a school of miniature painting. Obviously, therefore, it should be his business—although it may not be mine—to obtain an access of pupils, provided that they can pay the modest fees charged, and are not afraid of hard work, for the evasion of which even the claim to possess an artistic temperament is not a sufficient excuse. Assuredly, he must have learned who presumes to teach, and this must needs be the text of my argument. I should not like to take it upon myself to say he is the leading exponent to-day of miniature painting, but from the position which he has obtained in the work to which he has exclusively devoted himself, I should imagine that this high position can be assigned to Mr. Alyn Williams. He is the founder and first President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters,



Mrs. Alyn Williams.

By Alyn Williams.



A Portrait.

By Molly Power.

and not long ago had the honour of sittings for miniature portraits from their majesties the King and Queen. He served his apprenticeship—if so base a term may be used—under Benjamin Constant and Laurens, in Paris, and with Legros and Brown in London, and to my mind has the by no means common qualification for the teaching of others, that although he has learned so much he is still ready to learn. He is responsible for some innovations, so far as modern practices are concerned, in the painting of miniatures. He is fond of painting miniatures on ivory, oblong in shape, and measuring about eight inches by four. He has even lent his hand to the painting of eyes only, a happy thought with which, I confess, I have no sympathy whatsoever; yet I suppose it is good for us to indulge in a little freak work occasionally, just as one may imagine an artist in commerce leaving the city, and spending valuable hours in his country mansion on making "fretwork." After all, cigar boxes look as if they are meant to be cut into fragments, and if Mr. Williams should choose to paint only the eye of his sitter, one is left to indulge in the speculation that he has given us the advantage of his artistic selection, and that the other features of the sitter are omitted from worthy motives. Indeed, much may be excused in Mr. Williams—if any excuse be necessary—for he adds a most painstaking skill to his natural instinct



Mrs. Fitzherbert's Eye (after Cosway).

By J. Mary Scott.



Elmer Cubitt.
By J. Mary Scott.

for portrait painting, and in every way has deserved the high position which he has obtained in the branch of his art which he has made so peculiarly his own. The school which he has founded at 24, South Audley Street, for the purpose of teaching miniature painting has been established eleven years, and was the first of such schools. In class teaching he finds time to give a personal lesson to each student, whilst he even paints a miniature from start to finish at the class, explaining every step as he proceeds. He is eager in his endeavours to bring out the individuality of each student, warning them against copying himself, or any other master in the art, and advising his pupils most earnestly to draw in pencil, and paint from the living model.

Of course a certain degree of excellence can be acquired in miniature painting in a very short time by those who have a right feeling for the work, but if something more than this degree of excellence is desired, as it must be by any one who is an artist in any sense of the word, incessant practice is the only road to the attainment of highest ideals. Mr. Williams has his weaknesses in regard to material, but thinks, reasonably enough, that with some subjects, gouache or vellum, after the style of the fifteenth century, is often more suitable than ivory. In addition to one or two subjects, including a very pleasant miniature of his wife, painted in miniature by Mr. Williams, there are included in this article reproductions of miniatures painted by some of his pupils. Many of his students have made their mark, several have been elected to membership of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, and every exhibition contains numerous miniatures by past and present pupils. In last year's R.A. no less than twenty-four of the miniatures were by pupils of Mr. Williams. How much, or how little, is required of those who feel that miniature painting is the highest form of art, or who, on a very different plan altogether, imagine that it is the easiest and shortest road to distinction, is excellently summarised by the artist in his contribution to Dr. Williamson's book on miniature painting.



Sir Roger.
By Mildred R. Bennett.



Tinted Pencil Drawing.
By Lilian Albert.

"The necessary qualifications may be classified under two headings; the first may be styled special gifts, some of which may be termed 'genius.' These include good eyesight, an aptitude for drawing, an eye for colour, and that subtle insight into character so necessary for every portrait painter. Genius, though born, is not ready-made, therefore other qualifications are—the power of drawing correctly, a knowledge of superficial anatomy, relative values of tone and colour, a delicate touch and infinite patience. These may all be acquired by earnest students, and the more time they devote to their training the better will the ultimate result of their labours be. The majority of miniature painters of the present day do not in their work approach the excellence of the old masters, largely owing to the pernicious effect of photography on their art; it is undoubtedly an easy matter to obtain an apparent, but often a characterless likeness, by copying a photograph, and the excuse of



Class Study.
By Jennie Reynolds.



Miss Foster.
By J. Mary Scott.



Class Study.
By Florence E. Bennett.



Lady Marjorie Manners.
By Lady Rolleston.



Mrs. Scott.
By J. Mary Scott.



Portrait of a Lady.
By J. Mary Scott.



A Study.
By J. Mary Scott.



Violet, daughter of Sir George and Lady Clarke.
By Lady Rolleston.



Class Study.
By Lucy Madeley.



Pencil Study for Miniature: Miss Georgina Heath.
By Alyn Williams.

saving the client's time is made; but such a production is not a portrait in the true sense of the word, for it only crystallizes a transient glance, exaggerates certain parts of the features, stiffens the expression, sharpens up lines in the face, and deepens the shadows, while the real portrait is a revelation of character, a delineation of the mind, although it may lack the added advantage of being what is so frequently spoken of as 'a speaking likeness.'"

Miniature painting is not by any means at its highest point at this moment. It seems to me that this is essentially a period when we all of us have an itching to see what we can do on a large canvas. I am not thinking merely of painting, but of prose, of poetry, and even of the efforts which are made in the commercial world. If we possess a certain amount of talent, we set out for big effects, and fall in love with scene painting and limelight. This disposition has enabled a very great number of young men and young women, who are not artists at all, to establish a certain local vogue for their miniatures. They succeed on sufferance, but, on the other hand, one can hope from such a school as that which Mr. Alyn Williams established eleven years ago, that someone amongst his pupils will not only possess genius, but will also be moved to express this genius in the painting of miniatures, as being the least ostentatious, most refined and most subtle expression of artistic perception.

Notes on Books.

Two volumes of well-informed essays are published under the title of **The History of Painting,** from the 4th to the early 19th century, by Richard Muther, translated from the German, in New York, by G. Kriehn (Putnam & Sons, *21s.*). The author has studied the art of every country for his other monumental publications. The present work shows much wide reading, good distillation of facts, and original thought.

Those who have been, or intend to go, to Holland will be glad to read **Three Vagabonds in Friesland** (Simpkin, Marshall, *7s. 6d.*). The "letterpress obligato" is by H. F. Tomalin, and the illustrations are from photographs by Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., F.R.P.S., a sufficient guarantee of their value.

Messrs. Newnes have added to their Art Library (*3s. 6d.*) **Sir E. Burne-Jones**, by Arsène Alexandre, and **The Landscapes of G. F. Watts,** by Walter Bayes; and to their Library of the Applied Arts (*7s. 6d.*), **French Furniture**, by André Saglio.

A delightful book of a delightful country is **Switzerland**, by Clarence Rook (Chatto & Windus, *20s.*). There are over fifty colour-plates from pictures by Effie Jardine, and some other reproductions from photographs. Mr. Rook writes with knowledge and enthusiasm; and, with a wealth of illustration derived from all seasons of the year, the volume is of great interest.

Uniform with the above book, and introduced by a note by M. H. Spielmann, is **The Colour of London**, by W. J. Loftie. The remarkable illustrations are from pictures recently shown at the Clifford Gallery by the Japanese artist Yoshio Markino, who contributes a note of his impressions of London. "London without mists would be like a bride without a trousseau," he writes; and this opinion is expressed again in his work. His points of view are often unusual, but they are well chosen, and the book is one to be seen.

In Messrs. Chatto & Windus's colour series is included also **Venice**, by Beryl de Sélincourt and May Sturge Henderson, with thirty illustrations from water-colours by Reginald Barratt, A.R.W.S. (*10s. 6d.*).

English Illustration, "The Sixties: 1855-70," by Gleeson White, has been reprinted (Constable & Co., *12s. 6d.*). The first edition was issued in 1897. The amount of expert information and the large number of illustrations make this volume indispensable to the student.

"The Story of Art through the Ages" (1904), by S. Reinach, has been revised, and it appears, with 600 illustrations, under the title of **Apollo** (Heinemann, *6s.*).

A book of stories and descriptions which will be welcomed by all interested in Western Ireland is **The Aran Islands**, by J. M. Synge, with reproductions of line drawings by Jack B. Yeats (Maunsel & Co., Dublin, *5s.*).

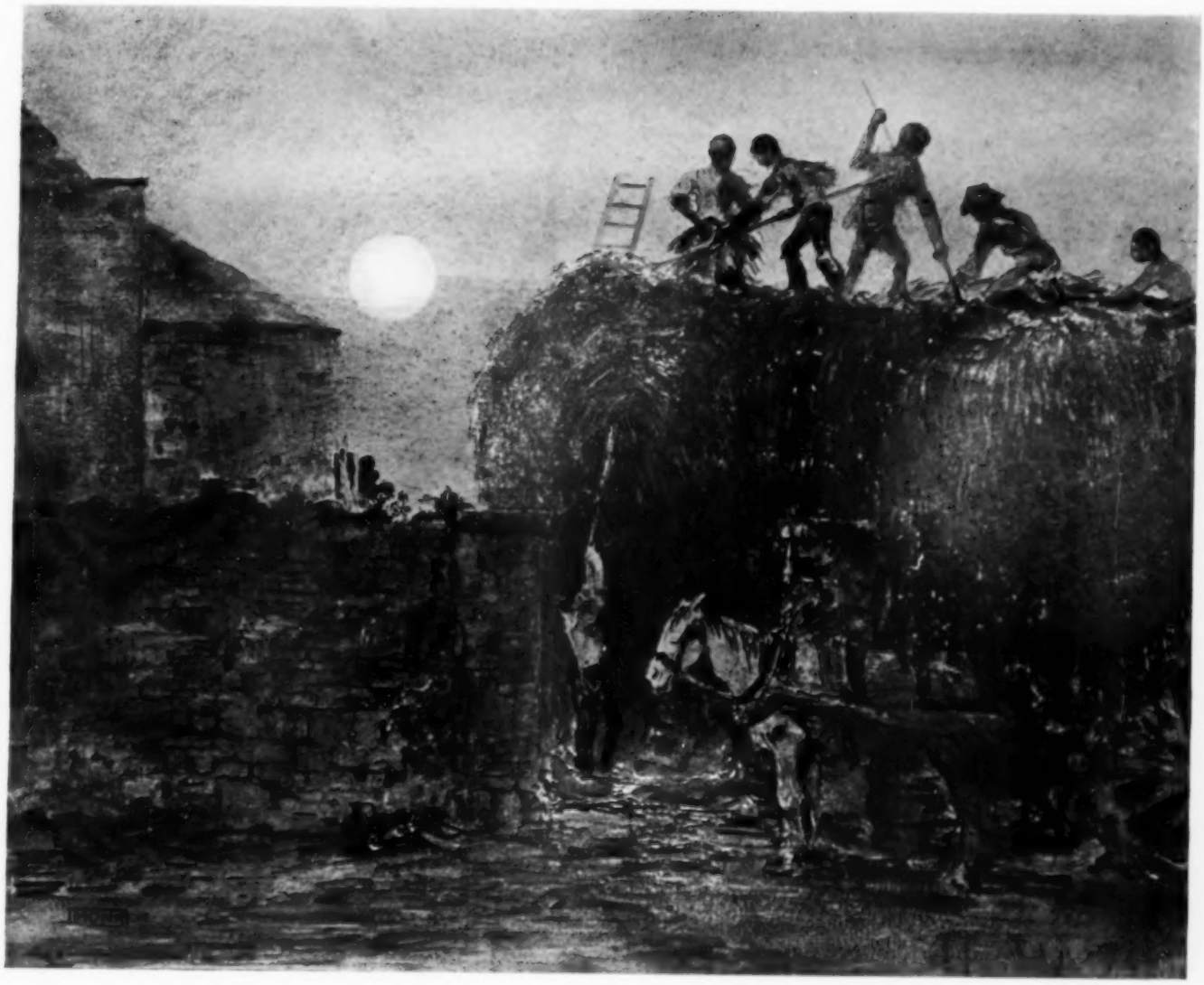
The Discoveries in Crete, by Ronald M. Burrows (Murray, *5s.*), follows on Mr. Arthur Evans's discoveries at the Palace of Knossos and the sub-Exhibition at Burlington House a few years ago. It is a book for all archæologists.

The Essentials of Aesthetics (in music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture), by L. Raymond (Murray, *10s. 6d.*). "The object of this book is to determine for the reader the qualities causing excellence in the higher arts, and to increase his appreciation of them."

The History of Painting (1200-1900), by Edmund von Mach (Ginn & Co., *6s. 6d.*), is a series of charts and a collection of facts, with an art map of Europe, arranged to present a useful summary of art.



Clew Bay and Croagh Patrick



Westport: Stack-building by Moonlight.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Clew Bay.*

By Alfred Yockney.

IF search were made in the writings of great authors for words in praise of Clew Bay a fine harvest of quotations could be gathered. But, abundant though the references are, it would be found that many writers distrusted their powers of composition when sitting down to describe the beauties of the neighbourhood. Extend an arm to the bookshelf in the hotel that has condescended to receive you and idly search for local colour. One practised essayist complains of the limitations of printers' ink for his purpose, and another escapes with the unsatisfactory, not to say cowardly excuse that the wonders must be seen to be believed. It seems curious that men accustomed to note the immensities and the fine details of the earth's surface should feel their wits to be paralysed when they are near to the famous indentation in County Mayo. The ordinary visitor is a little disturbed in mind at this reluctance of good writers to set down their impressions. If the gifted and much-travelled are spellbound, what is likely to happen to the common mortal? He may be quite unnerved in the presence of beauty. We are glad to see therefore that most of the strangers near us are equipped with bulky guide-books. Those prosaic pages will steady their thoughts and actions in moments of rapture.

We enter the district whole-heartedly, undismayed because Thackeray was beauty-struck, and caring little if the earth beneath us has carbon or blue diamonds in its veins. We find sufficient interest in the scenes before us to dispense with any book of the words on the spot. Moreover, we have vowed not to look at print, in book or bill, for twenty-four hours. The sight of our account, printed and neatly

* "Ulster and Connaught" series. Continued from page 230.



Westport: The Glendenning Statue and Newport Street.

By W. Monk, R E.



Westport : The Mall.
By W. Monk, R.E.

ruled, made us groan as we left the hotel on the fringe of the magic land ; and we were only consoled by the fact that for our room we were indebted to the generosity of a smiling peer, who had given up a portion of his own room to his friend, so that we might not be turned away.

Westport is one of the towns near the edge of the bay, and its situation is enchanting. Once it was actually one of the chief ports of the west, but through the advent of the railway it no longer enjoys a great maritime reputation. It is difficult to realize that great commerce did pass along its quays, and looking at the map one feels that the navigation of those days must have been of a very superior order. The local cry now is that the harbour shall be deepened, but nothing short of the removal of a few islands can make the approach suitable to modern requirements.

There was once a day, not so very long ago, when a difference arose over the election of an ex-officio guardian of the Westport Union. In consequence of the unparliamentary discussion which ensued, Lord James Browne, son of the Marquis of Sligo, met in mortal combat a Mr. Higgins, at Kiggalla near Carnacon. Pistols. The seconds marked out the ground, there was a simultaneous report, and the affair ended happily. Such meetings, more or less hostile,



Rosturk Castle, Clew Bay.
By W. Monk, R.E.

were common enough within living memory, and Connaught men earned a reputation for excitability. Parochial jealousies and private differences are as keen as ever in Westport, if one may rely on conversations, and Mayo is in the danger area of national or international politics. But the Englishman will be able to treat such affairs lightly when holiday-making. If he chances to hear a street-corner orator recall the facts of the anti-rent demonstrations in 1879, when Parnell and Davitt spoke in Westport, and when there were cheers for the Zulus, he will be amused as much as when in the local circus he sees Irish and American flags only.

The picturesque part of Westport is likely to keep the stranger in the town for a longer time than he has planned. Some of the charms are not permanent, but the arrangement of the buildings among the natural features provides uncommon material for the entertainment of the observant visitor. One could scarcely hope to see a second time the making of a hay-rick in the middle of the town by moonlight (p. 257); but there is always the Mall. Between two broad walks flanked with houses runs a river, walled, bridged, and shaded with trees. It is the Boulevard of Westport, and there is no better place for a stroll in the quiet of the evening. It is the proper rendezvous, and it has a useful as well as a social attraction. A standpipe supplies the poorer people with water, and at it congregate all sorts of girls, boys, old women with crutches, and babes scarcely out of their mothers' arms. It would be difficult to find a more varied selection of human beings; and if the confidences, condolences and scandals could be heard and noted while the cracked jugs and leaking pails were being filled, an extraordinary book could be produced. The attitudes, the garments, the facial expressions and the gesticulations of the tribe keep an artist's pencil busy. The submerged tenth and their attributes give artistic character to Westport.

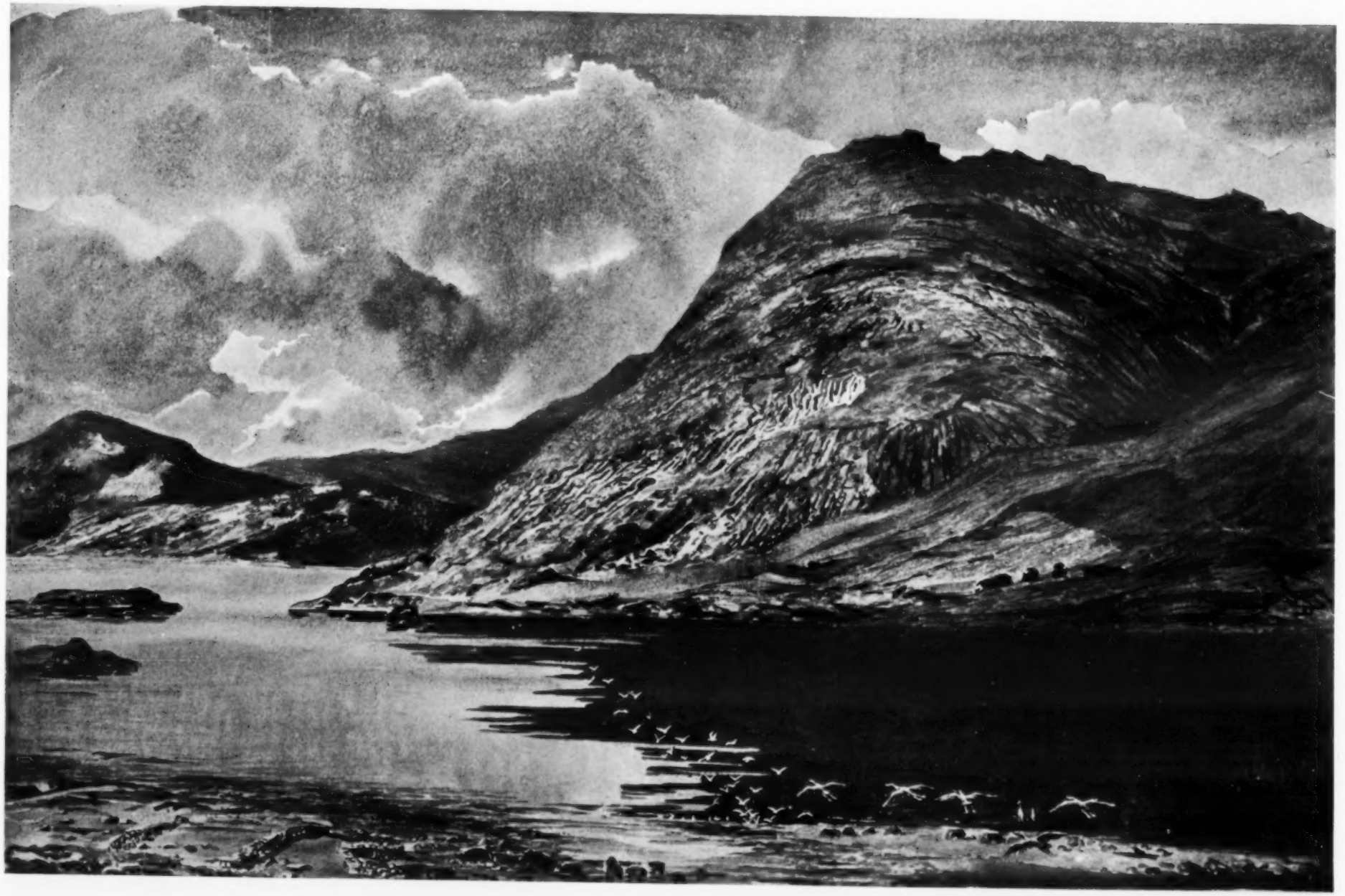
Above Clew Bay is Croagh Patrick, the fine-looking mountain that enters so largely into the legends and the history of Ireland. It towers over the water, and is as impressive a sight as can be imagined. Not only is its size overwhelming, but the religious significance that has grown to it creates a sense of humiliation. The traveller feels that he must bend the knee to Croagh Patrick, so preponderant is its bulk, so majestic its bearing, and so solemn its use. To the many who make it their Mecca it is endowed with sacred importance, and it is not astonishing that it is the object of superstitious veneration. The devotion it inspires and receives is very real, and it is inconceivable that any worshippers doubt that they are on holy ground. Such is the enthusiasm and the sincerity of the pilgrims, that there can be no suspicion that those doing penance have boiled the peas in their shoes before starting on their journey.

On the way to the Curraun Peninsula and Achill Island the scenery is remarkable. Croagh Patrick prevails, and



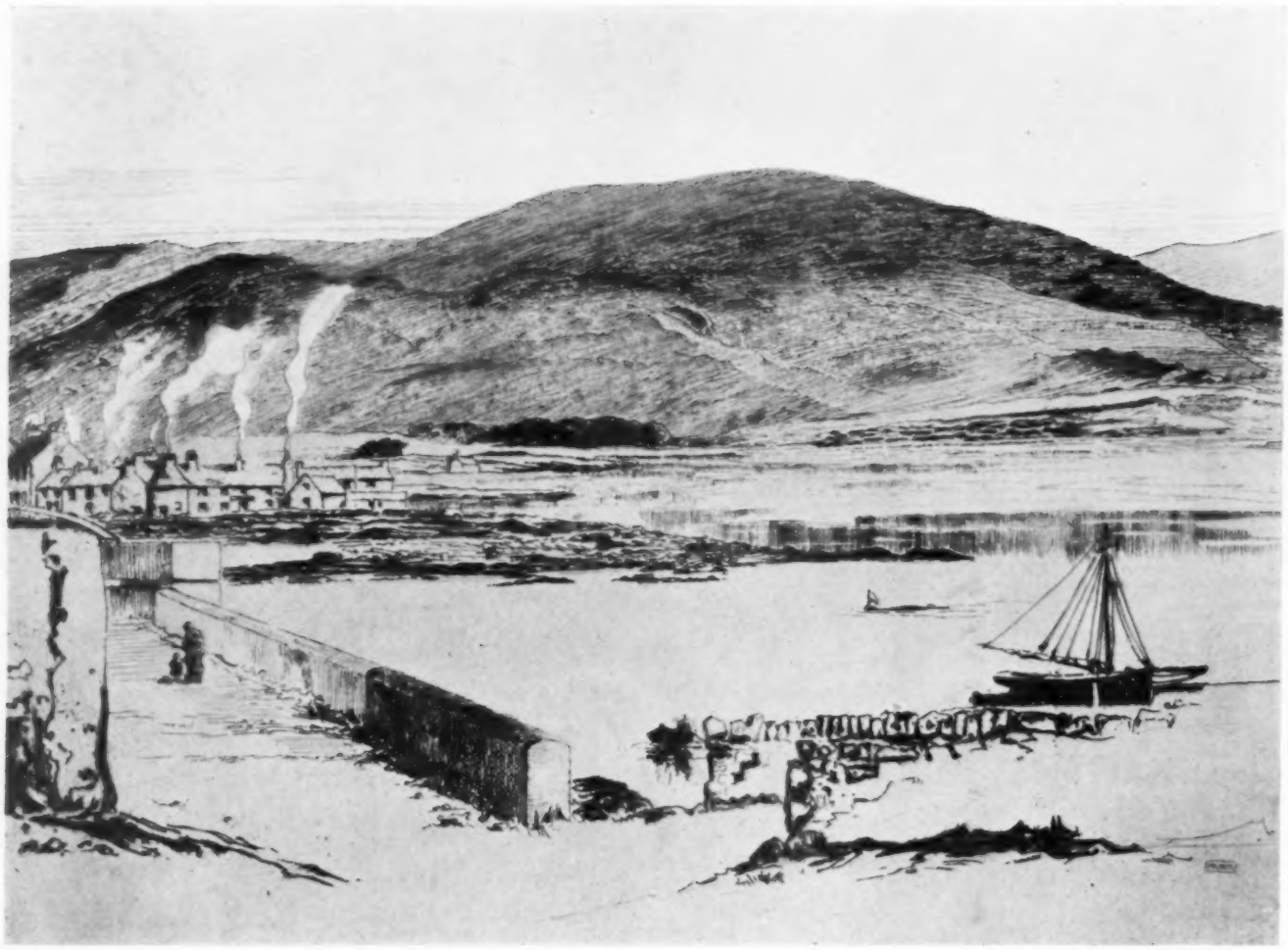
A View from the Curraun Peninsula.

By W. Monk, R.E.



In Bellacragher Bay.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Achill Sound from Johnston's Hotel.

By W. Monk, R.E.

unless the stranger deliberately shuts out the mighty mountain, the intervening objects appear merely as inconspicuous details. Yet everything is part of a glorious picture, and no island, rock, wave or cloud is unimportant in the composition or the colour-scheme. Accustomed though one may be to long distances of rural luxuriance, so very satisfying to the eye, those better lands will fade from memory in the presence of the unkempt splendours about Clew Bay. There is something vitalizing in the air, and the least demonstrative person will find cause for ejaculation. Presently one passes through a long avenue of fuschia bushes, brilliant and magnificent—two continuous red lines. The natural decorations take this practical shape, and the fanciful road strewn with roses is scorned. This blaze of colour is a symbol: it is blushing Achill, just conscious of growing charms, receiving the stranger. There is full-blooded cordiality in the greeting, and, in the familiar words of church notices, the Island extends a hearty welcome to *you*.

Distress for Rent and Picture Exhibitions.

By D. D. Robertson, Barrister-at-law.

THE right which is given by the common law of England to a landlord whose rent is in arrear, to enter upon the premises he has let and, without judicial process, seize and sell any goods or chattels found thereon, is admitted on all sides to be anomalous. That the exercise of this right operates unjustly in many cases can hardly be denied. Stated broadly, the right of distress extends, not merely to the goods of the tenant whose rent is in arrear, but also to those of an under-lessee who has paid his rent regularly to his immediate lessor, and of a stranger who has no interest at all in the demised premises. This unqualified right of landlords was quite early in legal history found to be intolerable, and certain exceptions were made to the general rule. Of these exceptions the two following are the most important, *viz.*—(*a*) goods delivered to a person in the way of his trade,

and (*b*) lodgers' goods, these being specially exempted by the Lodgers' Goods Protection Act of 1871. As to the former, it is essential that the person to whom the goods are delivered or entrusted must be exercising a *public* trade, and the goods must be delivered to him to be carried, wrought, worked up, or managed and dealt with in the way of his trade or employ. Thus (to take a particular instance) pictures sent to a picture-dealer, to be sold by him on commission, cannot be seized by the dealer's landlord.

Subject, however, to the few exceptions above referred to, the old law still prevails, and the recent case of *Challoner* v. *Robinson* affords a striking example of the harsh operation of the law. The facts in that case were shortly these:—The plaintiff was the proprietor of a proprietary club called the United Arts Club, and was the under-lessee of and occupier for the purposes of the club, certain rooms at 26, King Street, S.W. His immediate landlord was Edouard Willis' Restaurant, Limited, which company was in its turn the lessee of the owners, the defendants. One of the objects of the club was to facilitate, by holding exhibitions and otherwise, the sale of pictures and other works of art by members of the club, and for this purpose constant exhibitions were held. Only members of the club could send pictures to the exhibitions, and the exhibitions were not open to the public on payment, but only to persons introduced by members, or invited by the club. Whilst one of these exhibitions was being held the defendants (the superior landlords) put in a distress for six quarters' rent due to them from their lessees (the restaurant company), and seized under the distress the exhibited pictures. No arrears of rent were due from the plaintiff to his landlord (the restaurant company). The judge said that as the law stood he was bound to hold that the superior landlords were entitled to distrain upon these pictures, on the ground that the plaintiff was not carrying on a *public* trade in connection with these pictures. The case not unnaturally excited considerable interest amongst artists and others, and a question was addressed on the point to the Attorney-General in Parliament, who stated that he could not defend all the provisions of the law as it now stands; and in further reply to the question whether anything could be done for the unfortunate artists, he stated that "all the remedies the law affords were open to them." Small comfort indeed for the artists! For on the facts of that particular case it appears to be clear that they had no legal remedy at all, because the proprietor of the club to whom they had entrusted their pictures had regularly paid his rent and done them no wrong.

What precautions, then, can an artist take to ensure the safe return of his pictures before sending them for exhibition or sale to a more or less private show?

It may be suggested that the artist, in cases where he knows that the person holding the exhibition is a lessee or sub-lessee, should obtain a written agreement for the safe return of his pictures, or the value thereof. But in practice such an agreement could seldom be obtained, and even if obtained it would not afford effectual protection in cases where the person holding the exhibition fell into arrear with his rent. For the landlord could, notwithstanding such agreement, seize the pictures; and the artist would either have to buy back his pictures at the landlord's sale, and sue the tenant on the agreement for the expense the artist was put to; or else let the pictures go, and claim the value thereof. But a lessee who could not pay his rent would in most cases hardly be worth suing. The agreement, however, would probably be an effectual protection in cases where the person holding the exhibition was a sub-lessee who had regularly paid his rent and was solvent; and the distress was put in by an unpaid superior landlord. But, as above stated, in practice such an agreement could hardly ever be obtained, so that the artist must either refuse to exhibit, or run the risk of having his exhibits seized by a landlord of whose existence he has never even heard. That artists wishing to exhibit their works at non-public exhibitions should run such a risk is unfair to them, and a refusal to exhibit would deprive the picture-loving public of the opportunity of seeing many works of art to which access could not otherwise be had. It is submitted, therefore, that in the interests both of artists and the community generally, the right of distress should be abolished, or at least amended, so as to exempt goods not belonging to the lessee whose rent is in arrear.

Caracalla and Geta.

MODERN painters who have put the classical world on canvas have sought usually an aspect of life more rhythmic, more august, than their own day offered to their sight. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, whose Coliseum picture, 'Caracalla and Geta,' was, after long expectation, put on exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's early in July, has turned from the present to the past not so much for any conception of its life, but of its still-life. His latest canvas is a pictorial reconstruction of the Coliseum packed for a gala performance, tier on tier of spectators, to the number—given by the painter—of twenty-five thousand, seen beyond the Imperial box and its several occupants, and above the space of the arena where yet other figures perform their part correctly, as study and calculation has dictated it to the painter. From some confusions of the art that is too well instructed in other knowledge than that of sight and vision Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema has kept himself free. He points no moral on the well-worn theme of the 'Roman Holiday,' nor is he concerned to give moral shades to the historical figures of the Emperor Septimius Severus and his two sons by a first and second marriage, Bassianus, afterwards notorious as Caracalla, and Geta, murdered by him for his nearness to the throne. Nor is his archæology antagonistic to his art. He has calculated spaces, pondered the uses and details of the Coliseum, but his measurements and calculations are of paintable things, and the end is verisimilitude. It is not by a high gift perplexedly used, but by a limitation of gift that the picture

fails to produce its effect. One admires the great columns of Cippolino marble, set in pale gold of the bases and capitals, the delicate bas-reliefs and pure surface of white marble, the thick ropes of roses and violets with long ribbons that festoon the columns. The thin wavering smoke from the tripods is valuable in giving mystery to the flower-like rows of the far spectators. Details of costume and accessories are beautiful and fair. But what the picture lacks is triumphant humanity. No impression of crowded, breathing life interrupts a detailed inventory of the finely-painted fine things. From these is all the pleasure of the picture, a genuine, but not an inspiring pleasure.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's admiration for marble knows no bounds. "Nothing is finer or more precious," he said the other day at the R.I.B.A. In his Grove End Road house, one of his masterpieces, there are many fine specimens, as, too, of other hard, reflecting surfaces which he loves to introduce into his pictures. Before the house was transformed, Tissot lived at 17, Grove End Road.

A "Glasgow Boy."

WHEN Whistler jauntily wrote of the "Glasgow boys," he had in mind those talented painters, many of whom looked towards him as a master before he was generally recognised as such, and no doubt influenced the Glasgow Corporation to acquire for £1,000 the now famous 'Thomas Carlyle.' Like Whistler, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, a "Glasgow boy," so far as early associations are concerned, is painter as well as etcher. The 'Early Morning, Whitby,' was one of two pictures by which he was represented at the Royal Scottish Academy. The river, the quay, a stranded boat, and the dim town seen through an aisle of tall ship-builders' scaffolding, with planks longways on the ground to lead the eye onward, has originality of design and rare beauty of colour. The tender rose and the pale green-blue of the sky imaginatively celebrate the "glorious birth," re-evoked by Wordsworth, whose full wonder none has yet fathomed.



Early Morning, Whitby.

By R. Y. Cameron, A.R.S.A.

Félix Bracquemond.

ETCHER, painter, master of the applied arts and of ornamentation, a marvellous interpreter of the work of other artists, from Rubens to Turner, by way of Herrera, Goya, Fragonard, Ingres, Delacroix, Décamps, Corot, Rousseau, Millet and others, ceramist, who knows every detail of the art, M. Félix Bracquemond is a nineteenth century quattrocentist. In connection with the special exhibition of his works arranged by the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, there has been issued an illustrated catalogue, with an admirable and exhaustive monograph by M. Léandre Vaillat. Sympathetically is traced the career of the artist from the date of the exhibition of his first portrait in the Salon of 1852, through years of ardent labour, illumined by the friendship of men such as Théophile Gautier, Edmund de Goncourt, Méryon, Daubigny, Manet, Baudelaire, Balzac, and many other great men of that day, who survive in his gallery of contemporary portraits. M. Bracquemond still lives in the Villa Brancas at Sèvres, which has been the meeting-ground of many great spirits. His plates number in all about eight hundred, two hundred of which are designs for porcelain. For a brief time M. Bracquemond was attached to the Sèvres manufactory, and for long thereafter worked in connection with Haviland of Limoges. His etchings are well known in this country, which he visited with his friend Edwin Edwards, who showed him the wonders of Limehouse and Woolwich, and the Thames as it was in the seventies. Like many another artist, M. Bracquemond is his own most severe critic. To others he is ever ready with a word of encouragement. A great theorist, he classifies and reasons out his appreciations, and has written a number of papers on contemporary artists. How happily in a phrase he sums up Corot as an "enveloppeur d'aube et de crépuscule," Théodore Rousseau as a "sublime découpeur," and Turner as a "pierre précieuse en liquéfaction." The illustrations of the catalogue include the self-portrait of 1853, showing him with a bottle of aqua-fortis in his hand, his graving-tools beside him, the 'Madame Meurice,' now in the Luxembourg, the famous 'Haut battant de porte,' where the wings of birds are most decoratively used, and the beautiful panel of peacocks and marguerites designed to be executed in silk for M. le Baron Vitta.

Students' Arts and Crafts.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

COLERIDGE, so sensitive in his free moods to the real presence of spirit in form, who saw will manifested in act, and truth operating as life, has a passage on the German word for enthusiasm, "schwärmerei" —swarming, "like the swarming of bees together"—that gives the essence of a truth important to the realisation of the use and possibilities of all forms of collective life. He declares that in the close contact of life with life collected together for some purpose, a new and rapturous spirit, the living life, as it were, of all these lives, is generated, something greater than any one life has formulated, yet one with the life of each. If that is true, and all great social movements prove it so, schools of art should be the very pulse of the machine in the art life of a nation. Energy and inspiration should emanate from the school to the arts and industries to renew their beauty in accord with a vital perception of their form as image of the needs and desires of the age.

If that is not so to-day, or only in a small degree, the lack is not all within the school. The school has to do far more than to direct and develop to a special end a gift of sight and skill. It has to counteract the direct and indirect effect of the constant sight of undelightful things, of standards of production that allow no expression to trained hands and disciplined senses.

Year by year, as the exhibition of students' work opens in Regent Street and at South Kensington, the idea of what schools of art should mean, and what they can mean in present conditions, suggest themselves as a background to judgment of the exhibitions. Not that what the art-schools of the London County Council and of the Board of Education are doing for art is to be judged by looking at the work done in the schools. That is only to be tested outside the school. What can be seen is what ideals of style and practice are urged on the student, how far the training developes and directs capacity, and to what uses the knowledge gained in the school is put.

In an article limited to the consideration of arts and crafts the two exhibitions are, obviously, not dealt with on equal terms. At Regent Street the exhibition is of a year's work in one school, and that a school of arts and crafts. At South Kensington the exhibition is of works selected for reward in the national competition from a year's work by 1,223 schools of art, science schools, technical institutions



(L.C.C.) Beaker.
By Theodore C. Tenten.



(L.C.C.) Cartoon for Mosaic Floor.
By A. P. Young.



Illuminated Manuscript on Vellum.

(S.K.) By Mary Shaw (Manchester).

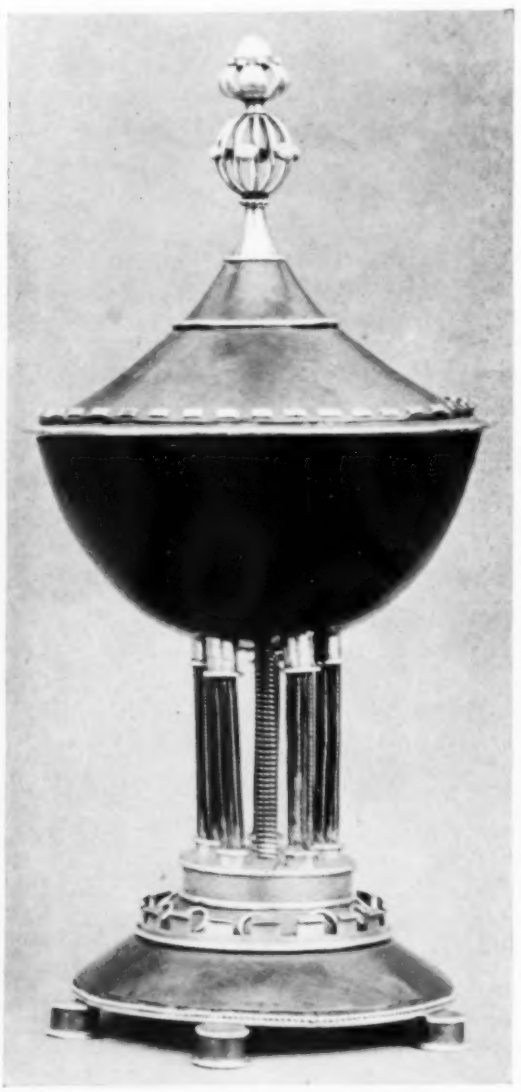
and other schools and classes. The works sent up numbered 15,016. From this mass of production the examiners have chosen 1,824 examples of fine and applied art to receive awards of various degrees, and of this selection a percentage was shown in the galleries of the Indian section of the museum, insufficient and inconvenient quarters that do not permit the proper display of even what is shown, and make the showing of large works impossible. In the one exhibition what is shown is representative of the whole activity of a school. The other is a small selection of a vast and varied activity, and of this selection only a part comes within the scope of an article on arts and crafts.

The work of the London County Council school still waits the full development of its plan that the move to the new building in Kingsway will give. In the meanwhile additional classes have been added. One important addition is Typography, in which some sound school work with a Caslon type was shown, and one interesting page of printing on a small hand-press by the student from his own designs. In the new premises this essential craft of book-production will be further developed, and the preparation made for the art of making beautiful printed pages by the



Designs for Engraved Wine-glasses.

(S.K.) By Sidney Phillips (Worsley).



Metal Cup and Cover set with Stones.

(S.K.) By Lottie Barker (Leeds).

classes in caligraphy should have noteworthy results. Not, of course, that the use of writing and illuminating is primarily as a source for an art of typography. Such studies are allied, and fair writing is the source of fine type. But it is an independent art, and one of the most lovely of the crafts. The firm forms and dignified page design of the writing by Miss Zompolides—the original being on a bold scale—the pleasant design and execution of a pictorial page by S. R. Turner, are examples of consistent and skilful practice. Writing, book-binding, printing, design in black and white, book-illustration and lithography form one main division of the work of the school, that of book-production. Binding has always been an important part of this division, and if in this year's work there is nothing of distinctive beauty, the books shown were technically admirable, and the interlaced pattern in blind tooling by W. H. Green, the blind-tooled 'Sintram,' of C. Y. McLeish, and the lucid, if rather wiry, gold-tooled border on F. T. Lamb's 'Pattern Designing,' showed forms of appropriate invention, fortunately designed to be independent of the school tools, which might well be improved.

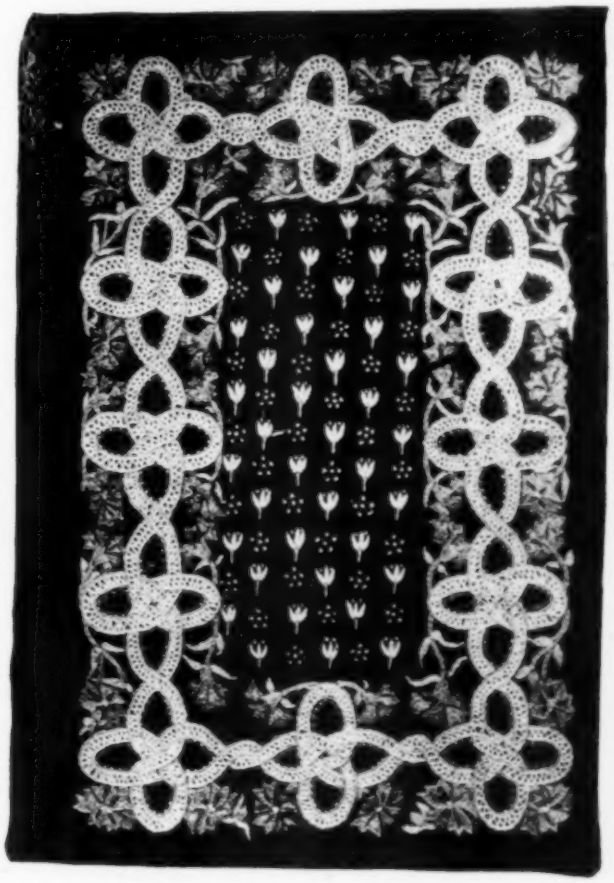
The crafts of book-production are one of the three main divisions of the school-work. The others are building-work, which, besides architecture in its chief aspect includes the crafts that beautify and furnish the structure, and work in the precious metals. As the paramount art architecture claims first consideration, but that the importance of the introduction of typography as a fulfilment of the scheme of



(S.K.) Leather Book-cover.
By John Chapple (Camberwell).



(L.C.C.) Fire Screen in Copper and Steel.
By Albert J. Wilkins.



(L.C.C.) Embroidered Blotter.
By Gertrude A. Bowman.



A

B C

(L.C.C.)

Enamelled Plaques.

A. By Dan R. Jones.
B. C. By James H. Milner.



(L.C.C.)

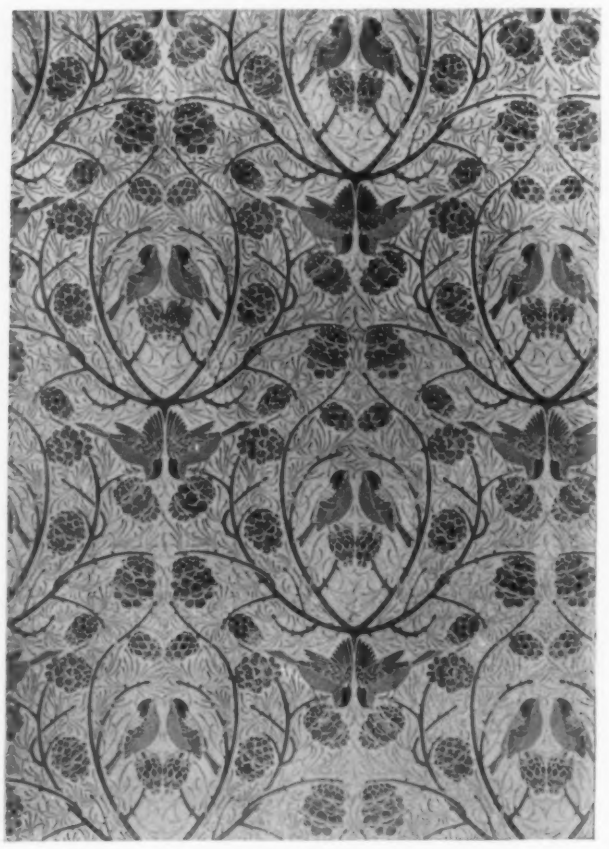
Chalice and Paten.
By Theodore C. Tenten.



(S.K.)

Silver Tray.
By Amy E. Boal (Leeds).

book-production put a lesser art forward. And, indeed, it was rather in the subsidiary crafts than in architecture that there was work deserving special comment. Stained glass was first of these; the cartoons and windows by Miss Mabel Esplin and Miss Pocock especially are worthy of praise. Miss Esplin, if she can be persuaded to re-question the proportions she assigns to arms and legs—especially excessive in consideration of the apparent increase of size produced by the effect of light—should need only opportunity to do important work in stained glass. Her 'Sacrificial Procession' is skilful in the combination of vivid colour in the green grass and golden corn with the neutral tints of the oxen and the flesh, and rhythmic in composition. Miss Pocock's cartoon of Adam and Eve is well drawn and well designed for execution, and has the recommendation of looking as though it belonged to a school of to-day, with ideas for the art it practises. No remarkable designs for textiles or wall-papers were shown, and the cabinet-making, though sound, hardly calls for special comment from the point of view of design. In mosaic designs A. P. Young showed work of distinct promise, and carving and gilding and plaster-work maintained a standard of interest. Embroidery is always a distinctive feature of the exhibition, but this year the distinctiveness was somewhat monotonous, inclining too much to the use of small wild flowers in designs that suggest the small flower patterns of Miss Lessore, whose circular design of bright blossoms was one of the charming exhibits. The embroideries illustrated, and some others, were more independent, and in all the work the colour idea was pleasant, and the stitchery dainty.



(S.K.)

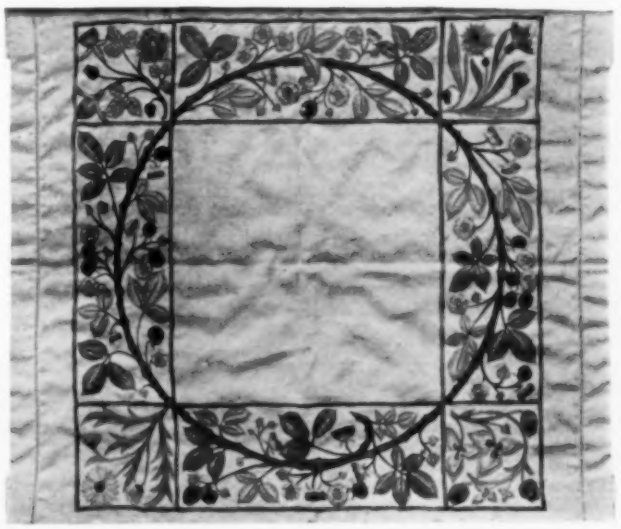
Design for a Printed Cotton Hanging.
By Amy Taylor (Battersea).

The classes in silversmiths' work are entirely for the benefit of trade-workers, and the effort is to give skill of hand opportunity and direction in an art which loses so much of its beauty by losing the trace of handiwork. That there are many craftsmen lost in production of mechanical wares is one of the grievous wastes of life. These classes for trade-workers do something to prevent that loss. The two chalices by T. Tenten, a youth engaged in trade-work, are instances. In the allied crafts of die-sinking and engraving the work is not less valuable because it tells less in the show of the exhibition than the silversmith's work, large and small, and enamel and jewellery. The jewellery class has equipped more than one craftsman whose work counts in the state of the art; but this year nothing of originality was shown, though the jewellery, like the enamels, was good students' work, and right in aim. A new class for china-painting shows plainly the teaching of Mr. Alfred Powell, and tambour lace-making is another craft that is being developed in the school. The exhibition, as a whole, had reality of craftsmanship, expressed enthusiasm that is the result of the student working out his own possibilities in materials whose beauty he is taught to feel for himself.

One great interest of the exhibition of the National Competition works is in the various points of contact between the national organisation of art-teaching, and the national industries. That cannot be more than suggested within the limits of the exhibition, but, as in previous years, work in the materials of the local industry, or designs for it, were an important part of the craft work shown. In pottery, glass, designs for textiles and lace, silversmiths' work and



(S.K.) Jewel Casket, Silver and Ivory, Carved.
By Anne G. Stubbs (Birmingham).



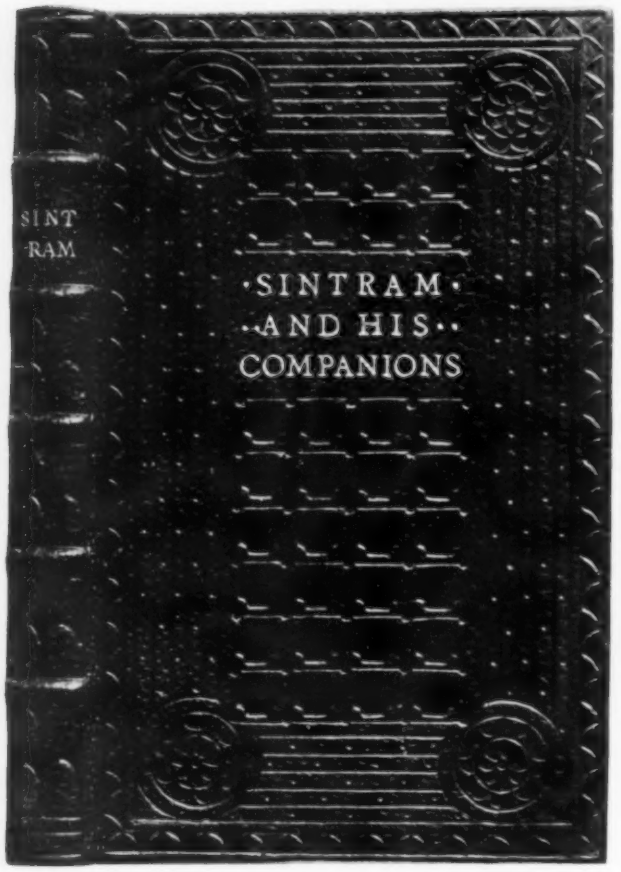
(L.C.C.) Embroidered Table-cloth.
By Dorothea Garbe.



(S.K.) Design for a Stencilled Hanging.
By Dora Derrett (Battersea).

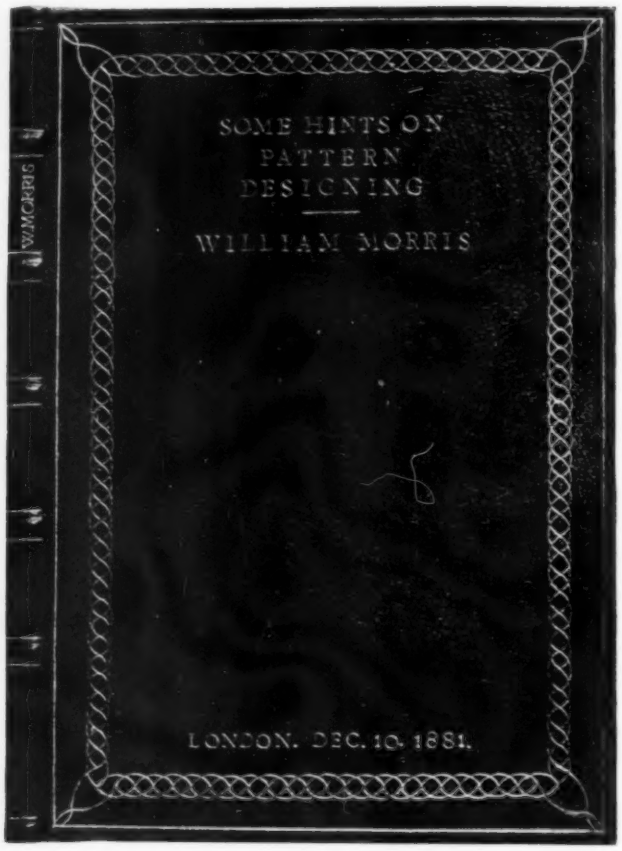


(L.C.C.) Embroidered Dress.
By Mary F. F. Apted.



(L.C.C.)

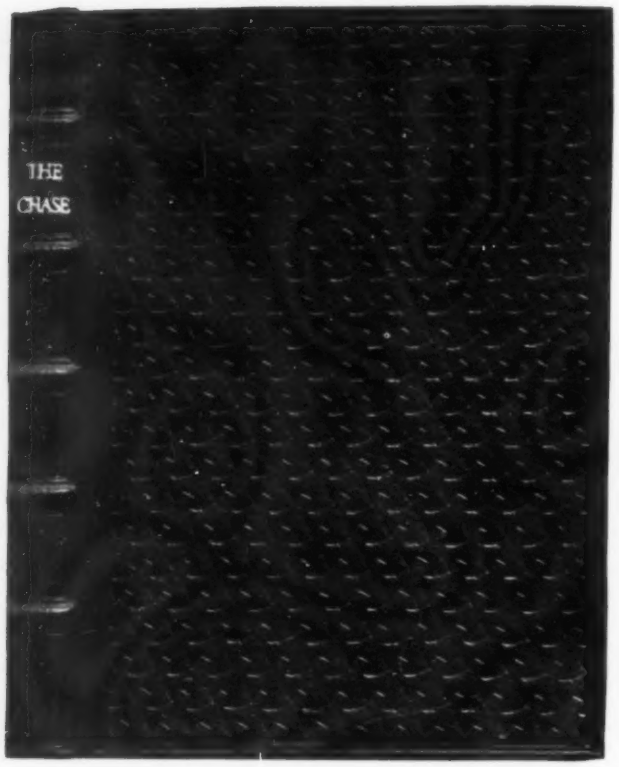
Blind-tooled Binding.
By Charles Y. McLeish.



(L.C.C.)

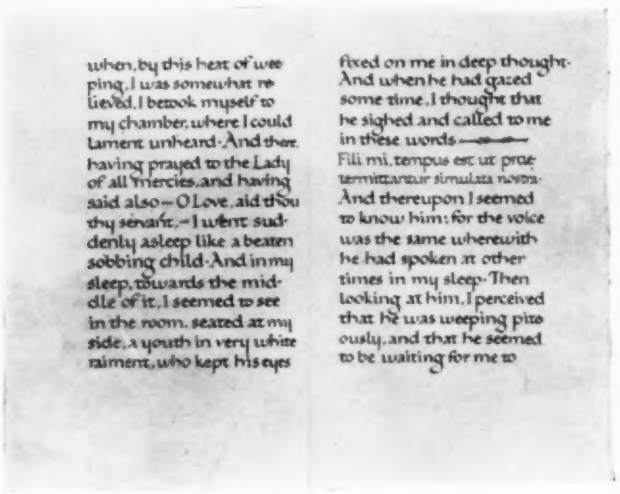
Binding.
By F. T. Lamb.

jewellery, even in boots and shoes, there were numerous exhibits from the schools in the districts where these industries are localised. This specialising in the use of the materials and processes of the place cannot but have a vitalising effect on the craft-work of the school, and the contact with reality in complying with practical necessities gives distinctness to the work done. The pottery from the Burslem and Hanley schools, the large and remarkable exhibit of silversmithing, jewellery and stained glass from the Birmingham schools, the glass from Stourbridge, designs



(L.C.C.)

Blind-tooled Binding.
By W. H. Green.


when, by this heat of weeping, I was somewhat relieved, I betook myself to my chamber, where I could lament unheard. And there, having prayed to the Lady of all mercies, and having said also—O Love, aid thou thy servant,—I went suddenly asleep like a beaten sobbing child. And in my sleep, towards the middle of it, I seemed to see in the room, seated at my side, a youth in very white raiment, who kept his eyes fixed on me in deep thought. And when he had gazed some time, I thought that he sighed and called to me in these words —— Fili mi, tempus est ut prætermittatur simulata nostra. And thereupon I seemed to know him: for the voice was the same wherewith he had spoken at other times in my sleep. Then looking at him, I perceived that he was weeping piteously, and that he seemed to be waiting for me to

(L.C.C.)

MS.: "Vita Nuova."
By Eleni T. D. Zompolides.



(L.C.C.) Mahogany Chair.
By Stephen J. Cooper.



(S.K.) Modelled Design for Piano Front.
By W. J. Eplett (Barnstaple).



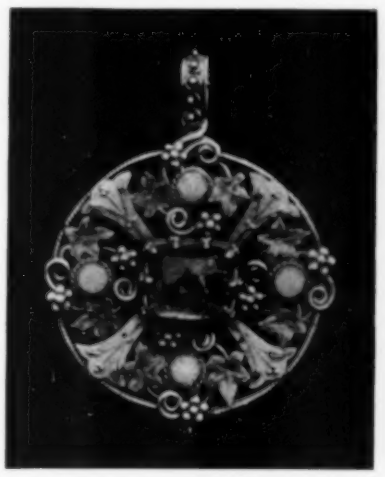
(S.K.) Carved Wood Panel for Overmantel Frieze.
By Samuel Darke (Birmingham).

for lace curtains from Nottingham, for silk hangings from Macclesfield, and all such practical application of the school teaching represent the power to use an opportunity, and are of obvious value in the larger affairs of applied art. But it would, of course, be a merely utilitarian ideal that would desire to see the craft-work of a school tied to the manufacturing interests of the place. It is one of the hopeful signs of a real craft-activity in the national art schools that the work judged worthy of commendation from individual schools is so varied. That crafts such as lace-making, which is not localised by its materials, should be widely practised—if it is against the likelihood of distinctive styles such as Honiton or Buckingham evolving—is in line with the true development of a national art. The day for local arts is gone by, so far as the peculiar traditional facture is concerned. Let us by all means have a Honiton lace fan from Dover winning a gold medal, and a school that, like Leeds, is a conspicuous exhibitor of jewellery and metal work, showing well, also, in design for textiles and mosaic, in pottery, embroidery, and book-binding.



(L.C.C.) Cartoon for Stained Glass.
By Mabel Esplin.

It is to a student of the Leeds school that the highest technical honours go. No higher award than a Gold Medal is at the disposal of the examiners, but their praise of the small enamelled cross, with the figure executed in grisaille, singles the work of Thomas H. E. Abbott out from even the other gold medal works. It is, indeed, a "marvellous accomplishment" for a student. The delicate precision



(S.K.) Silver Pendant.
By W. T. Blackband (Birmingham).



(L.C.C.)

Cartoon for Stained Glass.

By Lilian J. Pocock.



Stained Glass Panel.

(L.C.C.)

By Lilian J. Pocock.



(L.C.C.)

Cartoon for Stained Glass.

By Mabel Esplin.

of the work, its perfection, make it a masterpiece of its kind, and remove the craftsman from the ranks of those who have anything to learn in the use of a material. It remains to be seen what are his powers of conception. If they equal his technique, Leeds will have produced a remarkable artist in enamel. Other students of the same school show admirable work, so different in idea that it is convincing of training that gives the student guidance and courage to find himself. The small silver dish by Amy E. Boal, the plain surface of the centre in excellent contrast with the vigorous, clearly articulated border, is one example, and the refined treatment of the hat-pins by James Haslam, the distinction of the metal cup and cover by Lottie Barker, are other instances of the quality of the silversmithing and jewellery from Leeds, which, as has been said, is only one department of a remarkable school-activity.

Leeds is the only school which won two gold medals for entirely different crafts. But Birmingham, always to the front in the National Competition, has three gold medals, two awarded to the Margaret Street School for a brilliant enamelled casket by Geraldine Morris, and a charmingly delicate casket in carved ivory and silver by Anne Stubbs, and one to the Vittoria Street School for a silver pendant by William Blackband, which is of rare charm of colour and delightfully executed. In these gold medal works, as in other of the many rewarded examples from these schools, there is variety that shows a growing freedom of design. The archaism of the enamelled casket is a familiar note in design emanating from Margaret Street, and the stained glass of the school—as usual an important exhibit—looks mainly to Gothic ideals. Yet there is fresh invention derived from observation in the pleasant details of the

St. Francis panel by Margaret Rope, and the colour, if rather bald, shows a legitimate use of the metal that is a model to some flashier work from other schools. A set of four pieces of jewellery, all of graceful execution, by Kathleen Kavanagh, Samuel Darke's carved overmantel, and the rather severe, but effective, inn sign of Joseph R. Reeve, are also from Margaret Street, and are only a few of many interesting and contrasted craft-works. Bradford showed noteworthy metal-work, not only in the precious metals, where the school exhibit had distinction in the refined and individual brooch and lace-pin by Constance M. Paine, but in wrought iron, in which a design for a chancel screen with a panel sturdily wrought by the student, Albert Halliday, deserves the award of a gold medal. In connection with praiseworthy jewellery and silversmithing, the Sir John Cass Technical Institute, the Chelmsford school, the enamel candlesticks by James Burke, and Ernest Corr's decorative enamelled plaques from Dublin should be noticed.

The stencilled fabrics were, on the whole, more interesting than the designs for textiles and wall-papers; indeed, the latter class and carpet design were two of the poorest in the exhibition. A design for stencilled bed-hangings by Nerissa R. Heron is a gold medal work, but though the



(S.K.) Part of a Chancel Screen.
By Albert Halliday (Bedford).

(L.C.C.) Embroidered Bag.
By Margaret M. Clausen.

valance of herons and the intersecting arches of formal leafed trees on the curtains are effective as a whole, the formality of the leaf-by-leaf pattern would be wearying to see morning after morning. The clear and effective design of falcons and oak-sprays by Dora Derrett, of Battersea, John S. Willock's (Manchester) novel stencil of light on dark, are, within easier limits, more successful. Another Manchester student, Mary Shaw, was one of the few exhibitors of illumination which is part of a really unified page, while strong and clean in colour. Other schools besides Manchester which showed lettering and illumination of promise are Brighton, Armstrong College (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and the Newarke (Leicester), but, with few exceptions, elaboration is either rather confused or too stiff, and frequently the plain writing is not good enough to fill its place in the page decoration. Other classes of work, in which little that is new was to be noted, may be briefly mentioned. Pottery from Hanley and Burslem was, as one expects, an important exhibit, but no student was specially distinguished, and like last year, the glaze of the modelled pieces was not decoratively pleasing. Glass of charming form came from Stourbridge, always from the same student, Frederick Noke, and Sidney Phillips of Worsley had some effective engraved wine-glasses. Book-binding was in very

few instances good, technically, and the tools are mostly both obvious and undelightful. There was, however, improvement in design from the poor work of last year. Embroidery lacked the few delightful exceptions that brightened this class last year, but was, on the whole, pleasant and fine in execution.

A Valuable Art Dictionary.

"ONWARD" is the admirable motto of Mr. Algernon Graves, F.S.A. Not content with having triumphantly analysed, annotated and alphabetically re-ordered, for purposes of convenient reference, the catalogues of the Royal Academy from its birth in 1769 to 1904, he has produced a volume on similar lines, which in many respects is of even greater interest. This is a Complete Dictionary of Contributors to the Society of Artists of Great Britain (1760–1791) and the Free Society of Artists (1761–1783), (G. Bell and Sons and Algernon Graves, 3 gs. nett), giving the titles of all their exhibits, with, in many cases, notes transcribed from the catalogues of Horace Walpole. Changes of address are indicated, so that we can trace the various men and women in their wanderings, and the researches of Mr. Graves enable him to throw light on many abstruse problems. In no better form could there have been brought together the history of these, the two earliest exhibiting art societies in this country, of whose printed catalogues no complete set is known. The first Paris Salon was held as long ago as 1673. Not for almost a century did England begin a system which in our days has become an "indiscriminate debauch." The initial exhibition in this country was opened on April 21, 1760, in the great room of the Society for the Encouragement of Art, Manufactures and Commerce. This initial public display of art was a great success, but some of the contributors had grievances, and the following year they started an organisation of their own in Spring Gardens. The catalogue, price 1*s.*, served as a season ticket, a plan that was altered in 1762, because of the crowd and disorder that resulted. A host of interesting details are given in the extracts from the full account of the Society of Artists by Edward Edwards, published in 1808. Walpole notes that Dr. Johnson wrote the preface to the catalogue of 1762, in which he alludes to an exhibition of works of art being "a spectacle new in this kingdom." At that time all persons seem to have been desirous to visit the show, so that the room was thronged with such multitudes as made access dangerous, and frightened away those whose approbation was most desired. Hence an admission fee of 1*s.* a head, the soon abandoned intention being to supplement from the resultant profits inadequate amounts paid by the public for excellent work. The Free Society was composed of those who did not secede as malcontents after the inaugural exhibition of 1760. Thus early were there divisions, and ever since there has been the same tendency.

The Dictionary contains some great names. To the Society of Artists Reynolds sent thirty pictures between 1760 and 1768, the year before the foundation of the Academy. Gainsborough contributed between 1761–8, and in 1774 and 1783 sent a portrait and a couple of landscapes from Bath to the Free Society. Romney, never represented at the Academy, was a member of the Free 1763–9, and in 1771–2 contributed to the Society of Artists. Hogarth, who died in 1764, made his only public appearance as an exhibitor at the Society of Artists in 1761. His pictures included the 'Gate of Calais,' 1749, which in 1895 was presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Westminster; 'The Lady's Last Stake,' 1758, for which Lord Charlemont paid him £100; and 'Sigismunda,' 1759, the work declined by Sir Richard Grosvenor, which eventually, in 1879, was bequeathed to the National Gallery. Richard Wilson is another foundation member of the Academy who sent for the nine years 1760–8. Side by side with artists of high standing there was work by all sorts and conditions of folk. Miss Mary Lane "worked with a needle in human hair" portraits and landscapes, several of the latter "after" Claude; "A Servant" was responsible for half-a-dozen miniatures, a child of seven for two frames of sketches, boarding-school young ladies frequently contributed, and many examples of the needle-woman were accepted. The main part of the Dictionary, indeed, suggests a host of interesting reflections. It is a quarry of fact ready to the hand of the romancist. Remarkably useful are the indices to the portraits exhibited at both Societies, of the names of owners of buildings, parks, etc., mentioned, and of horses, dogs, and other animals, whose names are given. Mr. Graves has a passion for reducing to a minimum the labour of others. No art library, whether private or public, is complete without this scrupulously-compiled Dictionary.

The Cattaneo Van Dyck.

THE re-hanging of the National Gallery has emphasised the deficiencies of the nation in first-rate works by Van Dyck. But the acquisition of one of the famous portraits of the Cattaneo family, about which so much has been heard, helps to remove that reproach. This keenly characterised bust portrait, showing both hands, of the Marchese Giovanni Battista Cattaneo, measuring 30 by 25 in., is a splendid example of Van Dyck's brilliant Genoese period. £13,000 was the sum paid for it. It has been hung as pendant to the beautiful portrait of Cornelius van der Geest, one of the masterpieces of his first Antwerp period.



Oude Haven, Dordrecht.

By Emily M. Paterson.

Waterways in Watercolour.

THERE must be few critics who have not known the sense of chill and vagueness induced by most exhibitions of painting by women. Not only, nor chiefly, that technically there is no magic, no unexpectedly beautiful use of the medium, but that wonder, joy, even genuine pleasure and interest in the things painted are so little expressed. The ardour and compelling force of life, awe and ecstasy of the spirit, the passionate clinging to intimacy, the urgency and mystery of nature, of these real essential things there is little utterance.

Is this cold, inanimate vision of the world really all that is allowed to women painters? An occasional expression of something more known and felt and striven for is the hope that what is timid, narrow, unimaginative in the average collection of work by women is the result of incomplete development of belief in the essential quality of individual sight, and strength for the effort that obtains the definite and undeniable view of truth. There is no development of a power of creation unless the whole life is bent to the adventure, and tempered to the labour and ordeals of a solitary enterprise. And for that the only preparation is the presence, pervading, supporting, inspiring, of the joy in beauty which is the recognition of the spirit of joy as the breath of creation. That alone gives the artist vision of the new heaven and the new earth to which he labours to attune words, colours, the stone, the sounds of music, all, to him, holding in their essence a similitude to the wonder of his vision.

An accent of conviction in the beauty and significance of the thing seen there is, undoubtedly, in the watercolours of Miss Emily Murray Paterson, a Scottish artist known in London through successful individual exhibitions this year and two years ago, and as an exhibitor at the New Gallery. Her election as member of the Royal Scottish Society of



Fish Market, Dordrecht.

By Emily M. Paterson.

Painters in Watercolours—an honour not often bestowed on women—shows the estimation in which she is held in her own country, and in her native city of Edinburgh she is a constant exhibitor in the watercolour-room, which is the peaceful antechamber to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.

It is not, however, to Edinburgh that she owes her training, nor, indeed, can she justly be classed among watercolourists of the Scottish School, though in directness of method and simplification of impression she is with them, if not of them. Turner watercolours in the National Gallery first attracted Miss Paterson from the use of oil-colours, and experiments in using body colour in washes proved that she had found a true medium for her art. Nor is that clue to the medium best fitted for expression the only debt that Miss Paterson acknowledges to the English master. Studying, as she has always done, direct from nature, her own deepening love of water and sky, and her continued effort to express their changing aspects, brought her to Turner as the painter of Venice, and led her to analyse his attitude towards nature as an inspiration to a heightened and consistent sense of the beauty that greets the sight made sensitive to it. She learnt of Venice from Turner, but as her appreciation of his magic was based on her own acquired knowledge of the materials he transmuted to jewelled mist and shine, she has found her own Venice by right of her love for what she has learnt to see.

So, too, of Holland, the country to which, as to Venice, love of water, of shipping, drew the artist's sight. Her Dutch drawings cannot but recall the forcible art of Jacob Maris, so intimate to the homely beauty of the towns and waters of his native country. It is, however, by no imitation of effects, but by assimilation of something of the truth that he interprets that Miss Paterson has approached in her art to the Dutch painter's image of Holland.

Miss Paterson's art proves its sincerity not least in its relationship to the art of these masters, but to consider it chiefly from that point of view would be to give an incoherent and partial impression. What she has painted has been chosen for its appropriateness to methods of work, its appeal to a sense of colour and form, that are clear and individual. She is interested in a large impression, and has learnt to take a view of the scene as a unity. Her generalisations, however, are not conventional; they summarise acts of observation. So though her work is broad, and free from insistence on the little chance things that attract sight not steadied to see the whole, it is of interest in its details. These waterways of Venice and Holland, reflecting by day the city's reality of daylight colour and form, the lights of house and street among the far lights of the stars, when house and sky and river are dark, are waters of traffic. That aspect of them, in the gaiety that commerce wears on the waters of the Adriatic, or in the more sombre shapes of Dutch fishing-smacks or barges, is of appeal to Miss Paterson. The vessels ranged close by the quay-side, a grove of masts in the serene spaces of the lagoons, the brightness of a single sail, are elements of interest that she knows how to make pictorially valuable.



Canareggio, Venice.

By Emily M. Paterson.



The Orange Sail.
By Emily M. Paterson.



Emeralds.
By Emily M. Paterson.



The Mill, Dordrecht.
By Emily M. Paterson.



A Water Gateway.
By Emily M. Paterson.

Miss Paterson has learnt well from admiration and from practice. Her watercolours in their freedom from triviality of sight and hand, their expressiveness of a well-chosen aspect of reality, deserve to be considered as real utterances of perception, and appreciated for their directness and vigour. Art so founded and directed, whether it deals with one theme or with many, finds the appeal of something farther to be known, a new charm to be declared, where the dull or careless sight sees only the same uninspiring fact.

In both Miss Paterson's exhibitions her work stood the test that infallibly reveals lack of renewal of interest. She continues to find subjects within a subject that is, indeed, inexhaustible, yet only to those whose sight has the gift of ardour and the discipline of study. That is exactly what, in the main, is lacking in women's art. It is as though they gained information at second-hand, instead of finding out the meaning of something for themselves, and using their gift of expression to make that meaning plain. The painter of these various and well-characterised aspects of Dutch and Venetian waterways has found her own theme, and a genuine way of treating it. Her art merits recognition on these grounds.

Art Sales of the Season.

I.—Pictures.

THERE have been few seers among those who have prophesied as to future money-values of works of art. When in 1848 Lord Hertford paid £945 for Watteau's 'Champs Elysées,' one of several fine examples in the princely Wallace collection, a critic of the day, remembering that seven decades earlier it had fetched but £260, declared that it would be the climax of imbecile judgment to say that such a picture was worthy of the sum. In every department of collecting this cry of exaggerated money-valuations has from time to time been raised. For instance, when a copy of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's Plays made 116 gs. in 1818, Dibdin wrote of it as "the highest price ever given, or likely to be given, for the volume." Yet a far less good example fetched £3,600 in March last. With the accumulation of wealth by astute captains of commerce in America, in Canada, in South Africa and elsewhere, we have not as yet, possibly, reached anything like the limit. Moreover, as works of the first rank tend increasingly to pass from private hands into public museums—prominent citizens of the United States are, as a recognised duty, one after another giving or bequeathing their art treasures to the public—it is inevitable that competition shall increase and prices rise for those of less importance. What a furore there would be were the 38 Angerstein pictures, including Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' which cost the nation £57,000 in 1824, or the 77 Peel pictures, for which £75,000 was paid in 1871, to come into the open market. In the absence of such noble assemblages, fortunately preserved to us in perpetuity, it is to be expected that on occasions geese are hailed as swans. On the other hand, prominent dealers have realised the necessity to fortify themselves with the knowledge accumulated by æsthetic students during the past decade or two. The chance of bargains in the auction-rooms is thus very much reduced. A name counts for less, quality for more, than it used to do. In this country the auctioneer takes no responsibility. The would-be buyer must form his own judgment. The plan has advantages over that operative in France, where the expert valuation system often offers no more than a nominal protection. Quite recently in Paris many dubious works were passed as authentic, and so disposed of.

The most important single properties dispersed at Christie's during the seven months are as follows:

Property.	Lots.	Total.
		£
Hon. Mrs. John Ashley, deceased. May 31	99	12,672
Francis Baring, Norman Court. May 4	94	12,057
Mrs. Lewis-Hill, deceased. April 20	68	11,981
William Imrie, deceased. June 28	44	10,592
Massey-Mainwaring, deceased. March 16 and April 13	185	10,524
Sir Henry Bunbury. July 5	3	10,080
Duke of Fife, Duff House. June 7	150	9,383
Lord Davey, deceased. April 20	27	7,310
Total	670	£84,599

The table demonstrates incontrovertibly that no private collection of the first or second rank has come under the hammer. A feature of the Ashley dispersal was the sale for 2,850 gs. of two Guardis which in the 1860's cost £100. Mr. Francis Baring, of Norman Court, Salisbury, owned many pictures acquired early in the nineteenth century by Mr. Charles Baring-Wall, these probably including a couple to which no prominence was given in the catalogue, yet which, beginning at about 10 gs. each, made 6,300 gs. As the enormously wealthy widow of "Sam" Lewis, Mrs. Lewis-Hill, a sister of "Hope Temple" the composer, was widely known. Her bequests to various charities and individuals were munificent. Mr. William Imrie was for long one of the pillars of the White Star Line. Two of the pictures in his sale, Rossetti's 'Dante at the bier of Beatrice' and Burne-Jones' 'Tree of Forgiveness,' seem at one time to have been intended for the National Gallery. The Massey-Mainwaring pictures, seven of which fetched 3,165 gs. against 877 gs. when last they occurred at auction, were with other possessions sold by order of the trustees, as the result of a decision in the Courts. The Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, who as M.P. for Central Finsbury, carried the resolution in the House of Commons for the opening of museums on Sunday, died on March 12th, at the beginning of the series of sales. The three family portraits belonging to Sir Henry Bunbury had been in the family since they were painted. Some time ago he sold to



A SILENT WATERWAY.

BY EMILY M. PATERSON.

TABLE OF 33 PICTURE-LOTS 1,400 GUINEAS OR MORE.

	Artist.	Work.	Sale.	Price. Gs.
1	Lawrence ...	Julia, Countess of Jersey, as a child. 'Childhood's Innocence,' 56 × 44. R.A. 1828. No. 77. Engraved by S. Cousins, 1833. (Trustees refused Duveen's private offer of 10,000 gs. the day before sale.) R.P. (179) ...	Peel Trustees (June 6) ... (R. and F.)	8,000
2	Raeburn ...	Mrs. Hart, 94 × 59½. c. 1810. I.C. (107)	Major Hotchkis (June 14) ...	6,600
3	Gainsborough ...	Pastoral landscape with figures and cattle, 47 × 59. (Lord Delawarr, 1857, 425 gs.) R.P. for Gainsborough landscape. I.C. (101)	Captain F. H. Huth (June 14)	5,700
4	Reynolds	Master Bunbury, 29 × 24. 1780. Bequeathed by R. to Mrs. Bunbury. R.P. for child portrait by Reynolds. I.C. (105)	Bunbury (July 5)	5,600
5	Lawrence	Miss West, afterwards Mrs. W. Woodgate, 29 × 24. R.P. for size. (82) ...	February 23	4,000
6	Reynolds (cat. as Hoppner) ...	Susanna Gyll, 30 × 25. (76)	July 5	4,000
7	Hoppner	Mrs. Manning (mother of Cardinal M.) and daughter, 50 × 40. R.A. 1805, No. 129 as 'Mother and Child.' (102)	Manning (July 5)	4,000
8	Cuyp	Dutch Farm, 45 × 63½. Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' No. 231. (146) ...	February 23	3,800
9	Mabuse (cat. as Amberger) ...	Jean de Carondelet (1469–1544), 16½ × 13½. c. 1531. (In 1517 M. painted Louvre portrait of Carondelet, 17 × 10¾, bought in 1847 with his 'Virgin and Child' for 1,000 francs.) R.P. (55)	Baring, Norman Court (May 4)	3,700
10	Reynolds	The Misses Horneck, Goldsmith's 'Little Comedy' and 'Jessamy Bride,' 26½ × 22. 1764–6. I.C. (106)	Bunbury (July 5)	3,500
11	Romney	Henrietta Gertrude Hotham, 30 × 25. 1780. O.P. 18 gs. (Sold at No. 1, Upper Brook Street)	Hotham (June 4) ...	£2,950
12	Morland	Happy Cottagers, 32 × 42. Engraved by J. Grozer, 1793. (80)	February 23	2,800
13	Rossetti	Veronica Veronese, 43 × 35. 1872. (Leyland, 1892, 1,000 gs.; Ruston, 1898, 1,550 gs.; Vaile, 1903, 3,800 gs.) (133)	W. Imrie (June 28)	2,750
14	Landseer	Deer Family, 54 × 38. 1838. Engraved by T. Landseer, 1873. (Wells, 1852, 650 gs.; Mendel, 1875, 2,900 gs.; Dudley, 1886, 3,050 gs.) (34)	Lewis-Hill (April 20)	2,700
15	"Civetta" (cat. as J. Van Scorel ...	Salvator Mundi, 28 × 21. R.P. (90)	Baring, Norman Court (May 4)	2,600
16	Watteau	La Contredanse, 17 × 21. Once in the collection of M. de Montule, Conseilleur en Parlement. (74)	June 10	2,500
17	Burne-Jones ...	The Garden Court, 49 × 81. Study for Briar Rose series. (103)	Goldmann (June 28)	2,500
18	Lawrence	Mrs. Bradburne, 30 × 25. I.C. (101)	July 5	2,450
19	Rossetti	Dante at the bier of Beatrice, 52 × 76. 1880. (Repeats, on smaller scale, with two predella subjects added, Liverpool Gallery picture, bought in 1881, 1,500 gs.) (Graham, 1886, 1,000 gs.; Ruston, 1898, 3,000 gs.) (134)	W. Imrie (June 28)	2,400
20	Vigée Le Brun ...	Melanie de Rochechouart, Marquise d'Aumont, Duchesse de Piennes. Oval, 28 × 22½. 1789. R.P. I.C. (103)	Finch (July 5)	2,400
21	Hoppner	Charles Oldfield Bowles, 62 × 47. Brother of Miss Bowles, painted by Reynolds. (127)	February 23	2,200
22	Burne-Jones ...	Flamma Vestalis, 42½ × 14¾. Engraved by E. Gaujean. O.P. 500 gs. (70)	Lord Davey (April 20)	2,000
23	Reynolds	Squire Musters of Colwick, 93 × 57. 1777–8. O.P. 150 gs. (Musters, 1850, 580 gs., bought in; 1901, 1,600 gs.) I.C. (104)	"A Nobleman" (June 14) ...	1,950
24	Gainsborough ...	Eleazar Davy, of Yoxford. c. 1774. Buff coat, white cravat and lace cuffs. 29½ × 24½. (103)	June 14	1,950
25	El Greco	Christ at Calvary, 64 × 38. R.P. (26)	Gonzalez-Abreu (May 24) ...	1,900
26	Lawrence	Young lady, white dress. Oval, 21½ × 18. (78a)	July 5	1,800
27	Sir Luke Fildes ...	Venetian Flower Girl, 73 × 46. R.A. 1884. (30)	Lewis-Hill (April 20)	1,650
28	Hondecoeter ...	Peacock, poultry, ducks and pigeon in landscape, 48 × 61. (140)	Balfour (May 31)	1,600
29	Jan Steen	Interior with peasants, children, dead game and still life, 22 × 17½. R.P. (47)	June 14	1,600
30	Guardi	Piazza of St. Mark's, 18 × 30. This and 'Doge's Palace,' 18 × 25½ (Lot 89, 1,350 gs.) bought for £100 in 1860's. (88)	Ashley (May 31)	1,500
31	Constable	Salisbury Cathedral, 33⅜ × 43. (104)	April 20	1,500
32	Raeburn	Lady Dalrymple, 29 × 24. I.C. (98)	June 14	1,450
33	Van der Neer ...	River scene, moonlight, 38 × 52½. R.P. (105)	Duke of Fife (June 7)	1,400
			Total ...	£102,122 10s.

NOTE.—O.P. original price received by artist. R.P. record price at auction in this country for a work by artist.
I.C. illustrated in Christie's catalogue. Details within brackets relate to former auction prices of identical picture.
Catalogue numbers within brackets at end of each entry. R. & F. sold by Robinson & Fisher.
All others, except No. 11, by Chris ie.

Mr. W. Waldorf Astor, Reynolds' 'Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces.' After presenting Duff House to the neighbouring community, the Duke of Fife disposed of a part of the large collection of pictures brought together there towards the end of the eighteenth century by James, Earl of Fife. Lord Davey, as Sir Horace Davey, was the leading counsel of the Royal Academy in the friendly action, *Leighton* v. *Hughes*, raised to decide whether, under Chantrey's will, the trustees had power to commission sculptors to carry out, in marble or bronze, work from an approved clay model. The decision, as will be remembered, was "No."

Mention should not be omitted of the fact that, in deference to the demands of "week-enders," dealers and collectors alike, Messrs. Christie abandoned, for the season, at any rate, their time-honoured Saturday picture sales, and on May 10th substituted Friday. During the summer months, anyhow, a reversion to Saturday seems improbable.

The table of pictures on the basis of a 1,400-gn. minimum is rather longer than that for the corresponding period for 1906, when twenty-four entries totalled £83,023 10s. Again this year portraits by British artists are prominent, and despite dear money and Stock Exchange panics, they sold remarkably well. Analysis gives the following result:—

Artist.	No. of Portraits.	Price. Gs.
Lawrence	4	16,250
Reynolds	4	15,050
Raeburn	2	8,050
Hoppner	2	6,200
Romney	1	£2,950
Gainsborough	1	1,950
Total	14	£52,825

SOME RECORD-PRICED PICTURES

Artist.	1907. Work.	Price. Gs.	Former Highest Prices. Work.	Sale.	Date.	Price. Gs.
Lawrence ..	Julia Peel, 'Childhood's Innocence,' 56 × 44. 1828	8,000	Miss West, 29 × 24	February 23 ...	1907	4,000
			Charles Binny and two daughters, 93¾ × 71½	(Sedelmeyer) (Paris) ...	1907	£4,400
Gainsborough ...	Pastoral, 47 × 59. (1857, Delawarr, 425 gs.). Landscape record ..	5,700	The Market Cart, 47 × 58	Gibbons ...	1894	4,500
Mabuse (Gossart)	Jean de Carondelet, 16½ × 13¾ ..	3,700	Jacqueline de Bourgoyne, 15 × 11	April 27 ...	1901	2,400
'Civetta' ...	Salvator Mundi, 28 × 21	2,600				
Vigée Le Brun ..	Duchesse de Piennes, 28 × 22½. 1789	2,400	Lady in white muslin, 41 × 32	Lyne-Stephens	1895	2,250
El Greco ...	Christ at Calvary, 64 × 38	1,900	St. Jerome (?) 23 × 18½. Metropolitan Museum, N.Y., paid about £7,000 for an example a year or two ago	Hamilton ...	1882	320
Jan Steen ...	Interior with peasants, 22 × 17½ ...	1,600	Bad Company, 18 × 23½. (Cost vendor 600 gs.)	De Zoete ...	1885	1,360
Van der Neer ...	Moonlit river scene, 38 × 52½ ...	1,400	Frozen river scene, 21 × 25	Dean Paul ...	1896	1,170
M. Ridley Corbet	Orange light of widening morn, 39 × 82. c. 1892. O.P. 500 gs.	650	First price noted at auction. 'Morning Glory,' 1894, bought by Chantrey, 600 gs.			

Nine pictures, other than portraits by British artists, made £25,147 10*s*., leaving £24,150 for the remaining ten by foreigners. Cynics of his day said that Lawrence was a born billiard-player who also did a little painting, and not long ago a prominent London newspaper gravely announced that the value of his pictures was decreasing. The exact reverse of this is true. In Paris, where is the masterly Angerstein group, Lawrence is ranked with Reynolds and Gainsborough, and in this country his best pictures are more and more eagerly sought. A higher price was expected for No. 1, and no sooner had it been knocked down than several astute judges regretted their lack of courage. Had it not been for some repainting, capable of being cleaned off, No. 3 too, would, without doubt, have fetched a good deal more. The foreground pool, by which the herdsman stands, images, as it were, the exquisite temper in which Gainsborough, the magician, worked. Though in the catalogue attributed to Amberger, there is no doubt that the fine portrait, No. 9, is by Mabuse, and represents Jean Carondelet, the friend of Erasmus, who dedicated to him an edition of 'Saint Hilaire.' No. 11 was sold at No. 1, Upper Brook Street, for many years the residence of the Hon. Lady Hotham. Landseer is reported to have said that if the public knew as much about art as he did they would never buy his pictures. No. 14 was one of the rare instances of late in which former valuations have been ratified. No. 15 is by the Flemish artist Hendrik Bles, called by the Italians "Civetta," on account of the owl which he often adopted as his monogram. It appears on a tree in the present canvas. No. 16 was hidden away in an unimportant Monday sale, into which it was put by a dealer well versed in all that pertains to British art. Some discover in parts of No. 19 the hand of Knewstub, Dunn, or some other assistant of Rossetti. The identity of No. 24 was discovered subsequent to the auction, through inscriptions on the back of the frame. Eleazar Davy, High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1770, was probably a friend of Gainsborough. El Greco's power as an artist is now gaining swift and sure recognition. Señor Cossio of Madrid has published an exhaustive study of this remarkable painter, sculptor, architect, and wit, alluded to in 1570 by Giulio Clovio as "a Candian youth .... a pupil of Titian," whose portrait of himself "amazes all the artists in Rome." El Greco is now accepted as one of the most authoritative evokers of

TABLE OF FLUCTUATIONS.

RISES.

Artist.	Work.	1907. Sale.	Price. Gs.	Formerly Sold. Sale.	Year.	Price. Gs.
A. Van Ostade ...	An Alchemist, 15 × 13	June 14 ...	1,300	McIntosh ...	1857 ..	50
Cuyp	Landscape with Portraits, 53 × 81 ..	R. K. Hodgson	900	Hargreaves .	1873 .	220
Canaletto	Colleoni Monument, 23½ × 38¼ .	Mainwaring	850	Scarisbrick ...	1861 .	220
Giov. Bellini ..	Virgin and Saints, 32½ × 47	April 27 ..	780	Stokes	1853 .	160
Sustermans	Marchesa Guadagni, 49 × 40	R. K. Hodgson	750	Prince Napoleon	1872 .	110
Veronese	Mars, Venus and Cupid, 18¼ × 18¼ ..	June 14 ...	740	Lawrence ...	1830 ..	41
F. Clouet	Comte de la Marque, 7 × 5½	Mainwaring	720	Magniac ...	1892 .	45
Guardi	Ruins of a Palace, 20 × 20	Ashley ...	640	Morland .	1863 .	56
Matsys	Louis XI. of France, 9 × 5½	Mainwaring	600	Magniac ...	1892 .	160
			£7,644			£1,593

FALLS.

Artist.	Work.	1907. Sale.	Price. Gs.	Formerly Sold. Sale.	Year.	Price. Gs.
N. Berchem ...	Two Peasant Women, 12 × 17½ ..	Mainwaring	80	Scarisbrick ...	1861 ...	300
D. Maclise, R.A. ..	Alfred in Danish Camp, 48 × 86 .	Lewis-Hill ..	110	Bullock	1870 ..	550
J. Linnell	Flight into Egypt, 39 × 54	J. Hodgson	130	Orme	1887 ...	950
W. Etty, R.A. .	Circe, 39 × 65	Lewis-Hill ...	140	Gillott	1872 ..	£600
C. Stanfield, R.A. ..	Lago di Como, 28 × 43 (1838) ..	Lewis-Hill ...	205	Wells	1890 ..	1,060
F. Leighton, P.R.A.	Golden Hours, 30 × 48	Davey ..	250	Benzon	1880 ..	1,100
Rosa Bonheur ...	Denizens of the Highlands, 23½ × 23½ W. C.	March 9 ..	420	Fowler	1899 ..	735
W. Collins, R.A. ..	The Skittle Players, 34½ × 44 ..	J. Hodgson	510	Bolckow ...	1888 ..	1,510
E. Landseer, R.A.	Hunted Stag, 41 × 110	Lewis-Hill ...	900	Walker	1888 ..	2,850
			£2,882 5*s*.			£10,107 15*s*.

the spirit of Spain, where are most of his best works. The only living artist on the table is Sir Luke Fildes, No. 27, but the price is exceeded by that of 2,000 gs. paid in 1883 by Mr. Holloway for the 'Casual Ward,' now in the gallery at Egham. No. 33 looked quite a different picture after having been in what is known as the sweating-box.

Equal interest attaches, of course, to many works which fetched lesser sums. Hoppner's 'Hon. Mrs. William Fitzroy,' 30 by 25 in., made 1,250 gs.; 'The Seasons,' 32 by 30 in., a set of four by Pater, 1,250 gs.; Watts' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' 35½ by 26 in., afterwards presented to Birmingham by Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P., 1,250 gs.—the Preston Gallery secured for 220 gs. his lovely 'Genius of Greek Poetry,' painted in 1878; Leighton's 'Melittion,' 48 by 36 in., 1882, 1,200 gs.; Millais' 'Flowing to the River,' 55 by 74 in., 1872, 1,050 gs.; a snow scene with figures, 47 by 70 in., by Fragonard, 1,000 gs.; Romney's 'Mrs. Hansard,' 49 by 39½ in., an early example, 800 gs. Among drawings there were a study in gouache by Daniel Gardner of a lady in white and yellow dress, 700 gs.; Israels' water-colour, 'Returning from Labour,' 24 by 16 in., 560 gs., ten times as much as in 1888: an album with eight pen-and-ink views in Venice, by Guardi, 300 gs. Apart from Sir Luke Fildes, the following living artists may be named: Alma-Tadema, 'Pomona Festival,' 12½ by 20½ in., 600 gs., and 'A Roman Scribe,' 21 by 15 in., 600 gs., against 325 gs. in 1896; Leader, 'An April Day,' 49 by 83 in., 1887, a view of Whittingham Church, 500 gs.; Frank Dicksee, 'Hesperia,' 79 by 47 in., 1887, 400 gs.; William Maris, 'Cattle in a Meadow,' 15 by 22 in., in water-colour, 310 gs.

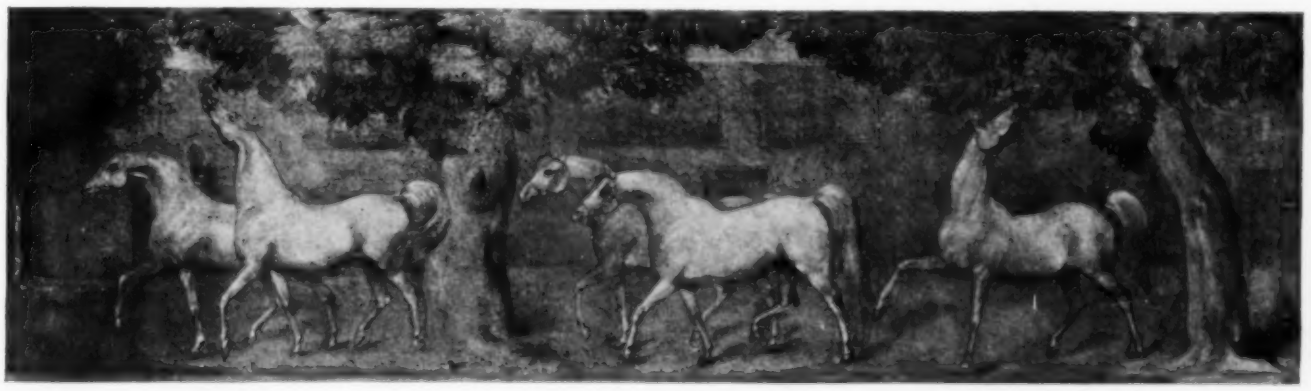
Previous auction-prices for works by a number of artists have during the season been eclipsed. The most noteworthy of these appear on our tabular statement.

Hardly a week passes without some exemplification of the ups and downs of the sale-room, and this no doubt increases the tendency to speculate in works of art as though they were Stock Exchange counters. A wise man buys, however, not for money-profit, but for æsthetic pleasure. A few of the conspicuous fluctuations, in addition to those indicated on the 1,400-gn. list, are given in the form of tables.

London Exhibitions.

AFTER June with its abundance of picture exhibitions July made but a slender show. Yet among the late-opening exhibitions were some of sufficient distinction to prevent the decrease in art corresponding to the decrease in numbers. Distinction is obviously a relative term. It may signify no more than a capacity for thought-criticism, consideration of what is worth doing, and how it may fitly be done. Even so, though art to be vital needs greater qualities than those which only avoid the current commonplace of sight and hand, the result has value. The more abundant life, which is the possession of those who can draw to themselves the living truth of the forms of existence, has no need to shun the commonplace. It shuns nothing, but assimilates and re-creates it. But that measure of lordship which serves all life by declaring its beauty is rare even in the great periods of art. To-day art that is not contaminated by loose admiration, shams, exaggeration, is not so common that one would depreciate it by insistence on its limitations, measured by that far-seeing witness of those of the greater sight.

Mr. Roger Fry and the Hon. Neville Lytton, who held a joint exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery, are painters of distinction. Mr. Fry's drawings always show their quality best when they are seen in numbers, and without the rivalry of lustier art. Here they fronted oil paintings by Mr. Lytton, but were to be seen by themselves. The individuality of Mr. Fry, managing conventions of colour and proprieties of technique that were the resources of Girtin, was apparent. His work lacks joyfulness, it remembers wisely rather than creates spontaneously. But in the delicate blue and white and green of 'The Moselle,' in the solid dignity of 'Christchurch Library,' in 'The Dovecote, Bibury,' in 'Elm Flowers,' and several other drawings, reality has a representation as happy as it is well-planned.



(Alpine Club.)

Frieze of Horses.

By the Hon. Neville S. Lytton.

Mr. Lytton's water-colours bear evidence of the influence of Mr. Fry, the effect of his choice of a point of view. They are, however, by that reason less near to what is to be freshly-discovered within this formula, and must rank below the skilful portrait drawings as expressions of the artist's alertness and clearness of sight. The presence of these drawings made the failures in his painted portraits the more puzzling. He looks at life in a face, and his drawings represent it. His paintings, always vividly planned, and with accessories of precise quality, are singularly inanimate. The faces and gestures are rigid, and the deadness of the light increases the effect of petrifaction coloured. Yet the work is interesting. It is particular in knowledge, and the conception has urgency. In decorative pieces such as the 'Three Graces,' Mr. Lytton shows that he is intentional in the lifeless surfaces of his portrait faces. Here the modelling is allowed to take the light, a dim, yet gleaming light, and the composition, with the exception of one constrained head, is rhythmic.

Mr. Frank Mura, who showed charcoal drawings and landscapes in oil at Messrs. Obach's, is an artist whose work gains steadily in content and construction. At first sight the oil-paintings make less appeal than the rich and vigorous charcoal drawings, but his work in both mediums has rightness. The brilliance of the charcoal drawings proves on further examination to be sustained by assurance of tone, structure, balance, by draughtsmanship that can be particular and remain broad, as 'The Rest' shows. The breadth and spaciousness of his oil-paintings contain refined definition. The mud-flats of Essex have given him some passages of finely gradated colour, and the big canvases 'Loading the Hay-barge,' and 'Repairing the Barge,' if at first they seem empty compared with the small, earlier 'Essex Farm,' rich in the full growing green of the meadows, the strength of trees, show greater power of construction than this or the 'Storm, Heybridge,' another vivid and admirable small landscape.

The small group of pictures by Paul Maitland, shown at Mr. W. B. Paterson's gallery, were interesting in another fashion than the solid, unspeculative art of Mr. Mura. Mr. Maitland sees London, the veiled London of misty days, of the uncrowded river, as he would not have seen it but for Whistler. Yet his is a perceptive talent, and has found itself in delicate response to the pensive London of empty parks, in damp weather, or when the winter grey yields to a day that foretells the return of colour, or, again, when the colour and fullness of Summer are nearly lost. 'South Front, Kensington Palace,' uses a pale red of the distant buildings as a flush of colour in a scheme of shy beauty. The very accomplished, largely designed and handled water-colours of flowers by Madame Madeleine Lemaire at Messrs. Tooth's, Miss Susan Crawford's etchings of Scotland, picturesque Germany and Holland at the Bruton Galleries, were other July exhibitions.

Passing Events.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN'S 'Deluge,' mercilessly gashed in the Louvre a few weeks ago by a grocer's assistant—thus he resolved to bring shame on his parents who, he said, had neglected him—has been in the collection for a long period. It was valued at 15,000 francs during the Empire, at 120,000 during the Restoration. Théophile Gautier wrote: "Nothing is equal to the cold and ghastly horror of this black picture; it is impossible to bring out a greater effect with more simple means."

"HALF his life and half his genius Whistler gave to London, and what did London give him back?" Dr. Edmund Gosse asked the question at a meeting of the Whistler Memorial Fund. Whistler, the discoverer of Night, was, too, the discoverer of Chelsea, of the river, of the humble buildings that become noble in the twilight. Chelsea is the right place for the symbolical figure upon which Rodin is at work.

THE crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, "the heart of the great city he loved well and sang of nobly," is a fitting place for the bronze bust by M. Auguste Rodin of his friend the late William Ernest Henley (1906, p. 33). The bust is enclosed in a white marble frame designed by the famous French sculptor, and executed by Mr. John Tweed. M. Rodin was himself unable to be present when it was unveiled on the fourth anniversary of the poet's death, but in a letter he bore testimony to Henley's encouragement of his art from the date of their first meeting about 1880.

OF Millais' 'Ruling Passion,' which has been purchased by the Glasgow Corporation for £1,000, Ruskin wrote: "I have never seen any work of modern art with more delight and admiration." He thought it the finest picture of its kind painted in our day, whether for sentiment or for management of colour. Out of deference to a not too literate public, the original title was altered to 'The Ornithologist.' T. O. Barlow, the engraver of about twenty of Millais' pictures, sat for the principal figure, and one of the listening boys is a son of a former chaplain to the House of Commons. The picture was a commission, but it remained on Millais' hands owing to a somewhat fanciful objection, and he expressed the hope that if ever it passed out of the possession of his family it would go to a public gallery. The wish has been fulfilled.

THE Scottish Modern Arts Association lost no time in getting to work. The selection sub-committee, whose personnel is not disclosed, purchased from the last exhibition at the Glasgow Institute Mr. E. A. Walton's 'Shadowed Pastures' (catalogue price £420), which obtained a gold medal at Munich in 1906, and Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Sea-shore Roses' (catalogue price £500)—"E. A." seem to be fortunate initials, and from the Royal Scottish Academy Mr. James Paterson's 'Edinburgh's Playground' (catalogue price £200), and Mr. S. J. Peploe's still-life study (catalogue price £10). The Association has as yet no permanent gallery. The pictures which it has purchased during this, its first year of activity, have been lent for eight or

nine months to the fine galleries in Kelvingrove, Glasgow. Thereafter it is proposed to offer them to the Edinburgh International Exhibition of 1908. The Glasgow Corporation bought from the Institute Mr. James Kay's large Clyde picture, 'The Launch of the Lusitania' (catalogue price £500), Mr. William MacBride's 'Sheep-dipping, River Dee' (catalogue price £150), which attracted notice in Gallery II. at the 1906 Academy, two flower pieces by Mr. Stuart Park and 'Le Botaniste,' by Mr. Edmund van Hove.

ONE by one there pass into the silence those who formed living links with the great past of British art. For instance, Lady Colomb, the daughter of Sir Joshua Reynolds' grand-nephew, inherited many most interesting relics of the eighteenth century master. She was descended from Mary, Sir Joshua's eldest sister, who married John Palmer, of Torrington.

THE vital question to artists about the new Workmen's Compensation Act is as to whether, under it, models rank as servants. In this connection it will be remembered that the father of Miss Siddal—she lay in a large bath filled with water for Millais' famous 'Ophelia'—claimed £50 from the artist because, owing to negligence of the heating-lamps, the water got cold, and Miss Siddal, benumbed, contracted an illness. The matter was compromised by Millais paying the doctor's bill. By the way, the only miniature ever painted by Rossetti was of this lady, who became his wife.

MR. HARRY QUILTER, the well-known critic and connoisseur, who died on July 10th, was one of the many who crossed swords with Whistler. The passage at arms is too well known to be quoted. For a time art critic of *The Times*, and later of *The Spectator*, he lectured for many years in London, and contributed to the Institute of Oil Painters from 1884. He was, too, a voluminous writer, among his works being a Life of Giotto (1879), and a volume of poems. A man of abounding energy, he found time to collect pictures and objects of art, a number of which were dispersed last year, the 302 picture-lots realising £8,132, and the objects of art £6,249.

MR. DAVID FARQUHARSON, A.R.A., had spent a number of the painting years of his life in Cornwall, but he died, on July 12th, in his native county of Perthshire. He was comparatively little known in London, though he had sent regularly to Burlington House since 1877, until his big landscape 'Full Moon and Spring Tide' was awarded the coveted place of honour in Gallery III. in 1904. Those who watch the drifting straws of the world Academical knew that election to Associateship would swiftly follow. The next year he was an Associate; and in 1906 his large canvas, 'Birnam Wood,' was bought by the Chantrey Trustees for £1,500. 'In a Fog,' an atmospheric study of horses, a donkey, and a man, painted on Beer Common, Devon, in 1897, was in that year bought for the nation by the Chantrey Trustees for 400 gs. Mr. Farquharson had two canvases in this year's Academy: a characteristic 'The Pilchard Season,' hung in Gallery III., and the masonry-crowned heights of 'Dark Tintagel,' with stars



(Adelaide Gallery, N.Z.) **The Rickyard.**
By George Clausen, A.R.A.

in the high heaven, a night sea, and moonlight upon the rough steep rocks.

M. THÉOBALD CHARTRAN, who died in July at the age of fifty-eight, was as well known in New York as in Paris. For the last twelve years he had passed five or six months in America, painting society folk, and amassing a considerable fortune. His portrait of Miss Roosevelt, and one of the late Pope Leo XIII., are among his best known works. He studied under Cabanel, and in 1877 won the Prix de Rome, which has often proved fatal to artistic development.

FROM the New Zealand International Exhibition there has been bought by the authorities of the Adelaide Gallery a characteristic winter idyll by Mr. George Clausen, 'The Rickyard' (above), which many will remember as having been hung in Gallery IX. at the Royal Academy of 1902.

THE portrait of Morris Moore by Alfred Stevens (1903, p. 344), which has been presented to the National Gallery of British Art by some members of the National Art-Collections Fund, is a most welcome addition. Exhibited at Burlington House in 1901 it won universal admiration. Morris Moore was the lifelong friend of Stevens, and they shared a studio together in Rome. He was a connoisseur and collector, and his name is associated with the beautiful little panel 'Apollo and Marsyas,' which hangs in the Salon Carré at the Louvre, and is known as the "Morris Moore Raphael." Years ago he took part in the animated discussions, which resulted in parliamentary commissions and columns in the press, respecting the cleaning of pictures in the National Gallery. Mr. D. S. McColl, an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of Alfred Stevens, whom he has characterised as the "most universally endowed artist England has produced," has in his keeping at Millbank, besides a splendid series of Stevens' studies, the beautiful 'Mrs. Collman,' the circular panel of King Alfred and his mother, and the statuesque 'Judith.'



Special "Celtic" design for the Greenmount Spinning Co.
By Phil. J. Woods.

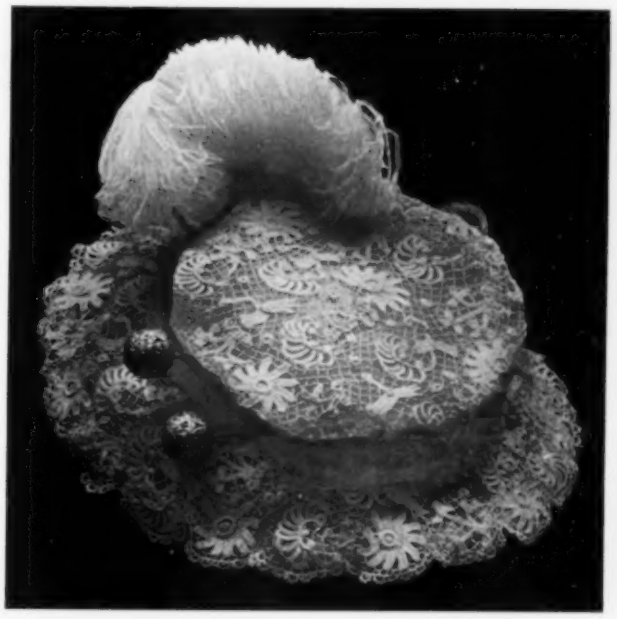
The Irish International Exhibition.—III.*

SURROUNDED by the many things that make an Exhibition agreeable, it is difficult to point to one section and say it has exceptional interest to visitors. In the case of the Dublin Exhibition, however, one is inclined to say that the industries associated with the island prove specially attractive. In spite of the fact that a few well-known manufacturers do not show their productions, the enterprise has drawn out some of the best work in Ireland, and the firms that have taken part in the Exhibition should gain new customers throughout the world. The quality of the linen and lace goods especially is very good, and the work shown deserved and received particular attention. The extent of the poplin industry is very wide, and is necessarily in the hands of those who can organise factories; but it is not so with the lace work, and it is pleasant to find how much natural ability is hidden in the odd corners of the land, far away from schools and the orthodox artistic influences. This department of home

* Continued from pp. 134 and 208.

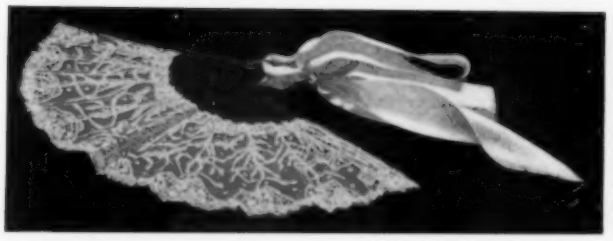


Carrickmacross Appliqué Blouse.





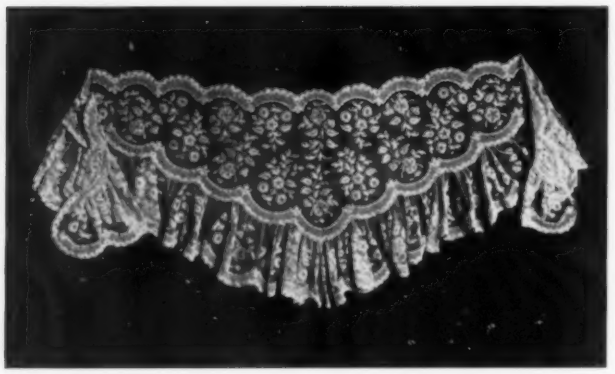
Lace Gown.





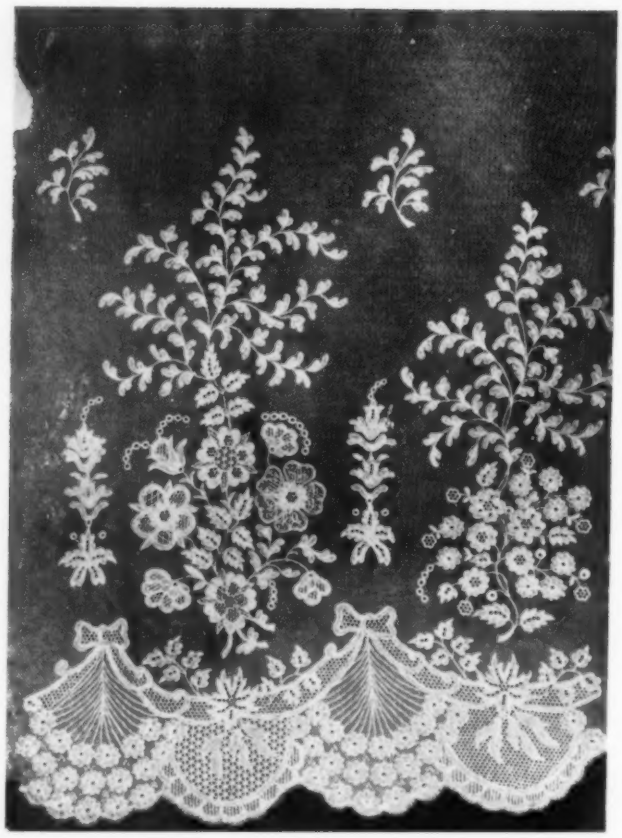
Crochet Hat, Carrickmacross Appliqué Fan, and Empire Crochet Robe.

Work shown by the Royal Irish Industries Association, Dublin.



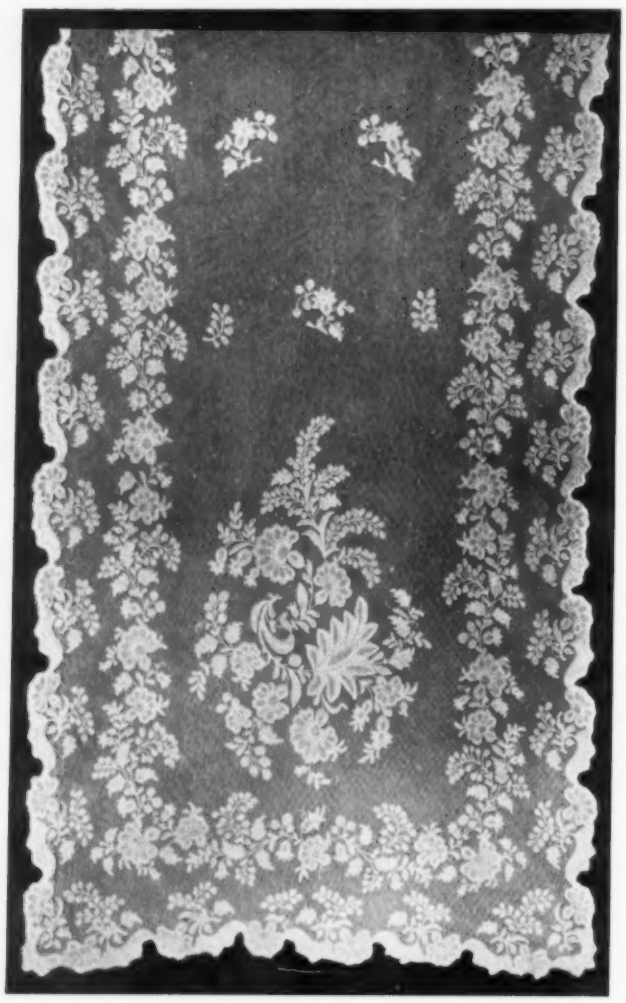
Fichu in Tambour Limerick Lace.
Made at Mrs. Vere O'Brien's School, Limerick.

production, so important in the Irish national life, is being fostered by those who are alive to the instinctive skill of the peasant classes, in working with delicate and beautiful materials. Sometimes there may be an element of charity in the negotiations, but the workmanship is none the worse for that, and it is instructive to see in the present Exhibition how widespread is the desire to maintain the good character of the national work. The few illustrations which we have been tempted to give will give some idea of the



Part of Tambour Lace Flounce.
Designed by Mrs. Vere O'Brien, worked by Mary Kenna.

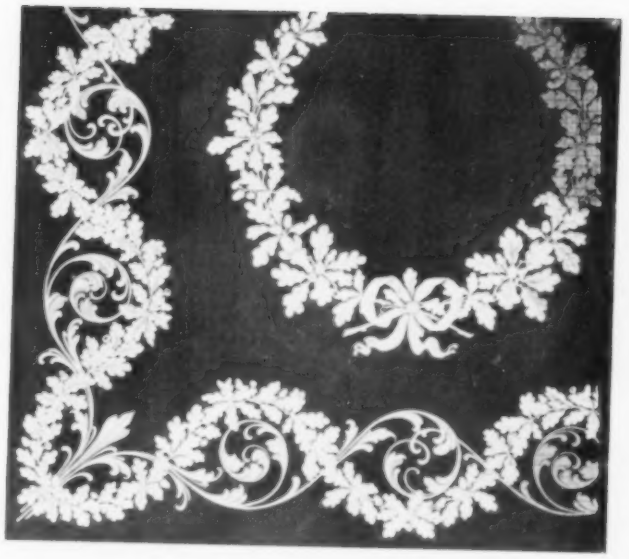
importance ot present-day craftsmanship in Ireland, not only in the factory, but in the home.



Lace Work from Limerick.
Made at Mrs. Vere O'Brien's School.

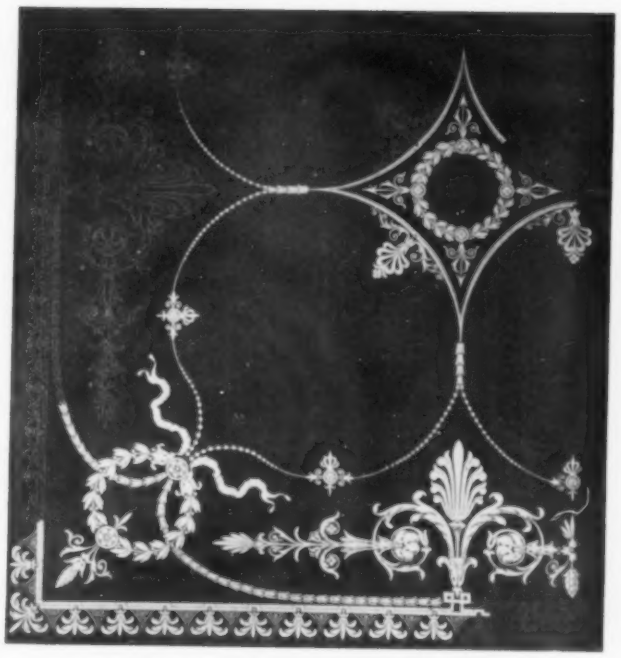


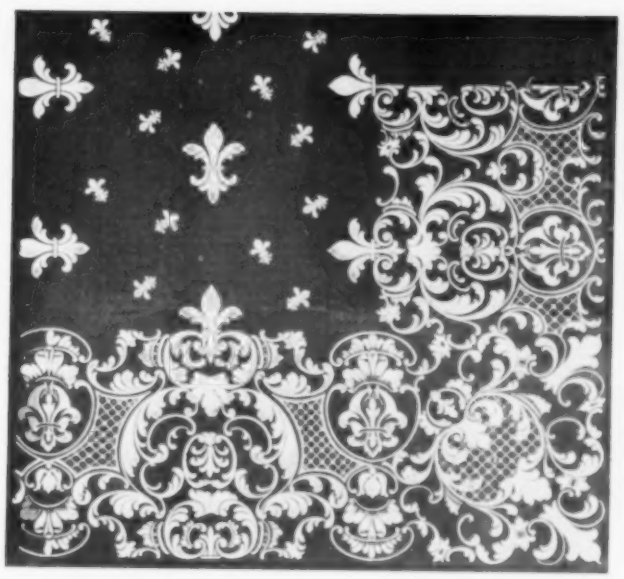
Crochet Coat.
Shown by the Royal Irish Industries Association.











Linen Goods shown by the Greenmount Spinning Co.; designs by Phil. J. Woods;
and Stained-glass Window representing Brian Boru addressing his troops at Clontarf, shown by James Watson & Co., Youghal.





Dining-room of the Georgian Period, and Bedroom in the Adam Style.

Constructed and shown at the Dublin Exhibition by Thomas Dockrell, Sons & Co.

NOT IN



Navigation



(By permission of C. C. Wakefield, Esq.)

Saint Cecily.
By E. Reginald Frampton.

Mr. E. Reginald Frampton.

By Rudolf Dircks.

THE Pre-Raphaelite movement was a movement of young men with high ideals. It was particularly a movement of ideas. Its initiators believed strenuously in their mission, in themselves, and they were sufficiently sincere to insist upon being taken seriously. In art, as in other matters, there is the swing of the pendulum, an inevitable moment of reaction against prevailing tendencies. The Pre-Raphaelites provided the great artistic reaction of the nineteenth century, and in seeking liberation from the conventional sentiment and prettiness of the mid-Victorian epoch, they found it necessary to go back three centuries or so to find a title suitable to their aims. And this aim was, Mr. Ruskin says, "to paint nature as it was around them, with the help of modern science." The paradoxical element, perhaps, in the movement was that its promoters were painters of such strong personal tendencies that, while influencing each other, as was undoubtedly the case, they could only end in following the direction of their own genius, which overleapt the restrictions of a considered formula. The influence of the movement has, nevertheless, been considerable, not only among artists but among patrons of art. William Morris and Burne-Jones were among the first converts. It affected both the treatment and choice of subjects. The ancient mythology was



Design for proposed Decoration of Holy Trinity Church, Bessborough Gardens.

By E. Reginald Frampton.

replaced by the legends of the Morte d'Arthur and those of early Christianity. Possibly its most important phase has been its decorative phase; from painting "nature as it was around them" the artists evolved ideas which spread from the picture on the easel to the walls of our public buildings, private houses, and churches. Morris and Burne-Jones are the great protagonists of this tendency, which has secured an established popularity. Never, perhaps, in the history of the English Church, for example, has so much attention been paid to mural decoration as during the last thirty years. The temper, the imaginative approach, of these artists fitted them particularly for



Study for Sir Bors (p. 291).

By E. Reginald Frampton.



Study for Sir Perceval (p. 291).

By E. Reginald Frampton.

devotional undertakings of this kind. And among the later recruits, we take it, is Mr. E. Reginald Frampton.

Mr. Frampton, although still a young man, has carried out many important decorative schemes, both secular and ecclesiastical. The general character of his work would seem to fit him especially for church decoration. His schemes are well-conceived, harmonious, dignified and strictly decorative; he indulges in no "optical tricks," and always recognises that the work of the mural painter is supplementary to the structural conditions of the building on which he is engaged and the purpose of the architect. His wall paintings (for which he uses a copal medium) at All Saints' Church, Hastings, recently completed, sufficiently indicate his method. There he deals with the north and south walls of the chancel. *Benedicite omnia opera* suggests the spiritual allegory which forms the theme of the whole composition (p. 294). Twelve life-size figures, drawn equally with anatomical and decorative skill, form a frieze on either wall, symbolise the praise of 'Flood and Seas,' 'The Stars of Heaven,' 'Green Things,' 'Fowls of the Air,' and the other Works necessary to complete the allegory. Symmetry of design, balance of colour, and decorative treatment of the levels, are preserved throughout. The draperies are composed with appreciation of form and movement, and the spiritual quality of each figure is simply expressed. At the Church of Saint Michael and All Angels at Rushall Mr. Frampton has decorated the whole of the walls of the north and south transepts, and the space above the chancel arch, with an elaborate scheme suggested by the words, "To Thee all angels cry aloud." The space above the chancel arch is devoted to thirteen figures of glorifying angels, while the panels of the transepts depict the Trees of Knowledge and Life, whose flowing branches are laden with emblematical fruit. The groups of angels above the Trees are an extension of the same symbolic idea; and the four large figures beneath the branches represent the four archangels, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel. The prevailing colour of the background is azure blue, and with this are blended shades of yellow, faint red and rose-orange, and the general effect is heightened by the gold nimbi of the figures. Here, as at Hastings, Mr. Frampton's design is perfectly in harmony with the architectural features of the building. Mr. Frampton's scheme for St. Paul's Church, Southampton, 'St. Paul preaching at the Golden Gate at Athens' is more definitely pictorial, but the character of his easel work is sufficient to indicate that he does not



The Passage of the Holy Grail from England to Sarras.
By E. Reginald Frampton.



The Annunciation.

By E. Reginald Frampton.

disassociate pictorial and decorative treatment. Possibly one of the most imaginative of Mr. Frampton's designs is that in which he has had a perfectly free hand in the choice of his subject and colour. The space above the chancel arch was selected for the Battye Memorial at Birstall Church, and the artist's choice of text, "Praise Him in the Firmament of His Power," is realised in the figure of the seated Majesty, encircled by the gradually widening lines of the Firmament, on whose outer rim, completing the radiations from the central figure, are groups of singing angels. In the proposed decoration of Holy Trinity Church, Bessborough Gardens (p. 290), the figures in the spandrels represent the writers of the New Testament, inspired by the attending angels: and the spaces above, between the clerestory windows, are occupied by angels with various choral instruments. The colour scheme for this decoration is particularly rich and varied. In secular work we may note Mr. Frampton's design for a frieze which runs along the four walls at Waddington Hall, Yorkshire. Family history decided the choice of subject, 'The Battle of St. Albans.' The charging knights in armour and the foot-soldiers of the contending forces provide an animated



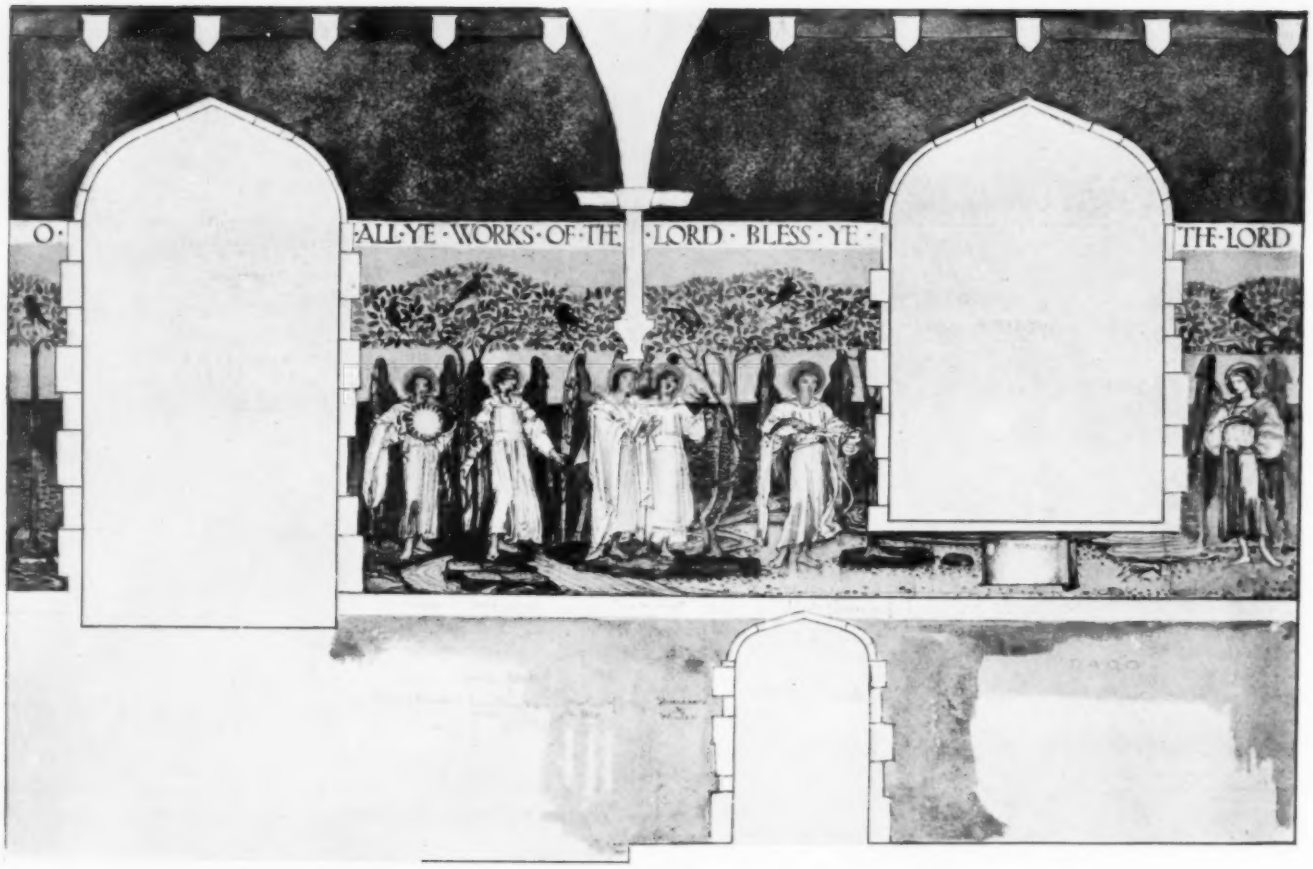
St. Dorothea.

By E. Reginald Frampton.



St. Clare, Patron Saint of Embroidery.

By E. Reginald Frampton.



Design for Wall-painting in All Saints' Church, Hastings.

By E. Reginald Frampton.



Study of Drapery.

By E. Reginald Frampton.



Study for Head of an Angel.

By E. Reginald Frampton.



Cartoon for Decoration at Hastings (p. 294).
By E. Reginald Frampton.



Studies for 'The Annunciation' (p. 292).
By E. Reginald Frampton.



Cartoon for Decoration at Hastings (p. 294).
By E. Reginald Frampton.

composition, which both in colour and design suggests the effect of tapestry.

It is not one of the least interesting phases of modern life that it is still possible, here and there, to find, amid its noisy transitions, the turbulence of ideas and "movements," a quiet corner like Mr. Frampton's studio, and an artist working very much in the spirit and method of the early Christian painters. Nothing is more outside the quick competitive temper of the prevailing modern spirit; and nothing is more in harmony with the spiritual beauty of the world of romance, imagination and symbolism in which Mr. Frampton's art lives. Its inspiration is the inspiration of method and careful realisation; it is sedulously wrought to the smallest, but never indifferent, detail; and in contrast to some modern tendencies, the accessories do not burden, by over-emphasis, the decorative conception as a whole. This decorative precision, this considered manipulation of the *décor* is, we feel (and there is of course the association of earlier art to help us), in harmony with the type of subject, with Saint Cecily or Saint Dorothea, or any of those early Christian maidens who walked so serenely

the path of martyrdom; and it is not less so with the incidents of the Arthurian legend, and here the feeling may be in a measure due to the literary presentment of Malory and the early chroniclers.

In 'The Annunciation' (p. 292), the simple expression of reverence and devotion is obviously the higher purpose of the picture; and in 'The Passage of the Holy Grail from England to Sarras' (p. 291), the symbolic and guiding figures of the angels are in keeping with the spirit of the subject, with the intent figures of Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Perceval, although they may not form part of the chronicled tradition. In St. Cecily (p. 289), have we not a precise and sympathetic interpretation of the lines of Tennyson—

> "Or, in a clear wall'd city on the sea—
> Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
> Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily;
> An angel look'd at her."

in which the full, poetic beauty is apprehended pictorially?



Study for 'Isabella.'
By E. Reginald Frampton.



Drapery Study.
By E. Reginald Frampton.

'Navigation' (see plate) is a large composition, entirely symbolic, in which the artist suggests in the large central figure, seated on a rock, rising from the "illimitable" sea, with its quadrant of ancient type and other insignia of the sailor's office, the magnificence and power of the science and art of navigation; the symbol is carried further by the uplifting veil above the figure, suggesting the gradual unfolding of the mystery of the earth's design. In this, as in many other pictures of Mr. Frampton's, the prevailing tone colour is blue, here graduating in tints to a faint purple.

Mr. Frampton, born in the seventies, was a contemporary of Aubrey Beardsley at Brighton Grammar School (where, at the school-play, Beardsley designed the programme and Mr. Frampton the scenery). Later, he worked for seven years, after the older fashion of the apprenticeship of artists, in the studio of his father. Mr. Frampton advocates this sort of training, where the student is brought into contact, and in a measure helps, with actual work in a state of progress. All his tendencies being in the direction of decorative art, he then spent some time in Italy and France studying examples. In his wall paintings he makes himself throughout responsible for the whole work, from the preparation of the wall surface to the final care for the preservation of the painting; and if an artist uses a simple palette—so as to avoid as far as possible the chance of chemical disintegration from the employment of many colours—and gives proper attention to the condition of the wall surface before he begins his work, and to the protection of the painting afterwards, Mr. Frampton sees no reason why mural decoration in this country should not be permanent.



A Village at dusk, with peat smoke rising.

By W. Monk, R.E.

Achill Island.*

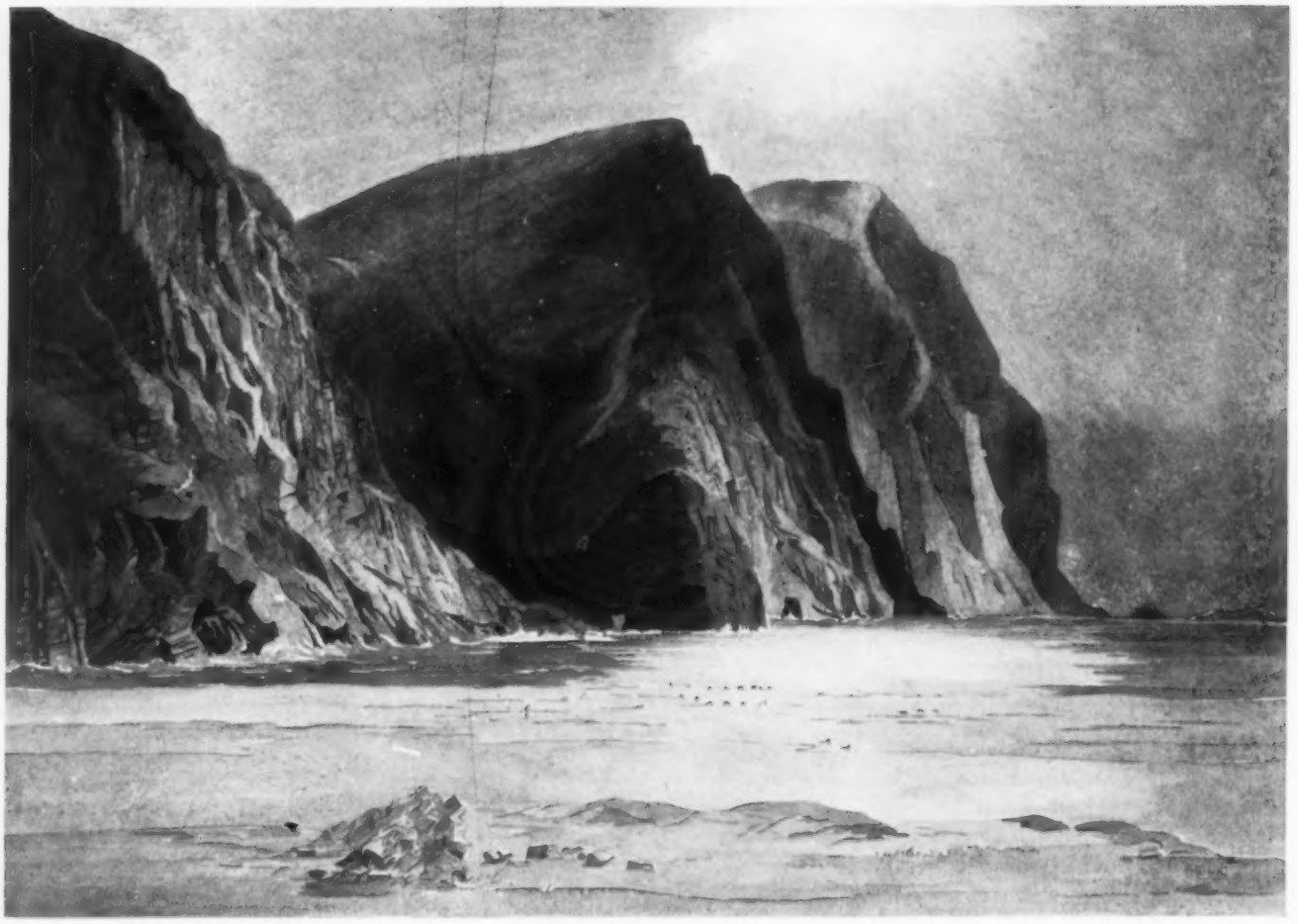
By Alfred Yockney.

POSTER-LED visitors to this Côte d'Émeraude or that Côte d'Azur on the Continent, advise their friends to travel southwards across the Channel to see the colours that make the heart glad. No second recommendation seems necessary. Yet, westward, in their own realm these travellers could live on coasts of equal splendour, where blue skies can be seen even better over the sea, and where the waters that wash the mountain sides are indeed emerald. To the Connaught coast, and particularly to the Island of Achill, the lover of seascape beauty should go. It has been said that the scenery of the West of Ireland cannot be surpassed by any views that the world has to show elsewhere, and the fact seems indisputable on Achill. This home shore is at a greater distance from London than are the strands of the favourite Continental resorts, but as Billingsgate is fed from it the journey is not very formidable.

What Kilkee was to Lord Tennyson, Achill is to the living Poet Laureate. Mr. Alfred Austin has written in praise of the Island, and his impressive words suggest the inspiration of the place. It is said that Sir John Franklin, before starting on his last and fatal expedition, pronounced the cliff of Croaghaun to be the grandest sight he had ever met with in all his travels. Another enthusiast has called Achill the British Madeira, and there can be no doubt that most visitors depart with similar thoughts of approval.

It is always a pleasure to approach the sea from the land. There is something stimulating in the thought that soon the means of transit must be changed or the journey stopped altogether. The air, too, is more invigorating and the light more luminous. We feel as though we have reached the edge of a wood, and are passing into the spaciousness of the country. So, when the traveller crosses the Sound and touches the earth of Achill he begins to enjoy the fascination of the Island. There is an undeniable quality in the air, and, mapless, compassless, or blind, the visitor could not fail to detect the presence of the ocean. He has kept company with the sheltered waters of Clew

* "Ulster and Connaught" series. Continued from page 262.



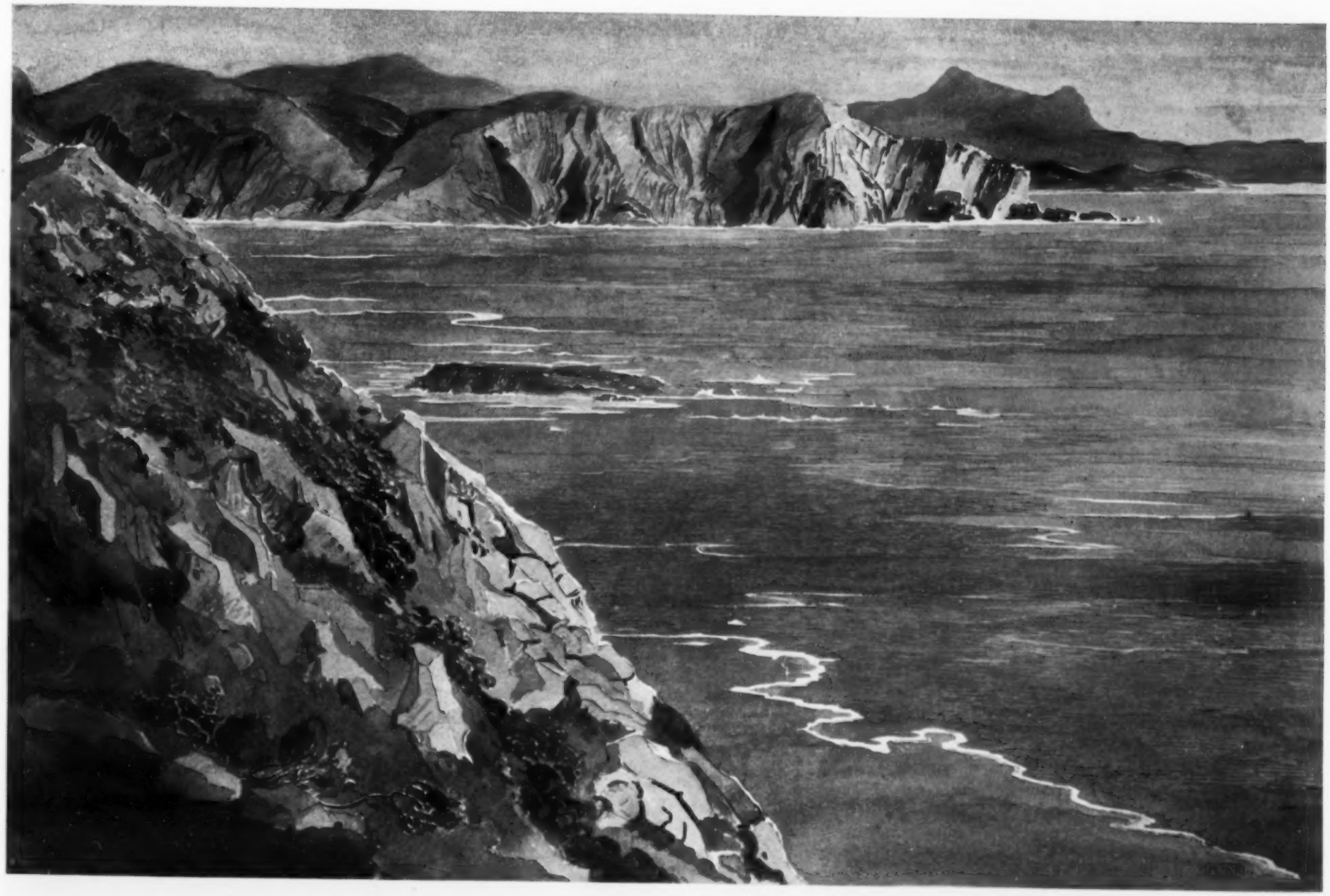
The Minaun Cliffs.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Bay for some miles, but the unenclosed Atlantic offers a stronger friendship and demands the best affections of the stranger.

About the western boundary of County Mayo dwells the spirit of romance: not the fleeting human romance of the story-book, but the fierce clamorous encounter of Nature. There the sea pays court to the land with all the irrational sentiments of youth, there at every new tide the majestic rocks proudly discourage the advancing waters. For centuries this one-sided affair has gone on, and in spite of denials, the sea still seeks kinship with the land. But there can be no affinity between the two elements. The body of Achill is worn with continued resistance, but its heart is intact and resolute. On the face of the land the story is written. The fantastic profile of the coast shows the effects of anxiety as unmistakably as the furrow on the brow of a sorely-tried human being.

On Achill the sighting is comparatively close. Mountains, shapely and picturesque, blot out the further objects. But mountains, if obstacles in the way of distance-views from the level, are also pedestals from which the active traveller can better see the fulness of the earth. Croaghaun is the highest in the group, and, as it is only just over two thousand feet high, it can be climbed by most people. Not easily perhaps, for the going is bad towards the finish, but the summit is so accessible and the panorama so remarkable that it is surprising to find that few visitors attempt the excursion. The reward justifies the adventure. Along the coast we go, through the villages of Keel and Dooagh, and past Keem Bay, from whence come the Achill diamonds. Then upwards over the springy turf and heather until progress is made slower by the presence of innumerable blocks of stone, which may instruct the geologist, but which confound the rising path-seeker. The way is rough, and the traveller will soon wish he were on the adjoining cliff with the coastguard's water-barrel at hand. By a series of jumps, and not by walking, the platform at the top is reached. There, if it happens to be a windy day, the visitor must be foot-firm, for it is a tempestuous spot, and the result of a bias would be serious.

Open the country is, and the shore is more open, but there is no openness to equal that round the top of a seaside mountain. On Croaghaun many hours may be spent profitably. From it the distance-between is full, whether the view is toward the land or the water, and the sense of space is bewildering. A feeling of bird-like freedom exhilarates the climber, and ere he descends he will be pledged to the preservation of all such natural scenery. Across Clew Bay is regal Croagh Patrick, governing the other heights and forming a mighty landmark. Clare Island appears to be a stately sea-monster churning the water into foam. Closer are the Minaun Cliffs, nobly chiselled, and below is the patchwork of ground, cultivated and waste, which tells of a struggle for a living. Conical Slievemore overshadows the



The Minaun Cliffs.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Keel Village.
By W. Monk, R.E.

little village of Dugort, and Blacksod Bay is seen to the best advantage. In a few years a service of transatlantic leviathans may cause an alteration to that place of beauty, but, at present. the bay is the haunt only of the patrolling men-of-war and the fishing-boats that give character to the scene. From this height shipping is specially effective, and nautical affairs press on the memory. This was one of the points, and Cape Clear was the other, between which the famous Admiral Sir E. Thornbrough directed the *Fortune* frigate, and the *Stork* sloop of war, to cruise in chase of the American privateer *Fox* in 1813. Past this headland, towards the fatal Blaskets, came the remnant of the Spanish Armada, gradually decreasing in strength with every assault. It must have been a grand sight, but in some ways a melancholy one, from the hills of Achill. Watching the target practice and the manœuvres of modern battleships in mimic warfare, the traveller's imagination will direct his thoughts to the days when those stately sailing ships crept gallantly by, and compelled the admiration of the old-time visitors to Croaghaun. Then, too, the cliffs were brightened and enlivened by bird life, now to some extent extinct. But civilization has taken off only the most raw edge, and the surroundings are as wild and simple as can be desired.

The early morning freshness lasts all day in Achill. It is a rare tonic. The atmosphere is undoubtedly one of the features of the Island. The haze and the clouds over the sea form into fairy mountains, and the lights of the day are gilt-edged. In the evening the blue peat smoke rises over the villages and mingles with the mists against the dark mountains, making on the landscape a tremulous purple smudge that could be matched on no palette or canvas. Such an effect enthrals the artist and the nature lover. When on the island the visitor is not only in one of the most beautiful places in the kingdom, but he is out of the present world and back in an earlier age. The wigwams of a past century still do duty as dwelling-houses, and there is a glamour over the meanest occupations of the inhabitants. The costumes of the workers and some of the work itself will be new and interesting to the stranger. He is among primitive people and the undisturbed serenities of nature. He is cooled by the bracing air and enchanted by the green seas, the golden sands, the brown rivers, the blue skies, the grey and spangled mountains. Achill has had its famines and calamities, and it has been heard of more for its troubles perhaps than for its attractions. Yet, above belauded provinces, it possesses qualities which satisfy the holiday-maker who can take pleasure in simple surroundings. There, if anywhere, the open-air life can be enjoyed. Creature comforts are better provided for at Dugort than in many English resorts. There are two excellent hotels there. One of them was built on the sands to disprove the proverb, and its situation is as delightful as its construction is sound. There is a jetty for boating, fishing, and bathing purposes, and swimming has a new charm in the transparent waters of the bay.



Croaghaun Mountain.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Moyteoge Head and Coastguard Station.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Clare Island in a Storm.
By W. Monk, R.E.

The railway stops at Achill Sound. Perhaps this is the reason why there is such a pleasant sense of detachment from affairs when on the island. The lack of the line certainly ensures quietness for the visitor who walks or rides from the station to Dugort. The island seems to attract the more refined of travellers. It needs, possibly, the cultured artistic eye to appreciate all the beauties of this part of Nature's plan. Several painters have "discovered" the island, and have recorded their impressions of it. Mr. Alexander Williams, R.H.A., enjoys a good reputation both for his pictures and for his knowledge of Irish birds, and the works of Mr. W. H. Bartlett are equally well-known. The water-colour drawings by Mr. Monk, also, must be considered among the best interpretations of the splendid scenery.

THE duties hitherto undertaken by the Board of Trustees for Manufactures in Scotland were revised under the National Galleries of Scotland Act. The trustees for the National Galleries of Scotland as from April 1st are Sir Thomas D. Gibson-Carmichael, Chairman, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Sir James Guthrie, Mr. James Murray, M.P., Mr. John Ritchie Findlay, and the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and of Glasgow. As the Curatorship of the National Gallery became open to other than R.S.A.'s, Mr. Robert Gibbs retired after twelve years of service. His place has been taken by Mr. James L. Caw, who since 1895 has been Curator of the Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh. The two posts are thus merged. Mr. Caw, born at Ayr in 1864, was first trained as an engineer, and later studied art in Edinburgh and Glasgow. He is well known as a writer and an authority on art.

THE National Art Union is a much more useful organisation than it is generally known to be. During the last eighteen months it has received over four million subscriptions of a penny each and upwards, and has distributed no fewer than eighty thousand prizes. Mr. G. A. Hay, of Johannesberg, secured for a few pence three interesting works from the New English Art Club. They were Mr. Mark Fisher's radiant 'Afternoon,' which he intends to present to the Gallery about to be formed in the mining capital; Professor Fred Brown's 'The Mill,' and 'On the Beach,' by Mr. W. Gore. Purchases to the total value of £3,000 were made by an Art Union at the Glasgow Institute this year. The works chosen included Mr. George Houston's able 'Frost and Snow,' Mr. A. K. Brown's 'Winter Twilight,' a flower piece by Miss Perman, and 'After Many Years,' by the talented Mr. Ogilvy Reid.



DUGORT BAY.

BY W. MONK R.E.

Art Sales of the Season.

II.—Engravings, Objects of Art, etc.

IN one respect the season at Christie's stands out from any of its predecessors. On June 15th, when the casket of jewels belonging to the late Mrs. Lewis-Hill came up for sale, the total for 110 lots was £94,805, the largest for a single day's dispersal of jewels in the annals of the King Street firm. It compared with £89,526 for 31 lots of jewels belonging to the Earl of Dudley in 1902, a few of which, however, failed to reach the reserve price. This causes the Lewis-Hill properties, otherwise not particularly important, to occupy a first place. The most conspicuous totals aggregate much more than those of 1906. Leaving out of account the 45 lots of old Chinese porcelain sold on July 11th as the "property of a gentleman" for £9,532, they are as follows:—

SINGLE COLLECTIONS, JANUARY-JULY, 1907.

Property.	Lots.	£
Lewis Hill, April 15–19 — Jewels . . . 110 lots, £94,805; Silver and objets d'art . 127 lots, £6,243; Furniture and porcelain . 296 lots, £21,111	533	122,159
Massey-Mainwaring, March 11–18, April 10–12, May 7–9 — Part I. Jewels, silver, etc. . 901 lots, £49,555; Part II. Furniture, etc. . 460 lots, £11,214; Part III. Porcelain, etc.. . 466 lots, £13,920 (1902, porcelain, 376 lots, £21,753.)	1,827	74,689
Sir Wilfrid Lawson. March 7–14. Engravings	1,099	19,286
Hon. Mrs. Ashley. May 29–30. Porcelain and furniture	284	10,306
Francis Baring. May 3. Porcelain, bronzes, etc.	160	8,297
W. Hugh Spottiswoode. July 17–18. Furniture, etc.	222	8,127
C. H. T. Hawkins. June 11. Objets d'art ... (1904–5, snuff-boxes, etc., £217,500.)	125	7,624
Sir Henry Bunbury. July 5. Silver	51	5,728
Total	4,301	£256,216

It is said that the late Mr. Massey-Mainwaring once refused £2,000 for a little landscape, attributed to Paul Potter, which at auction in March fetched but 15 gs. Whether or not this be a fact, several of the objects of art and pieces of furniture in his collection fetched markedly less than was anticipated by competent valuers. Somebody, certainly, should reap a considerable profit upon the catalogue prices. It requires an initiate to understand some of the turns and twists of the sale-room. Most of the objects belonging to the late Hon. Mrs. John Ashley were purchased from a Bond Street dealer in the fifties and sixties. Nine lots which then cost £333 made £1,547 in May.

Good pieces of Oriental porcelain are sought with increasing eagerness, and high as are present levels of value, there is no indication that a limit has been reached. The times have changed, indeed, since Marco Polo wrote about the year 1300 that, in a town called Tyunju "they make vessels of porcelain of all sizes, the finest that can be imagined. They make it nowhere but in that city, and thence it is exported all over the world. Here it is abundant and very cheap, in so much that for a Venice groat you can buy three dishes so fine that you cannot imagine better." Among the best examples of Oriental and other porcelain were those named on p. 304. There are also set out in tabular form a few of the principal pieces of furniture and tapestry and some of the high-priced jewels.

With the exception of the Elizabethan tankard and cover, No. 2 on the long list on p. 304, no very valuable pieces of old silver have come on the market. In connection with the tankard, it may be said that a similar cup is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. We specify in money-value order a number of other attractive objects in various kinds.

One of the most remarkable sales of recent years was that held at Sotheby's, on March 7–14, of the extensive collection of engravings belonging to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, brought together for the most part by the tenth Baronet, who died in 1806. Before the prints were examined by an expert and catalogued, some were inclined to regard them as hardly more than the "sweepings" of a collection from which the most valuable section—that of eighteenth century mezzotint portraits—had been extracted and sold at Christie's in 1903 for £7,147. £4,000 was spoken of as a probable total, but in the result £19,286 was realised. A number of the mezzotint and other engravings were in exceptionally fine state, no doubt having been acquired about the time of publication by the tenth Baronet, and since preserved in portfolios. It is improbable that the outlay on individual prints was in excess of a guinea or so, and in many instances considerably less. A summary of the principal contents is given on p. 305.

Of Reynolds' picture from which No. 1 is taken—it passed from the possession of Lord Tollemache into the gallery of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild—the *St. James's Chronicle* of 1779 said: "We do not know why this lady should choose to be drawn in a high wind, as it does not discover anything formed by the Graces." Lady Louisa Manners, No. 2, a sister of Lady Jane Halliday, was painted by Hoppner as well as by Reynolds, of course. The picture by Sir Joshua was bought from Lord Tollemache for Lord Iveagh's collection. Miss Sarah Campbell, No. 5, sat in 1778 for the picture which now belongs to Lord Hillingdon. Of the enchanting portrait of Nelly O'Brien, No. 6, which Northcote says was sold during the lifetime of the artist for 10 gs., Walpole noted in his catalogue "Very pretty"—rather a mild tribute. The picture, as need hardly be said, is one of the glories of the Wallace Collection. The original of No. 7, lent to the 1873 Old Masters by Lord Buckhurst, now hangs at Waddesdon Manor.

There were many interesting features in addition to the series of mezzotints after Reynolds and his contemporaries. Line engravings by Robert Nanteuil, J. W. Wille and Gerard Edelinck in particular brought high sums.

PORCELAIN, CHINA, ETC.

		Sale.	Price.
1	Chinese. Square-shaped vase, 20½ in. high. K'ang-Hsi (1662-1722). Famille-verte on brilliant black enamelled ground. (57)	Feb. 15	2,500 gs.
2	Chinese. Pair of mandarin jars, painted wood covers, 40 in. high. Ch'ien-Lung (1735-96.) Famille-rose. (1905, Huth, pair of mandarin jars and covers, 42 in. high, 1,850 gs.) (131)	March 15	2,100 gs.
3	Chinese. Pair of eggshell lanterns, 8½ in. high. K'ang-Hsi. Famille-verte. (89)	June 10	1,750 gs.
4	Chinese. Square vase, 25 in. high. K'ang-Hsi. Famille-verte on black ground. (228)	"A Nobleman" (June 27)	1,650 gs.
5	Chinese. Male Deity, 15½ in. high. Famille-verte on yellow ground. And stand. Ming. (1368-1644). (164)	July 4	1,250 gs.
6	Dresden. Pair of vases and covers, 14 in. high. Painted with garden scenes and Watteau figures. Ormolu mounts. Temp., Louis XV. (92)	March 22	1,200 gs.
7	Nankin. Oviform vase and cover, 10 in. high. Flowering prunus on marbled blue ground. (237a)	May 15	1,150 gs.
8	Dresden. Three vases and covers, and pair of beakers, 27 in. and 18 in. high. Mark of Augustus Rex. (286)	Mainwaring (May 8)	1,000 gs.
9	Sèvres. Lady and gentleman in Court costume. A pair	Mundy (May 10) (R. & F.)	1,000 gs.
10	Chinese. Statuette of Kwan-Yin. 16 in. high. Ming. (22)	July 11	1,000 gs.
11	Sèvres. Biscuit bust of Louis XV., 10½ in. high. By Dodin, 1758. (93)	Ashley (May 29)	£1,000
12	Sèvres. Oval jardinière, 24 in. high. Painted by Aubert, 1754. (47)	March 22	680 gs.
13	Sèvres. Pair of seaux, 5½ in. high. 1756. 681	Mainwaring (March 15)	650 gs.
14	Dresden. Figures: Countess de Koessel and Augustus II., 11 in. and 11¾ in. high. (1902,) Earl de Grey, group of lady in crinoline and gentleman in Court dress, 6 in. high, 1,050 gs. (190)	May 15	600 gs.
15	Worcester. Pair of hexagonal vases and covers, 13 in. high. Dark blue scale-pattern ground. (194)	Mainwaring (April 11)	510 gs.
16	Majolica. Dish, 18 in. diam., 1537. Figure of Europa on dark blue ground. (66)	(July 23)	320 gs.

NOTE.—(R. & F.) sold by Robinson & Fisher. All others by Christie.

FURNITURE AND TAPESTRY.

		Sale.	Price. Gns.
1	Louis XV. marqueterie commode, 55 in. wide. Stamped H. Henson. Veneered with tulip- and king-wood. Ormolu mounts by Caffieri. (108)	Lewis-Hill (April 18)	3,800
2	Regence commode, 57 in. wide. Veneered with tulip- and king-wood. Ormolu mounts designed by Cressant, executed by Caffieri. (Owner valued it at £5,000.) (153)	Mainwaring (May 7)	1,700
3	Louis XV. writing-table, 76 in. wide. Veneered with tulip-wood. Ormolu mounts in the manner of de la Fosse. (97)	February 15	1,600
4	Old Brussels. Three panels of tapestry. Divisions of the Old World, signed Judocus de Vos. (105).	Fenwick (February 15)	1,400
5	Louis XV. settee, 58 in. wide, and six fauteuils, gilt and carved. Covered Old Beauvais tapestry. (107)	Lewis-Hill (April 18)	1,200
6	Queen Anne chairs (12). Walnut wood, cabriole legs (57)	March 22	1,050

SILVER, BRONZES, ENGRAVINGS AND VARIOUS OBJECTS OF ART.

		Sale.	Price.
1	"The Speaker's Plate." Ice-pails, dish, candle-sticks, etc. In all 687 oz. 5 dwt. Originally belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker 1713-5, whose sister married Sir Henry Bunbury, 3rd Baronet. (46-51)	Bunbury (July 5)	£2,528
2	Silver. Elizabethan tankard and cover, 7½ in. high. Gilt. London h.m., 1599. Maker's mark I.Ā. (Cup by same maker presented to Burgesses of Westminster in 1588.) (Represented in a picture by a pupil of Heda.) (215)	Story (May 3) (R. & F.)	£2,300
3	Patch-box, brown agate, mounted with gold, 2⅜ in. high. French, 17th cent. (173)	Gill (May 15)	£2,150
4	Bronze. Baby boy and baby girl (2), 22 in. high. Signed Pigalle, 1749 and 1784. (687)	Mainwaring (March 15)	1,300 gs.
5	Miniature. Two sisters, by Andrew Plimer. (22)	Woodroffe (June 6)	1,000 gs.
6	Terra-cotta. Two groups of a Satyr, Bacchanals and Nymphs, with fruit and amorini, 22 in. high. Signed Clodian, 1798. (185)	"A Nobleman" (May 15)	1,000 gs.
7	Silver. Toilet-service, Chinese ornament, 1677-85. (72)	Marshall-Hall (May 28)	£1,000
8	Silver. Pair of James II. large tazze, 14 in. diam. By Ralph Leeke, 1685. 124 oz. 10 dwt. (29)	Bunbury (July 5)	£996
9	Silver. Six table candlesticks, 243 oz. By Paul Lamerie, 1737. 77s. per ounce. (34)	May 2	£952
10	Lace. Set of bed furniture lace and embroidery applied on linen. (109)	Mainwaring (April 10)	740 gs.
11	Silver. Charles II. porringer, cover and stand, 56 oz. 9 dwt. London h.m., 1674. (58)	"A Nobleman" (May 2)	£762
12	Violin. "Strad." "Le Mercure," dated 1688	Beilby (June 19) (P. & S.)	£750
13	Louis XV. clock by Godon, 17 in. high. In vase-shaped case of porcelain-de-la Reine by Gouthière. Pair of candlesticks to match, 11 in. high. (720)	Mainwaring (March 15)	600 gs.
14	Engraving. Miss Farren, Countess of Derby, in colours, untrimmed margin, by F. Bartolozzi, but most of plate engraved by Charles Knight, under whose name it was published. After picture by Lawrence, 1790 (O.P. 100 gs.). R. P. (234)	July 2	580 gs.
15	Violin. "Strad," dated 1703. (59)	April 30	£590
16	Armour. Full suit, Milanese, late 16th cent. (213)	Gonzalez-Abreu (May 23)	500 gs.
17	Engraving. Nature (Lady Hamilton). By H. Meyer, after Romney. State I. R.P. for uncoloured impression. (33)	Feb. 5	440 gs.
18	Engraving. Daughters of Sir T. Frankland. By W. Ward after Hoppner. 1st pubd. state. Title in open etched letters (48)	July 22	440 gs.
19	Bronze. Two allegorical groups, 16 in. high, Sources of the Nile and the Tiber. By Zoffoli after originals in Versailles gardens. (84)	Norman Court (May 3)	420 gs.
20	Bronze. Hercules slaying the Nemean lion, 19½ in. high. By Soldano. (81)	Norman Court (May 3)	400 gs.
21	Statuary. Peace and War. Statuettes of a boy and girl, 34 in. high. By J. B. Xavery, 1728. (160)	Norman Court (May 3)	390 gs.
22	Engravings. 'Rural Amusement' and 'Rustic Employment,' by J. R. Smith, after Morland. In colours. R.P. (46)	July 9	340 gs.
23	Engravings. Ladies of Rank and Fashion (10). In stipple by C. Wilkin, six after Hoppner. p.b.l. in bistre. O.P., 1797, 5 gs. (27)	Feb. 5	320 gs.
24	Engraving. Countess of Carlisle. By J. Watson, after Reynolds. State I. R.P. (79)	July 9	250 gs.
25	Engraving. Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton. By J. Finlayson, after Catherine Read. State I. R.P. (102)	May 13	210 gs.
26	Gold coin. Henry VIII., Crown of the Rose	June 5 (S.)	£220
27	Engraving. Master Lambton. By S. Cousins, after Lawrence. p.b.l. wide margin. (23)	Feb. 13	205 gs.

NOTE:—(p.b.l.) proof before letters; (R. & F.) sold by Robinson & Fisher; (P & S.) by Puttick & Simpson; (S) by Sotheby. All others by Christie.

JEWELLERY.

		Sale.	Price. £
1	Rope. 229 large pearls of finest Orient. (86)	Lewis-Hill (April 15) ...	16,700
2	Necklace. 15 graduated drops, each composed of one bouton pearl, one brilliant and one pear-shaped pearl drop. (Converted for late Mrs. Lewis-Hill from Dudley tiara, 1902, £10,300). (110)	,, ,, ...	12,200
3	Tiara. Sprays of foliage with fine pear-shaped brilliant of unusual size in the centre. (109)	,, ,, ...	11,000
4	Rope. 183 well-matched pearls. (108)	,, ,, ...	7,200
5	Tiara. Emerald brilliant and pearl. (44)	Mainwaring (March 11)	5,200
6	Earrings. Each of one white and one black bouton pearl, diamond tops. (101)	Lewis-Hill (April 15) ...	3,400

WILFRID LAWSON ENGRAVINGS.

	Title.	Artist.	Engraver.	Lawson. Price. £	Price paid to Artist for Picture. £ s.	Issue Price of Print. £ s. d.
1	Halliday, Lady Jane. W.L. State I. Large margin. R.P. (1865, £7; Buccleuch, 1887, 50 gs.; Normanton, 1901, 450 gs.) (658) ...	Reynolds ...	V. Green ...	820	157 10	15 0
2	Manners, Lady Louisa. W.L. State I. Large margin. R.P. (1872, 40 gs.; Buccleuch, 1887, 98 gs.; 1901, 200 gs.) (668)	Reynolds ...	V. Green ...	670	157 10	15 0
3	Three Trees. 1643. Rich, full of burr, slight margin. R.P. (Daulby, 1800, "extremely fine," £2 14s.; Holford, 1893, £170; 1906, £385.) (897)	Rembrandt ...	Rembrandt ...	620		
4	Cries of London. Six of the thirteen. In colours: Milk, Oranges, Matches, Mackerel, Peas, and Knives to Grind. (1901, set of thirteen, 1,000 gs.) (1022–7)	Wheatley ...	Schiavonetti, etc.	442	...	4 16 0
5	Campbell, Miss Sarah. State I. Very large margin. R.P. (1865, 4 gs.; Buccleuch, 1887, 63 gs.; Bessborough, 1897, 160 gs.; 1898, Paris, 4,400 francs.) (643)	Reynolds ...	V. Green ...	410	40 0	7 6
6	O'Brien, Nelly. State I. R.P. (Palmerston, 1890, 52 gs.) Picture at Hertford House, from Whitefoord Sale, 1810, 61 gs. (676)	Reynolds ...	C. Phillips ...	305	36 15	
7	Abington, Mrs. (as Comic Muse). W.L. p.b.l. Large margin. R.P. (1902, 220 gs.) Picture belongs to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. (630)	Reynolds ...	J. Watson ...	285	105 0	
8	Mills, Mrs. Title in etched letters. R.P. (1901, 150 gs.) (945) ...	G. Engleheart	J. R. Smith ...	240		
9	Hoppner, Phœbe (as Salad Girl). Large margin. In colours. (336) ...	Hoppner ...	W. Ward ...	225		
10	Our Lord crucified between two thieves. State I. (Holford, 1893, £200.) (891)	Rembrandt ...	Rembrandt .	220		
11	Louisa. First address. In colours. (1902, 54 gs.) (998)	W. Ward ...	W. Ward ...	215		
12	Crosbie, Diana, Viscountess. W.L. Large margin. (1895, "perfect," £151; Normanton, 1901, 580 gs. R.P.) (648)	Reynolds ...	W. Dickinson ...	210	78 15	15 0
13	Sleeping Nymph. In colours. Very large margin. (1901, in black, untrimmed, 10 gs.) (811)	J. Opie ...	P. Simon ...	205		
14	Rutland, Mary, Duchess of. W.L. (State I. Buccleuch, 1887, 125 gs., Blyth, 1901, 1,000 gs. R.P.) (685)	Reynolds ...	V. Green ...	200	150 0	15 0
15	Stephenson, Elizabeth (later Countess of Mexborough). p.b.l. R.P. (Truman, 1906, £100.) (189)	W. Peters ...	W. Dickinson ...	200		
16	Contemplation. Very large margin. (1901, in colours, 240 gs.) (481)	Morland ...	W. Ward ...	160		
17	The Sempstress (Miss Vernon). W.L. In colours. Large margin. (791)	Romney ...	T. Cheesman ...	156	105 0	
18	Leinster, Emelia, Duchess of. State I. Good margin. (1866, £3 9s.; Buccleuch, 1887, 18 gs.) Picture untraced. (664)	Reynolds ...	W. Dickinson ...	150	36 15	
19	The Fruit Barrow (Walton family). (Arenberg, 1902, "fine," 65 gs.) (951)	H. Walton ...	J. R. Smith ...	145		
20	'Lady and Her Children' (Lady Rushout and Children). Before plate was altered to an oval. Large side margins. (1906, 135 gs.) (1010)	D. Gardner ...	T. Watson ...	145		
21	Dawson, Lady Anne, as Diana. Proof before inscription. (Buccleuch, 1887, 9½ gs.) (652)	Reynolds ...	J. McArdell ...	129		
22	Schindlerin, Madam. State I. Good margin. R.P. Cost 7s. 6d. (1873, 11½ gs.; Blyth, 1901, 60 gs.) (687)	Reynolds ...	J. R. Smith ...	128	36 15	
23	Amelia Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse, 1642. State I. Earliest known mezzotint. R.P. (Addington, 1886, £14.) (908)	L. von Siegen	L. von Siegen ...	125		
24	Children at play (Oddie children). Large margin. (518)	Beechey ...	T. Park	122		
25	Domestic Happiness: Coquette at her toilet. (2) Large margin. (482)	Morland ...	W. Ward ...	120		
26	Qu'on dit l'Abbé. One line of inscription only. (757)	N. Lavreince ...	N. de Launay ...	105		
27	Stanhope, Lady. W.L. p.b.l. Large margin. (1902, 25 gs.) Picture belongs to Earl of Mexborough. (689)	Reynolds ...	J. Watson ...	102	105 0	
28	Charles I. by his horse. p.b.l. Large margin. R.P. (Lloyd, 1902, £42.) (960)	Van Dyck ...	Sir R. Strange ...	101	100 0	

W.L. whole length. p.b.l. proof before letters. R.P. record price at auction. Catalogue numbers within brackets.

THE two pictures by Chardin, lately bought by the Louvre for 350,000 francs (£14,000) worthily represent that sovereign painter of humble things. The price serves to suggest the value of the fine pictures owned by the Glasgow University, recently unearthed and seen in Whitechapel. It is not uninstructive to remember that two well-known examples which for long have been in the Louvre, 'A Menu for a Lenten Day' and 'A Menu for a Flesh Day,' were bought by Thoré, the re-discoverer of Vermeer of Delft, for 10 francs, and in 1852 passed into the Paris treasure house at 3,000 francs. At the Cronier sale in 1905, Chardin's 'Le Volant,' 1751, fetched £5,600 against 5,000 francs in 1875, and 'Les Osselets,' engraved in 1742, £7,200.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN is as an art collector insatiable, and mere money never seems to stand in the way. During May he purchased for £200,000 in Paris the Hontschel collection of carvings, statuary, and furniture, spoken of by experts as the finest assemblage in the world of objects of the applied arts and crafts. The Renaissance portion he presented to the Metropolitan Museum at New York, where, too, the mediæval portion is to be exhibited on loan.



The Haven, Poole Harbour.

By W. J. Day.

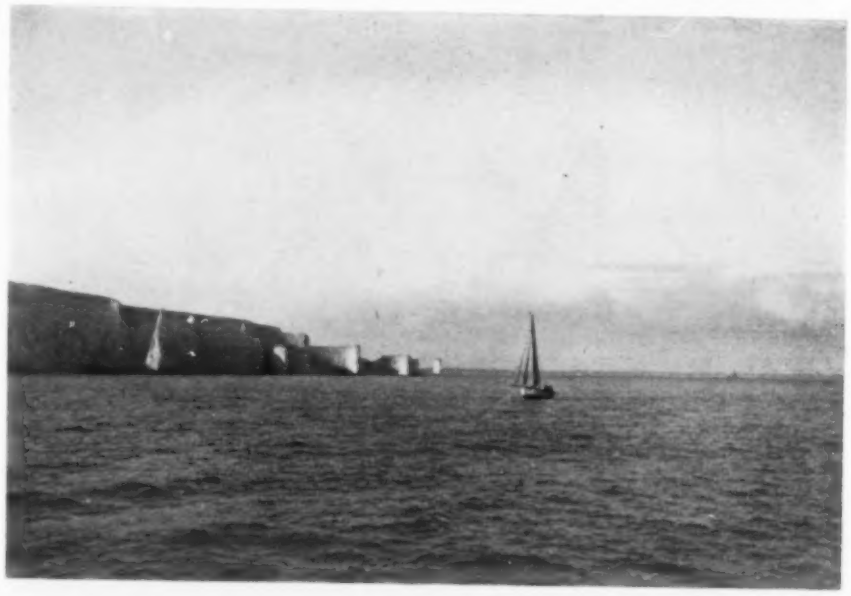
The Coast of Dorset.

By A. L. Baldry.

IT can certainly be said that Dorsetshire deserves to be counted among the most picturesque of the Southern counties of England. The variety of its scenery, its alternations of rich river valleys and expansive moorlands, its contrasts of rolling chalk downs, sandy heaths, great stretches of marsh, and steep, rocky hills, make it an ideal district for the painter who seeks for landscape subjects which differ markedly in type and character, and who does not desire to limit himself simply to one class of motive. In Dorset he will find that he is offered the widest choice of material; in whatever direction he strays there will be presented to him a fresh set of suggestions and a succession of new impressions, to which he can respond without any fear that he is wasting his interest upon things not worthy of his attention. Within the boundaries of the county there is enough to satisfy the most exacting demand of the serious nature-student, and there is plenty to engage him through a considerable period of profitable activity. He need not fear that he will readily exhaust his opportunities, or that he will find himself forced into repetition; he will have ample scope for the exercise of all his powers of selection and expression.

The inland part of Dorsetshire is partly moorland and partly river-valley, and has fully that charm which is characteristic of English pastoral landscape. Along the valley of the Stour in particular there is a succession of exquisite subjects which delight by their restful beauty; and from the higher ground on either side of the river wonderful stretches of distance can be obtained over green meadows and groves of trees away to the Somersetshire hills or the Wiltshire downs. But the most fascinating district is that known as the Isle of Purbeck—that cut off from the rest of the county by the marshy lowland which extends from the upper waters of Poole Harbour to the neighbourhood of Dorchester. It is here, within a comparatively small area, that the most striking features of the Dorset scenery are gathered together; and it is here, too, that the lover of wild and rugged nature will find what will most appeal to him and what will be most deserving of record.

Probably his best way of realising how much admirable pictorial material is at his disposal in this not too remote part of England, will be to follow the coast-line of the Isle of Purbeck, and to see what a diversity of subjects it presents. In this coast-line can be legitimately included the shores of Poole Harbour, that great salt-water estuary which has been a painters' haunt for many generations. On the eastern side of the harbour stands the old shipping town of Poole, with its quays crowded with craft of all kinds—timber ships from Norway and the Baltic, colliers from the North of England, Thames sailing barges, coasting



Old Harry Rock.
By W. J. Day.



Portland Bill.
By W. J. Day.



Poole Harbour.
By W. J. Day.



Lulworth Cove.
By W. J. Day.



Handfast Point.
By W. J. Day.

ketches, and tramp steamers. The town itself is full of quaint corners and picturesque alleys, with here and there a fine old house standing among masses of foliage; and it offers many opportunities to both the painter and the etcher. Much of it is built of red brick, which has weathered pleasantly, and has taken on many varied tints, and the narrow, winding streets have in consequence the charm of colour as well as of effective irregularity. The modern note, of course, obtrudes now and again, but, on the whole, the inevitable "improvements" are not aggressive, and have not seriously impaired the character of the place.

The western side of the harbour remains almost in its native wildness, and shows hardly a sign of having fallen under the influence of civilisation. Indeed, from just above Poole, round by the Wareham marshes at the head of the estuary, and then along the west side to the harbour mouth, is a stretch of many miles of the most picturesquely desolate scenery which can be seen anywhere in the south of England. An occasional farmhouse, a few clay-pits, and a cottage or two in out-of-the-way places, are the only evidences of the presence of humanity; and these evidences rather accentuate than diminish the out-of-the-world impression which this district produces upon the artist's mind. From Wareham to the harbour mouth extends an expanse of undulating moorland, intersected by marshy valleys, through which run small streams, and in which grow a few groups of trees; and this moorland reaches from the mud-flats of the estuary to the foot of the high range of the chalk downs which form a kind of rampart to the Isle of Purbeck itself. This heathy expanse has, it can well be imagined, changed little since it was the scene of one of the many battles between King Alfred and the Danes; and it has retained its primitive character sufficiently to suggest what must have been originally the aspect of that great waste which in past centuries extended over much of Dorsetshire and Hampshire, from Purbeck to Southampton Water.

Between the mouth of Poole Harbour and the chalk cliffs which form one side of Swanage Bay stands the little village of Studland, on a slope which rises steeply from salt marshes fringed with sand dunes. Half a century ago, these marshes and the dunes on either side of the channel into the harbour were visited by few save the Poole fishermen and an occasional sportsman in search of wildfowl; but now there is a hotel actually at the harbour mouth, and on the spit of land between the sea and the estuary a colony of bungalows and small seaside villas has grown up. Even Studland has lost some of its old-world repose and is becoming lamentably civilised. The artists discovered it first, and painted many a charming picture on its quiet beach, but in the wake of the artist has come the tripper, and with the tripper a new atmosphere that seems to those who knew the place in the days of its innocence to be more than a little inappropriate.

The same change has come upon Swanage. Once a village inhabited only by fisherfolk and quarrymen, it is now a seaside resort which lays itself out to please the holiday-maker. Its degeneration--in the artistic sense—was



Kimmeridge Bay.
By W. J. Day.

perhaps inevitable, for its situation in a pretty bay between the chalk cliffs of Handfast Point and the rocks of Peverel Ledge and Durlstone Head was too attractive to be overlooked by the seeker after the picturesque, and the town which began by providing for the few nature lovers has had to come to catering for the many who are not satisfied with nature alone. But if Swanage itself has been modernised, there has been no change in the stern beauty of its rocky coast. The grim limestone cliffs of Durlstone Bay and St. Alban's Head have lost none of their impressiveness, and from the top of Ballard Down, which ends in Handfast Point and the Old Harry Rock, there can still be seen the magnificent views, inland over Poole Harbour, eastwards over Bournemouth Bay to the Isle of Wight, and westwards across the Isle of Purbeck, on which so many generations of worshippers of beautiful scenery have feasted their eyes.



A Training-Brig off Portland.
By W. J. Day.

From St. Alban's Head the coast runs for some miles without a break and without a place where a boat could land safely; and until the Kimmeridge Ledge is passed and the little coves of Lulworth and Arishmell are reached there is nothing to be seen but a wall of rock which forms the base of a long range of hills running parallel to the sea. Lulworth, like Swanage, though in less degree, has lost some of its primitive character, and it is no longer a tiny fishing village, isolated and out of the world. But as yet it has suffered little at the hands of the improver, and nothing has been done to spoil the curious charm of the land-locked cove which looks more like the crater of an extinct volcano than a bay worn out by the action of the waves, so exactly circular is it in shape and so completely surrounded by high hills. The entrance to the cove, between two perpendicular limestone cliffs, is so narrow that from a little distance it seems to make a hardly perceptible break in the line of the cliffs, and in rough weather it is by no means easy of approach from the sea. A little to the west of Lulworth is the natural arch known as "Durdle Door," one of those fantastic rock formations of which there are many examples along the coasts of the British Isles.

From Lulworth to Portland is no great distance, and from the downs above the cove the island-like promontory of Portland Bill is plainly visible. It has a certain grace of outline which makes it effective as a distant object in paintings of this part of the coast, and in a nearer view its ruggedness and grim bareness are undeniably impressive. But at Portland there are other things which claim the painter's attention besides the coast scenery; shipping of many kinds can be seen there, and in the activity of a busy harbour there are many opportunities for study. The backwater at Weymouth and the Chesil Beach are near by, and both of them offer no small amount of picturesque material; while within easy reach of Weymouth are Abbotsbury and the quaint old town of Dorchester.



Off Lulworth.
By W. J. Day.

Westwards, to the Devonshire boundary the coast runs in an almost unbroken line without any considerable inlets and without any very remarkable features. But the small fishing towns, Bridport, Charmouth, and Lyme Regis are by no means to be ignored by the seeker after the



Off Weymouth.

By W. J. Day.

picturesque; and there is no lack of attractive landscape subjects within sight and hearing of the sea. Indeed, it must be repeated that one of the greater merits of the Dorset coast as a painting ground is that it allows so much latitude to the painter. From the higher ridges of the Isle of Purbeck in particular, the inland views are magnificent in their extent and beauty of detail, and the charm of their expansiveness is enhanced by subtleties of atmospheric effect due to the nearness of the sea; the cliff subjects and the peeps of the sea from the land have an endless variety; and the towns and villages are, with few exceptions, not seriously affected by that rage for bringing things up to date which has in many country districts had such disastrous effects. And in Poole Harbour the county has an artistic asset of which the value can hardly be too highly estimated, a place with a character so uncommon and a charm so persuasive that no sincere nature student could fail to respond to its fascination.

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Passing Events.

THE King must be a practised sitter, and it is evident that he does not attempt to shirk that "duty" any more than he does others. The list of artists who have portrayed him are numerous and dissimilar. Some will remember the interesting little picture which Bastien Lepage made of him in Paris years ago, when he was Prince of Wales. His Majesty figures, of course, in the Royal group which Orchardson painted for the Agricultural Society in 1900. Then in 1902 we had the State portrait by Sir Luke Fildes. Mr. Colin Forbes is responsible for the portrait in the Parliament Houses at Ottawa, exhibited by command at the 1906 Academy. This year there followed Mr. A. S. Cope's picture, commissioned, we understand, by Sir Ernest Cassel, in which Edward VII. wears the magnificent robes of the Garter, as in the little canvas by Bastien Lepage. During the last few months the King has sat to the talented Herr László, and to Mr. P. Tennyson Cole among others.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER infringed, in one of his recent addresses, the salutary rule that no living British artist must be mentioned in an Address to R.A. students. The rule was made years ago, when Smirke attacked Sir John Soane. Mr. W. R. Colton, again, once prepared a number of slides illustrating an important work in progress, which for the same reason could not be used. In each case the lecturer had entirely forgotten the law in question.

THE death of Mrs. Edwin Edwards, who, together with her husband, was a lifelong friend of Fantin-Latour, has passed almost unnoticed. Yet the nation owes her a deep debt, for she presented to the National Gallery Fantin's fine portrait of herself and her husband, exhibited at the Salon of 1875, which now has a centre in Room XVII. Fantin-Latour also painted a portrait of Mrs. Edwards in the early sixties, which she lent to the exhibition of his works in Paris last year. Mrs. Edwards was a constant visitor to Christie's, and took the keenest interest in any work by Fantin which might come up for sale. Almost all had, at one time or another, passed through her hands, and bore a private mark by which she could identify them.

THE representative exhibition of pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt, after attracting thousands of visitors in London, Manchester and Liverpool, was moved northward to Glasgow. Immediately after the opening ceremony artists and others began to suggest the purchase for the Kelvingrove Galleries of 'The Lady of Shalott,' among the foremost supporters of the scheme being Mr. A. K. Brown, the able landscape painter. Of the four great pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti and Mr. Holman Hunt are at present unrepresented in the Corporation Galleries, while by Millais there is 'The Forerunner,' painted at the very end, long after he threw off the P.R.B. mantle; by Burne-Jones, 'Danæ and the Brazen Tower.' The one was presented by the late Sir Charles Tennant, the other by Mr. William Connal.

APROPOS of Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Barrow Cadbury has given to Birmingham the small study, 15 in. by 19½ in., of 'May Morning on Magdalen Tower,' begun in 1888 and finished in 1891. On this scale only was it possible to work on the windy roof of the tower. The larger version was started in a studio provided in the New

Buildings by the Master of Magdalen. In order to add to the historical interest of the picture the artist introduced portraits of several college dignitaries and choristers of the time. Moreover, the silver bowl which is prominent is the oldest piece of plate owned by Magdalen, all earlier treasure in this kind having been sacrificed at the demand of Charles I. The ceremony of greeting the rising sun on May morning may have been old even in Druidical times. Egyptologists of the temper of Mr. Blackden, whose Egypt is a more living Egypt than that of Dr. Budge, have much of interest to say on the subject.

IN connection with the munificent gift of £20,000 by an anonymous donor for the purpose of erecting a gallery where all the works of Turner may be hung together, it is interesting to remember that Morris Moore considered him a greatly over-rated artist. "The hanging," he said, "of two such pictures as the Turners in the National Gallery, in the immediate vicinity of some of the finest Claudes and other noble works, and facing the 'Raising of Lazarus,' one of the greatest pictures in the world, is a disgrace to the country."

THIS is Gold Medal year at the Academy Schools. The subjects respectively for painting, sculpture, and architecture are 'David before Saul'—one recalls the poem of Browning, the late masterpiece of Rembrandt, and the picture of Miss Henrietta Rae—'Hercules and Antæus,' and 'A College Chapel.' Altogether the prizes amount to £735 in money, besides four gold and fifteen silver medals.

REFERRING to Mr. Harry Hems' recent letter to the *British Architect*, in which he calls into question the artistic qualities of Rodin's work, we would remind him that the bust of Henley was completed many years ago from the life. Rodin was an intimate friend of Henley, and the bust has usually been received with great acceptance by those who knew the poet. For the same reason, probably, he has been commissioned to do the memorial to Whistler, who certainly spent the greater part of his later life in Paris. Mr. Hems takes exception both to the monument of 'Les Bourgeois de Calais' and to its position. The monument was done by Rodin in competition with other sculptors, and was, therefore, considered the best work by those who judged at the time. Neither the pedestal nor the position are Rodin's choice. He wished the figures to be placed much higher, and opposite to the old Museum in the large square in Calais, where the type of figure and the composition as a whole would have been much more in harmony with the surroundings.

THE International Society has of late lost one or two of its prominent members by resignation. Mr. Bertram Priestman had for some time been an active member of the Council; Mr. T. Austen Brown—not the first Scottish artist to withdraw, for Mr. George Henry took that course three or four years ago—was an Associate.

AMONG the enemies, the sincere enemies, of æsthetic emancipation and progress, M. Eugène Véron holds the Académie des Beaux Arts to be in France "the most powerful, beyond all contradiction." Academies in this country, too, survive to a considerable extent by virtue of the attacks made upon them. *Apropos* of the threatened Life School at the Royal Hibernian Academy, an onslaught was made upon it in the House of Commons in 1858, when Lord Haddo, father of the present Earl of Aberdeen, moved that the annual grant of £300 be reduced by £20, the amount he understood was expended upon models who sat for the nude. It is curious, looking back, to discover how strong and widespread was this prejudice.

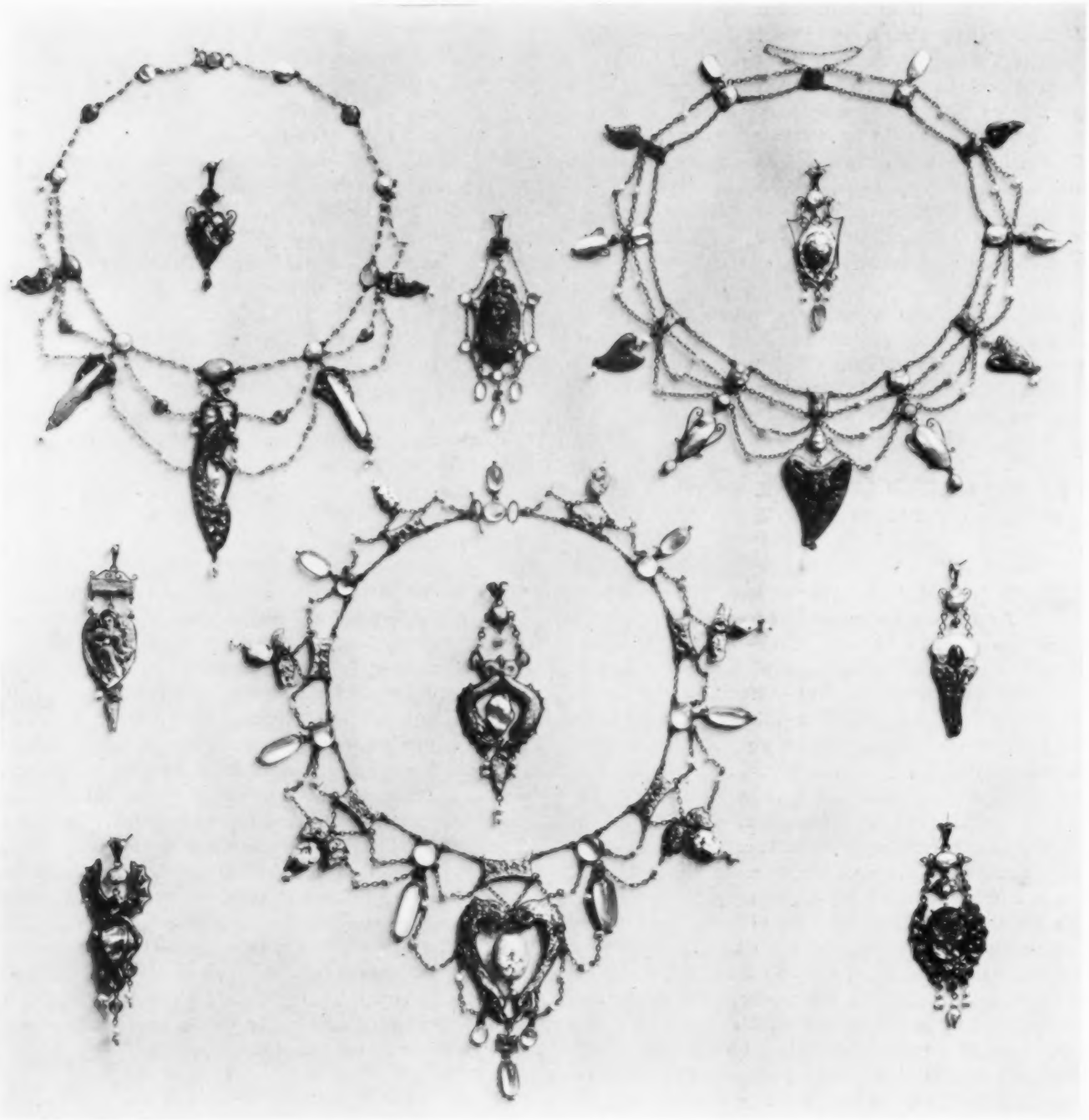
THE name of Jullian is familiar to students of art in both hemispheres. Through his Paris atelier a host of prominent painters, French, British, American, have passed. Many preferred the liberty of the Académie Jullian to the stricter régime of the École des Beaux Arts. One of the most gifted and famous of his pupils was Marie Bashkirtseff, whose self revealing autobiography, translated into English by that gifted woman, the late Mathilde Blind, contains much of interest in this connection. Rodolphe Jullian was born at Palud in 1840, and was still in the full vigour of life when he died in Paris on February 12th. He was the first to organise regular studios for women, for whom, to the amazement and disgust of nearly all Paris at the time, he engaged living models. That was hailed as a sign of moral decadence! But M. Jullian triumphed, and the "pernicious" has become a commonplace.

THE Fine Art section of the Scottish National Exhibition, to be held in Edinburgh next year, should be important and attractive. There is plenty of scope within the area of British art for a splendid display.

Scottish Arts and Crafts.—II.*

NO craft has had a more distinctive revival in Glasgow than that of embroidery. The workers who have had their training in the Glasgow School of Art may be considered as forming a genuine school of embroidery, distinguished by marked characteristics of style. It is a development of the art particular to Glasgow. Yet, easily located as are the embroideries of the school, it would be a mistake to class them together as a style of embroidery. The influence of Mrs. J. R. Newbery and of Miss Ann Macbeth, who direct the embroidery classes in Renfrew Street, is necessarily strong on their pupils; but, as need hardly be pointed out, a class that is part of the whole art-instruction of the school is not designed, nor would it be rightly designed, to develop a style of embroidery, but to

* Continued from p. 240.



Selected Pieces of Jewellery.
By J. Cromar Watt.

develop ideas of style in the workers. It is a class where embroidery is taught, not as something to be learnt in lessons, but as an individual craft, an application of art-training to a special use. It is a centre not of production but of teaching, and the teaching is not of a certain amount of technical skill to amateurs, but of the knowledge of a craft to art-students.

So far, with perhaps unnecessary particularity, of some determining conditions of the work. What has been said as to its variety in unity is best illustrated by examples of embroideries done by Glasgow workers. Mrs. Newbery's art is only slightly suggested by the collar, the difficulty of illustrating it better being that if embroidery is practised as a domestic art it adorns things in use. But the collar is, at all events, a suggestion of how straightforwardly, yet inventively, Mrs. Newbery designs for the shape and purpose of the work. Such considerations of ornament as part of a whole, perception of the opportunity for design in the fact of a thing being of such a shape, of such materials, are essential craft principles; and if the collar is a simple and small example, it shows Mrs. Newbery's practical creed as a decorative artist.

Miss Macbeth's embroideries might stand by themselves as proof that a definite view of design imposes no monotony on the work. Any one of these pieces, to sight familiar with Miss Macbeth's work, is signed as hers, but in the disposition of pattern to fill a space, in the combination of effects and colours, in the range of design, she is an artist



Embroidered Table-centre.

By Joe T. McCrae.



Embroidered Cushion.

By Joe T. McCrae.



Tea-cosy and Table-centre.

By Ann Macbeth.

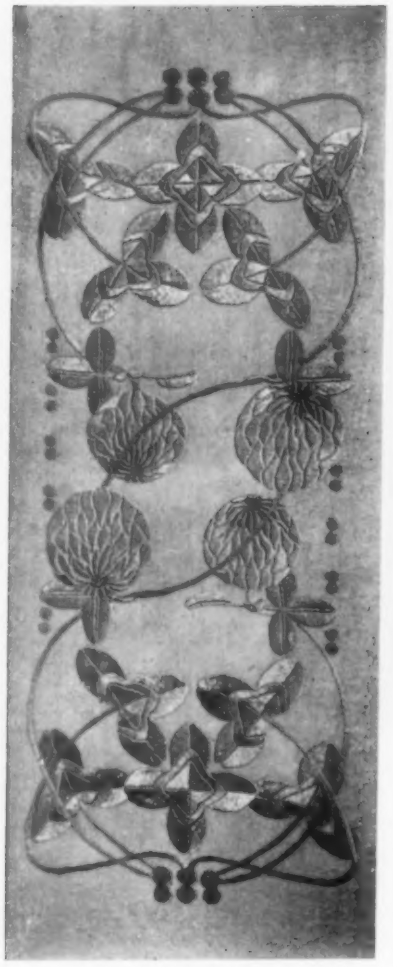


Panel in Silk.

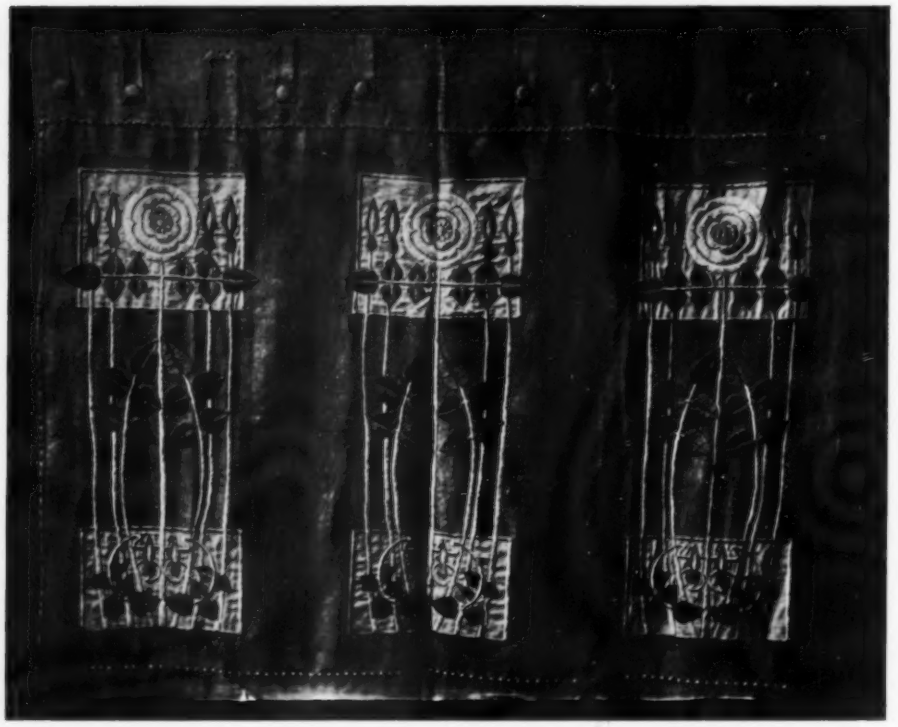
By Ann Macbeth.



Hammered copper Panels representing the signs of the Zodiac, for smoking-room of S.S. "Yongola."
By Kellock Brown.



Veil Sachet.
By Janet Ross.



Embroidered Curtain for Piano Back.
By Joe T. McCrae.

of remarkable variety. Her use of the figure in embroidery is always delicate and sure. Whether her design is ambitious or simple, it has that distinctness of form that comes from knowing what is seen structurally, as well as for a decorative effect. 'Primavera,' holding the bright garlands of the spring, standing in a *mandorla* of silken leaves and butterflies, is a graceful example of Miss Macbeth's figure design. It has a brightness of colour and execution that must be added in imagination if the illustration is to suggest the charming reality.



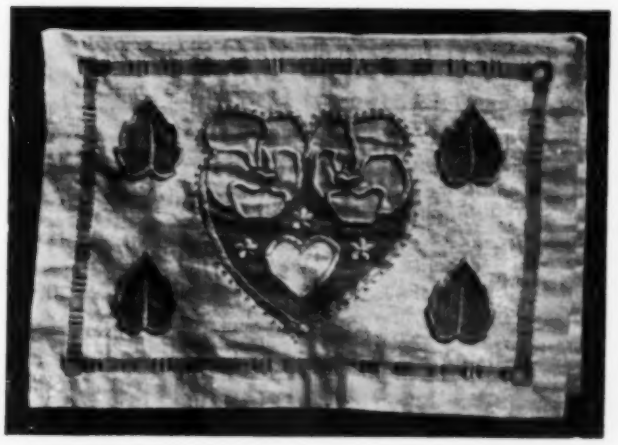
Repoussé Metal Photograph Frame, with Enamels.

By Bessie S. McElwee.



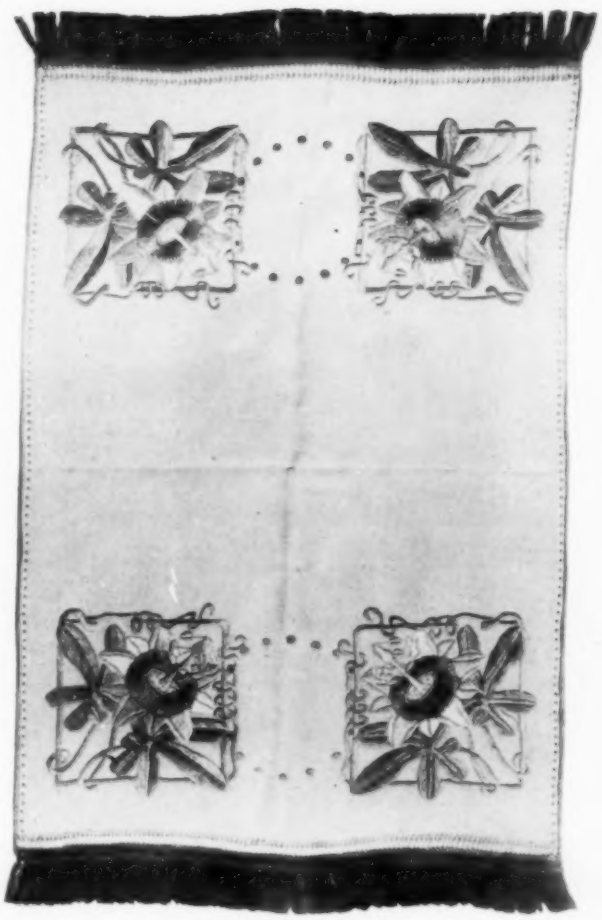
Sachet.

By Ann Macbeth.



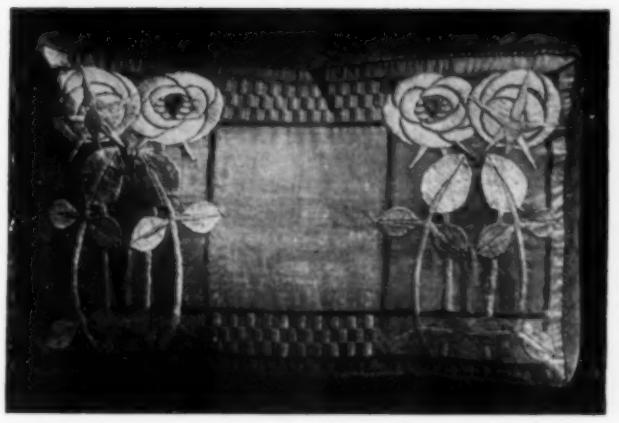
Sachet in Appliqué.

By Ann Macbeth.



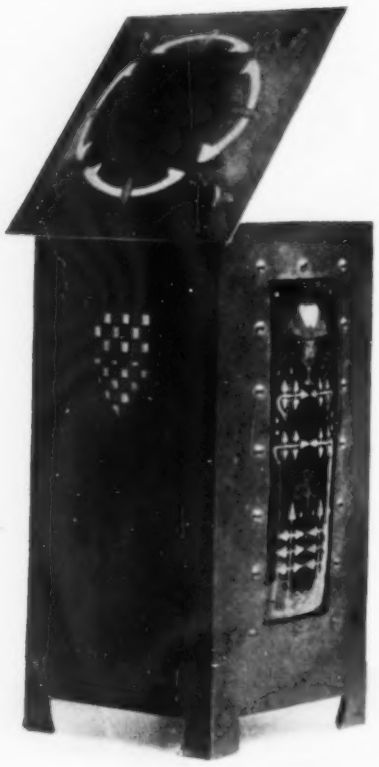
Chair Back.

By Muriel Boyd.



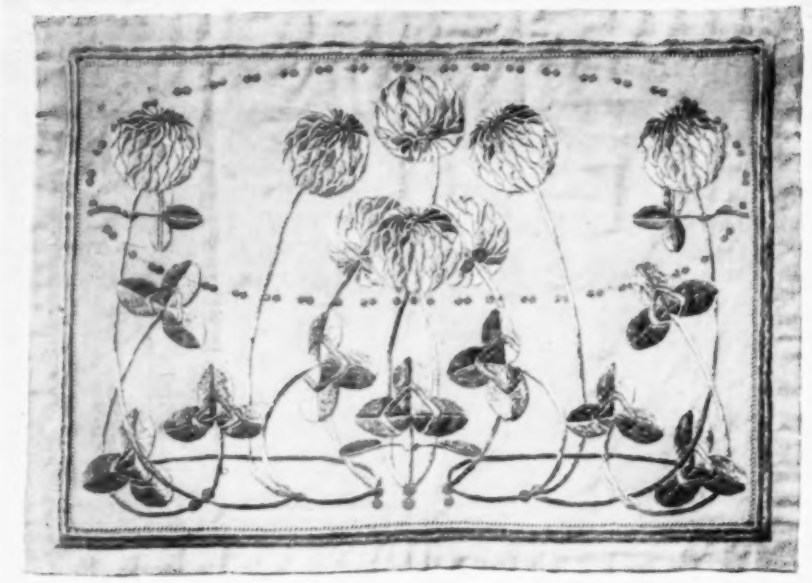
Silk-embroidered Cushion.

By Ann Macbeth.



Casket in Copper and Enamel.

Made for the Scottish Guild of Handicraft. By (Miss) de Courcy L. Dewar.



Night Case.

By Janet Ross.



Metal Shield.

By Alec Ritchie.

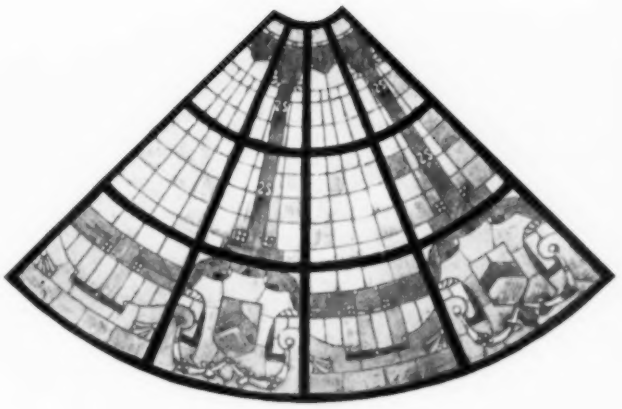


Piano Back.

By Chris. Anderson.

The circular panel by Miss Janet Ross, by whom, too, are a set of sachets, delicate in colour, and of pleasing design, is, in the original, delightful in colour, and well arranged for interest of surface. The figure in white satin robe, with pale lavender lines, is set on a background of vivid colour in the blue sky and green meadows, where a stream is bright from the sky, and flowers are about the feet of 'Spring.' The circle of brilliant blue butterflies, the swallows, are effective details. Miss Anderson's piano-back also uses the figure, in appliqué in conjunction with embroidery. The colour arrangement, and combination of the appliqué surface with the embroidery of the sea—skilfully gradated from a quiet distance to a forcible foreground—are admirable. If one could wish the Beardsleyish face and figure out of the design of the "three pretty maids" of the nursery ditty, the treatment of each figure to keep its place in the design, and the avoidance of monotony, while the whole effect is kept broad, are to be praised.

Another piano-back, by Miss McCrae, is also in appliqué, the lustre of the embroidered roses and leaves telling well on the squares of grey that are appliqué on the green linen of the foundation. A table centre in a design of fuchsias, and a cushion, are other work by Miss McCrae. Miss Boyd's decorative pine-pattern, worked in silk and silken



Mosaic treatment of white and grey glasses for large dome in Carnegie Library, Rutherglen.

By W. Meikle and Sons.



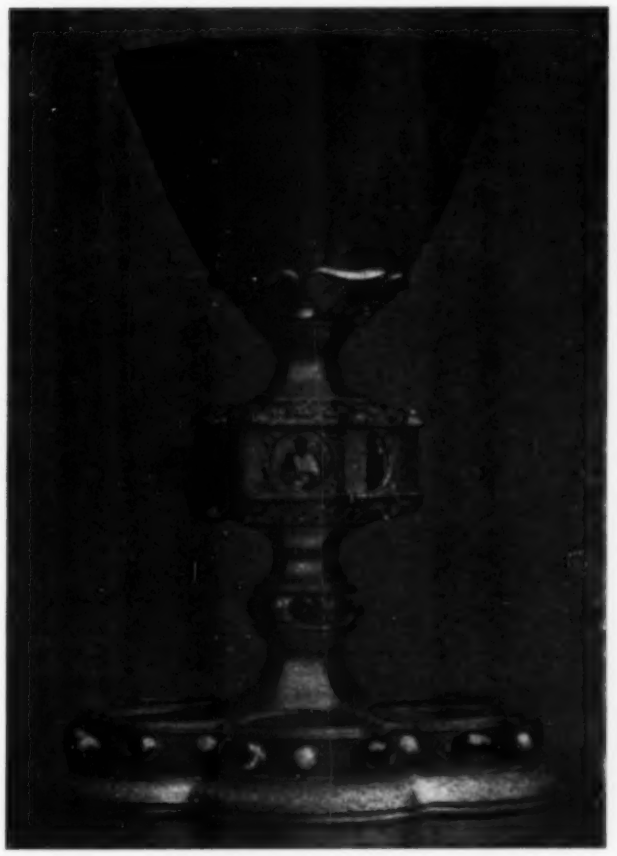
Copper Gilt Necklet with Enamelled Pendant.

By Sara B. Guthrie.



Staircase window illustrating 'Pebbled Highways, Nooks and Byways.'

By W. Meikle and Sons.



Chalice, silver parcel-gilt, set with pearls and carbuncles; enamelled panels.

By J. Cromar Watt.



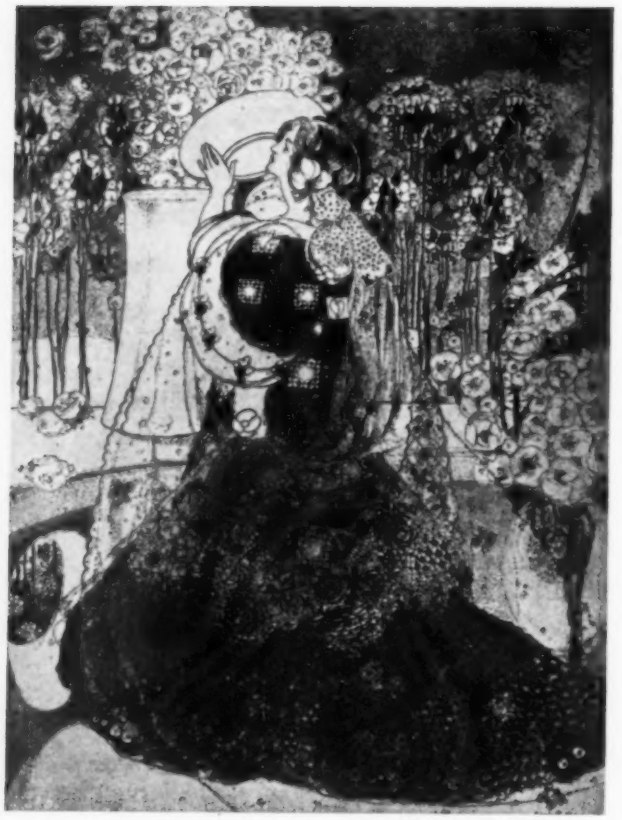
Silk-embroidered Cushion.
By Ann Macbeth.



Collar for a Dress.
By Mrs. Newbery.



Iona Celtic Art.
By Alec. Ritchie.



Pot-pourri.
By Annie French.

braid, and her chair-back, are, again, distinct from any other work done in the class.

The school in Renfrew Street is the source of so much arts and crafts activity in Glasgow, that in any suggestion of some directions in which Scottish craftsmanship is important, one of the school crafts, at least, must be given prominence. Yet, as was said in the previous article, craftsmanship in Glasgow has vitality from many sources, from the practical opportunities of the workshop as well as from the school. The individual craftsman who finds his way of expression through growing knowledge of the materials he handles, or who turns to a craft because of enthusiasm for its beauties, is fortunately, as Whistler declared all art to be, a sporadic growth. The embroidery of Mrs. M. H. Paterson was mentioned in the previous article, and the work of Mrs. Ritchie, based on the splendid interlacing patterns of ancient Celtic art, may also be instanced as an example of another ideal of embroidery than that of the School of Art. The decorative metal work of Mr. Ritchie has the same source as this embroidery, a source that is not in the text-book of design, but in individual study of the lovely work that is to be found where the carvers of stone, the craftsmen



Inglenook Window: subject, 'Song,' of pure mosaic treatment; flesh parts carried out in "Cameo" process.

Designed by W. Meikle and A. Rigby Gray.
Made by W. Meikle and Sons.

of the great church-building time, wrought out the intricacies of their art.

In enamelling, Edinburgh, with Mrs. Traquair, and Aberdeen, where Mr. James Cromar Watt practises a vivid and individual art, are more prominent than Glasgow, though Miss De Courcy Dewar, Miss Kate W. Thomson,



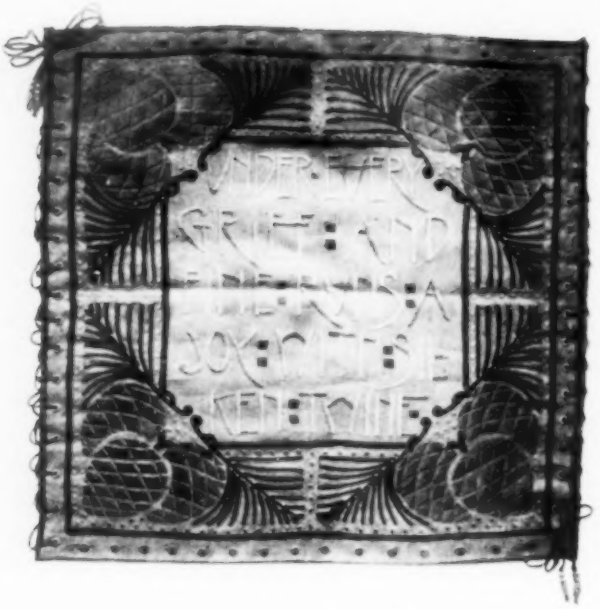
(The Scottish Guild of Handicraft.)

Ladies' Room.

Designed by Ernest A. Taylor.



Embroidered panel: 'Spring.'
Designed and worked by Janet Ross.



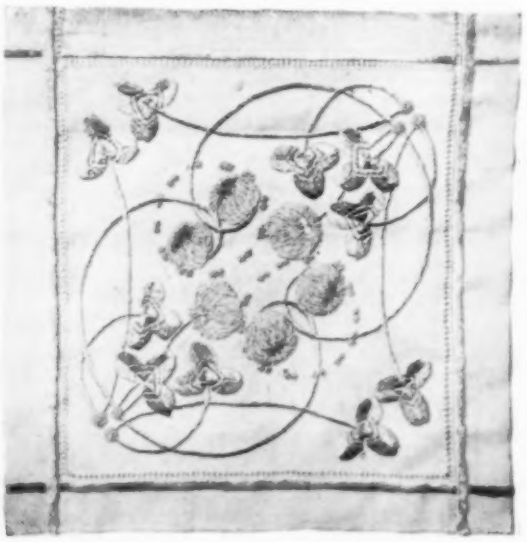
Cushion Cover.
By Muriel Boyd.

Miss McElwee, and Miss Guthrie are among Glasgow metal-workers who use enamel with effect on jewellery and larger pieces of work. In their work it may be noticed that the enamel plays its part as a decoration, a use that the amateur cannot make of the bright art. Miss Thomson's enamels are in place on a trinket box, by Mr. W. A. Davidson, of finished workmanship. Metal-work in its application to architecture has an interesting use in the panels by Mr. Kellock Brown, three of a set of twelve, designed for the smoking-room of S.S. "Yongola." Mr. Kellock Brown's work as a sculptor has an addition in these panels, skilfully treated to take the light, and fortunately spontaneous in design.

The keenness of outlook, the conviction of a present and a future for the crafts, that is a dominant note in the craft-activity of Glasgow, is strongly exemplified in the stained glass, which is one of the foremost art-industries of the city. What is being done by artists in stained glass, such as Mr. Oscar Paterson, Messrs. W. Meikle and Sons, Mr. Stephen Adams, is the result of strong conviction as to the possibilities of the splendid material, possibilities that are of to-day, and for the craftsmen of to-day to use. Questions of technique, as of the respective merits in effect and durability of painting and etching, are principles of practice, and research and experiment are at the back of the art as it is being developed. The "Cameo" process of Messrs. William Meikle and Sons is a result of careful and enthusiastic experiment, and the claim that it gives brilliancy, and allows of fine detail is supported by the windows themselves.



Silver Trinket Box: 'The Seasons.'
Metal-work by W. Armstrong Davidson.
Enamels by Kate W. Thomson.



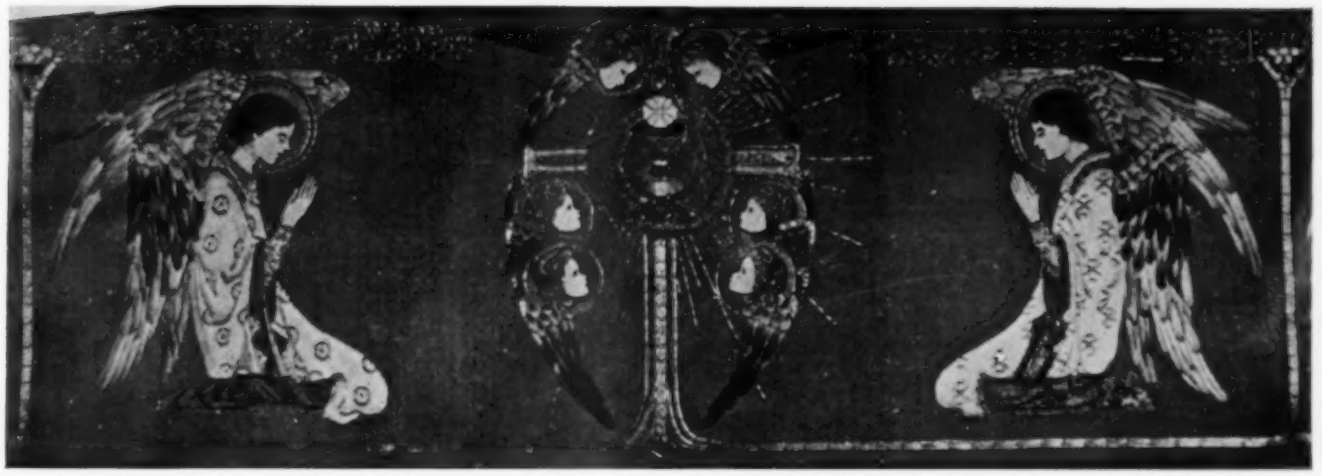
Handkerchief Sachet.
By Janet Ross.

ПОЛЯ



An original Etching by Ethel Stewart

The Border-land of Wales.



(By permission of the Rev. E. Rhys Jones, Vicar of St. Luke's Church, Reigate.)

Superfrontal.

Designed by Elspeth C. Clarke at the Clapton School of Art.

Some Modern Embroideries.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

NO sign of the decay of art in life was more obvious than the decline of embroidery in the first half of the nineteenth century. The needle is one of the few tools that are always in use in daily house-life, and from the beginning of history it had been a tool of art in English hands. But the impulse to use it for decorative purposes ceased to find any expression as a common art when mechanical patterning came into use. Though Berlin wool-work, the making of knitted flowers and such trash, provided "fancy-work," in accord with other early-Victorian tastes, they can hardly be viewed as expressions of taste and skill in decorative needlework. Dresses, hangings, furniture, all the personal and house-belongings which for centuries had been made finer than the natural fineness of the web with stitchery, were left unadorned, or "trimmed," instead of being embroidered. With no living domestic art of embroidery, ecclesiastical embroidery fell more and more into the hands of trade-workers, whose skill was employed to reproduce trade-patterns.

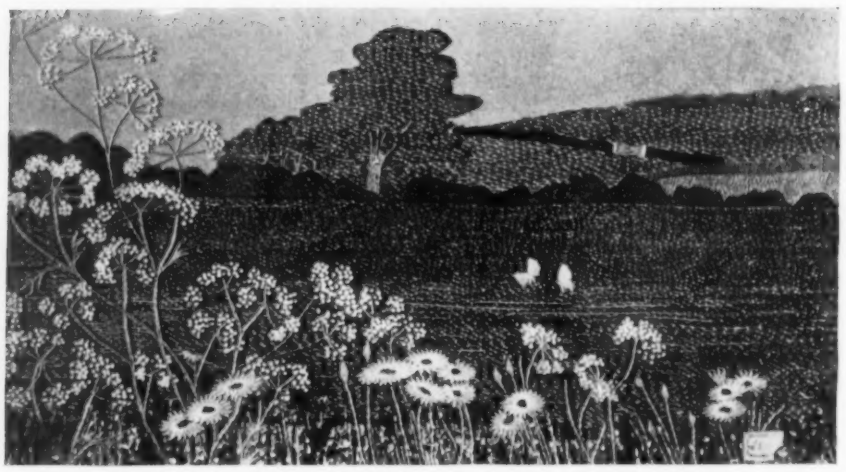
With the coming of William Morris, his inner sight adorning house and church and hall with its ancient beauty, his skill and energy taking hold of materials and people, and fashioning them into the reality of his dream, came the re-beginning of embroidery as an art. First, a few workers, those in contact with Morris, and carrying out his designs, then other artists, other workers, began to use embroidery as an expressive art. The improvement in textiles, both in web and dye, in silken, and linen, and woollen threads, brought about by Morris, and developed partly in response to the demands of the embroiderers, made the old beauty of texture and harmonious colouring again possible. With more durable dyes and materials the fine labour of exquisite stitchery became worth while.

England led the way in the renascence of embroidery, as in the craft-renascence as a whole, and if the fame that English embroideries had during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in foreign courts and churches, is a past glory, no more to be revived than the Opus Anglicanum that won it, foreign appreciation of modern English embroidery is ardent and respectful. In one respect, certainly, English embroidery is as interesting now as it has ever been. In the great times of its glory it was, of course, a convent art, and in design kept closely to the art of illumination. The illuminator's art served embroiderers till the fifteenth century. In the fifteenth century the



The Serenade.

Designed by M. C. Yeats.
Worked by Lily Yeats.



(Worked on blue Irish linen. General effect: Green, white, and yellow.)

The Meadow.

By Lily Yeats.

influence of Netherlandish painting imposed itself as a model for the needle to follow. When, with the Reformation, embroidery ceased to be pre-eminently an art in the service of the church, and so lost the guidance of painting, the development of embroidery design, where it diverged from heraldry or from motives derived from textile patterns, or was not taken straight out of a Venetian or Parisian pattern-book, tended to lose style, to the extent to which it gained independence. The medley of heterogeneous objects which Elizabethan, and, still more, Stuart embroiderers employed, give no expression of skill in design, or even in colouring. What they do show, and what the samplers wrought till the nineteenth century also showed, is skill in an amazing variety of stitches, and a lively interest in the work. There is not in any of these periods, nor in the eighteenth century, any development of a national style of design, though in imitation of textile or other models, embroidery passed through definite and characteristic modes. The individual work of to-day, where the embroiderer is her own designer, and has studied design in application to her craft, is something that has not hitherto been a common art in this country. If the present development of embroidery in schools of art and technical classes continues, there is hope that fine stitchery of fit design and materials will become a domestic art, in daily use for beautifying the innumerable things which are most fairly ornamented with the needle.

Much that has been done in schools is of recent institution, but the Royal School of Art Needlework is important in the past as in the present of the art. The teaching of embroidery as an art had its first modern organization in the school, and it is difficult to gauge the importance of the



Ecclesiastical Gloves.

Designed by Charles Ricketts.
Worked by May Morris.

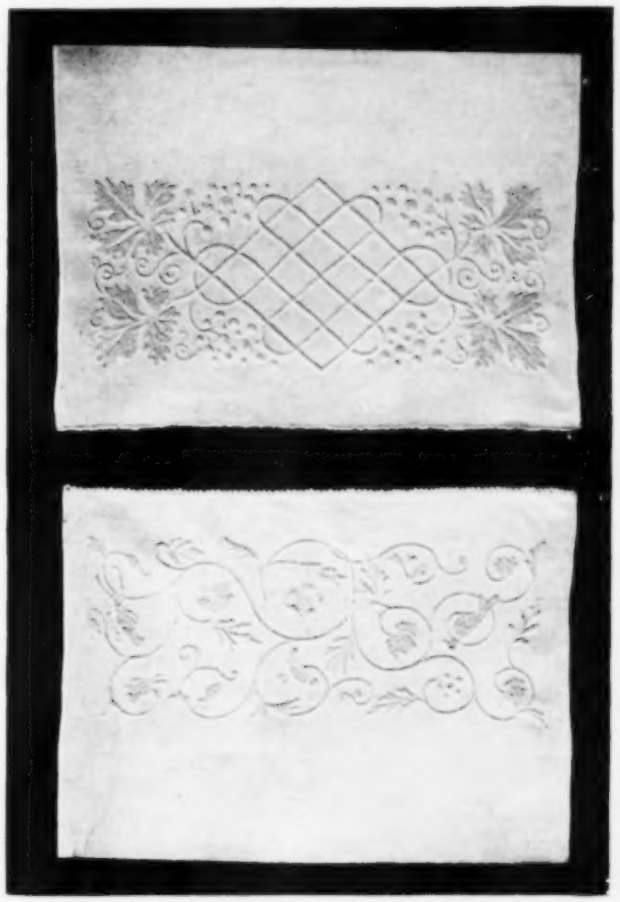


Embroidered Bag.

By Louise Lessore (Mrs. Powell).
(By permission of Mrs. C. H. St. J. Hornby.)



One of a Set of Ten Embroidered Curtains: "Moorland Scenes."
Designed by Alexander Fisher.
Worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework.

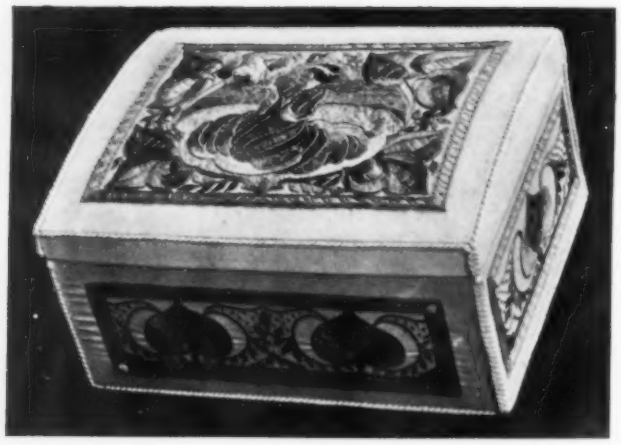


Linen Napkin Embroidered in Flax Thread.
By May Morris.



Tussore Silk Cushion Embroidered in Brown Silk.
By May Morris.

work done since the school began, thirty-five years ago. The beginning of the scheme publicly declared an ideal of embroidery that hitherto only a few workers, for themselves alone, had perceived, and the skill of the workers trained in the school has, from the beginning, been related to design. In no other country, thirty years ago, was there a school of embroidery working from designs by distinguished artists, and the successful achievement of that union has meant much in the renascence of the art of needlework. Burne-Jones, Walter Crane, Selwyn Image, Alexander Fisher, are among those who have designed for the South Kensington workers, and such association has given the work of the school distinction and substance. The embroidered hanging, one of a set of ten, designed by Alexander Fisher, is a fine recent example. Not that the embroiderers rely on the artist-designer, which would, inevitably, prevent the development of independent craftsmanship. But it is to the advantage of embroidery, and, indeed, of any craft, when it is in relation with art that requires it to be expressive of design strengthened and made important by a bigger practice or art than belongs to the art of design for any one material. The art-needs of a school, which is

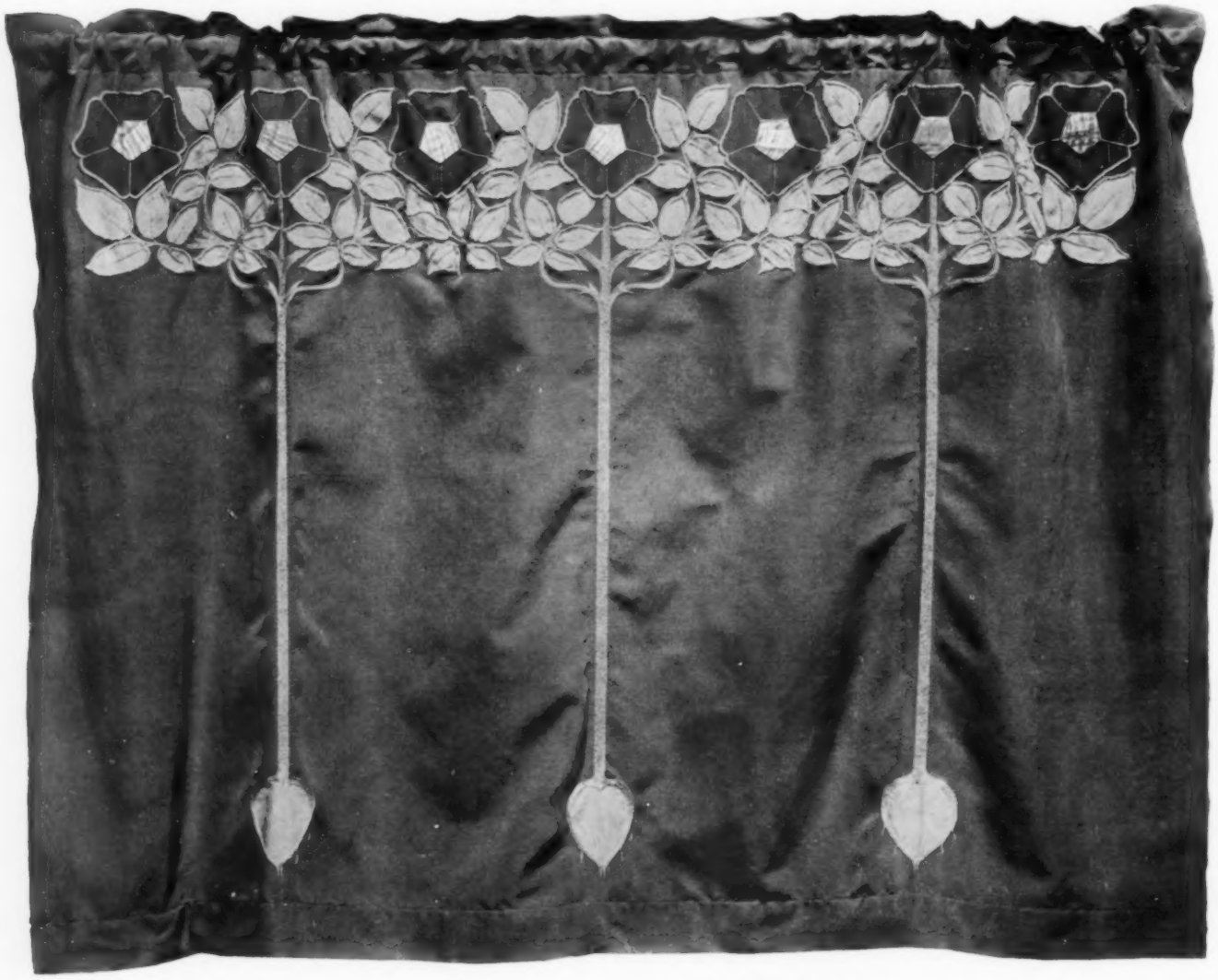


Embroidered Casket.

By Joan Drew.

more than a teaching institution, must be supplied from outside as well as from the design that is established in the school, and the outside resources must be full and varied. That is where the class which aims at equipping the individual worker, and the school which is a permanent working body, need different development. The School of Art Needlework has realised its position, and maintained it both as a teaching and as a producing organization.

It is, however, by no means only in schools of embroidery that what is important in the lovely craft is being done. The individual embroiderer has not in any former time been so much to the fore, and so delightful in activity. Indeed, the individual worker has inspired all that has been done to re-found embroidery as a living art. An art such as that of Miss May Morris, of lovely and varied choice in materials, design, technique, is a development of embroidery that has the life of new ideas in it, while it uses, too, resources of tradition. It is a learned art, but the learning is of an eye delighted with beauty and quick to find beautiful devices for using materials. In big and small things her sense of effect is as sure as it is varied. A pattern traced in delicate brown outline on the tussore silk cushion is as lovely in its way as the gleaming gold and lustrous colours of silks in a cushion of white velvet. The one is simple, perfectly expedient for use. The other is splendid. White velvet is lovely, worked like that. Tussore is just the right stuff for the brown outline, and the lacings of brown China ribbon with Venetian beads as



A Fireplace Curtain.

Designed by W. Reynolds-Stephens.
Embroidered by Mrs. Reynolds-Stephens.

corner weights are right. White flax thread on the white linen of the napkins is used with simplicity in the vine-pattern, with variety of stitch in the pattern where the birds are there to be amusing and dainty parts of the whole. The ecclesiastical gloves are designed by Mr. Ricketts. The bright gold of ripe wheat-ears shines among the delicate arabesques. The fine braid is caught down by pale three-petalled flowers, each with a pearl as centre. As part of the vestments of some cathedral, these gloves would have the use and keeping they deserve.

The past is quick to the artist who, from love of beautiful materials, and fine uses of their quality, takes from the past examples and inspiration. But if modern embroidery could claim only to revive some past beauties it might indeed have value at present, but not to endure and evolve. In the embroideries of Miss May Morris there is a graciousness won from fine models, but the outlook is on living forms, the growing things of earth, and birds and butterflies. Animation of sight, disciplined design: these qualities, with lovely delicacy of stitchery, give value, too, to the embroideries of Mrs. Alfred Powell (Miss Louise Lessore). She has seen with minuteness that is not laborious but delighted the little frail forms of wild-flowers, and many of her most charming pieces are designed from them. The same fineness of sight and skill found expression in a dark blue cushion, worked in white cotton with berries and leaves in many-patterned fillings, that is one of the clear memories of the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Mrs. Reynolds-



"Sappho."

Designed by J. E. Southall.
Worked by Eliza M. Southall.

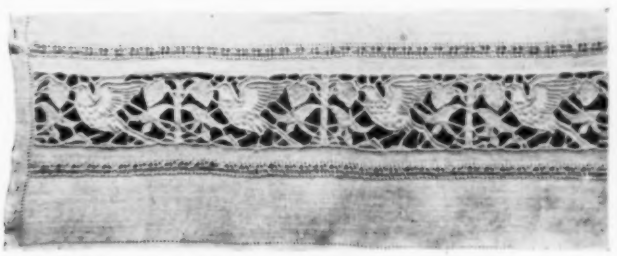
Stephens showed work at the same exhibition, work typical of the effective use of simple materials, of direct methods, that is well illustrated in the fireplace curtain in appliqué.

The use of the figure in design for embroidery has led to some of the greatest triumphs of the art and to some of its most outrageous conceits. In ecclesiastical embroideries figure design had lost all fervour when the revival of design began to affect embroidery. Such an instance of recent church embroidery as the superfrontal by a worker who received her training in the Clapton School of Art shows invention, a real idea of clear and radiant forms to be wrought for modern church hangings. Miss Clarke won a gold medal in last year's National Competition for a triptych of delicate brilliancy, and the superfrontal, with its



"Justice": Part of a Screen.

Designed by J. E. Southall.
Worked by Eliza M. Southall.



Chairback: Birds and Fruit.

Designed by J. E. Southall.
Worked by Eliza M. Southall.



The Village under the Hill.
By Kate Button.

splendour of many-coloured wings, the fine gold of the vine tracery, the bright gold of the cross, is a farther example of her vivid work.

In secular embroideries the figure is an endless opportunity to the worker who can use it. In Miss Joan Drew's needlework pictures, where a small Cupid has his place in a rose-pattern, or bright-gowned figures are happily set in flowering gardens, there is no over-stepping what can be fitly done with the needle, but a gay fulfilment of it.

Mrs. Southall's needleworks owe nothing to colour, but in linen cut-work she has a kind of embroidery that with appropriate design is capable of great variety and distinction of effect. Mr. Southall's well-considered designs of figures in panels of foliage are right and admirable designs for the work. Not only these, but all the small patternings of Mrs. Southall's embroideries are worth looking at for their appropriate invention.

Landscape, again, though, rightly embroidered, it is a charming theme, may be the most unfortunate of ambitions to the worker, if the aim is to work what can only be painted. If, however, the quality of a stitched surface is made an essential part of the design, there is no more reason why a tree should not be embroidered than a flower, a green meadow than a leaf. Miss Kate Button has worked many landscapes, and though in reproduction without colour they lose a necessary element to their appreciation, her skill in translating what she sees into needlework is suggested. 'The Meadow,' by Miss Lily Yeats, is a landscape piece of perfectly fit design and technique. The summer brightness of the effect is noteworthy, and it is produced by the simplest means, blue linen, green, white, and yellow threads, giving an idea of sky and field and flowers. Another embroidery by Miss Yeats, 'The Serenade,' is not less decorative, and is a big and vivid piece of work in colour and in design. In the figures of the birds there is humour, but they are so admirably part of the design that their poses can be seen or not seen at pleasure. These embroideries represent Miss Yeats as an individual artist. Her full work includes too, the direction of the embroidery of the Dun Emer industries, a centre of distinctive craft work in Ireland.

The Borderland of Wales from Chester.

An Original Etching by Ethel Stewart, A.R.E.

TO the ordinary visitor, the question as to the origin of the walls of Chester is one of no great importance. While some may discuss what is Roman and what Edwardian, let us enjoy them; the great point is that they are here, kept in good order, available at all times for one of the most varied and delightful walks that any city can provide.

For the convenience of the street traffic, the four gateways which guarded the entrances to the main streets were taken down about the end of the eighteenth century. These were not perhaps equal in dignity to those which are still the glory of York, but the old prints of them show such a pleasing proportion and so much quaintness of detail that we lament the loss of them. Arches have, however, been thrown over the streets, so that the circuit of the walls is complete, and visitors can start at any point and come round to the same place without a break, and in the nearly two-miles walk will not find a dull spot, for their interest is maintained and stimulated at every step of the way. In recent years new roads have been made, in some cases raising the inside road to the level of the footpath of the wall, and allowing a carriage to be driven (sometimes within and sometimes without the walls) round a great part of the city. Chester, however, is not a place which can be seen from a carriage. Let no one who has hired a carriage and driven about the city delude himself into the idea that he has seen Chester, least of all the walls. To see the walls he must walk, and to enjoy them must walk leisurely. Chester lends itself to leisure, and does not like haste and impatience. We ascend the walls then at the Eastgate, and

turning northward, pass the Cathedral, with its well-kept close and Dean's field. At the north-east corner stands the Phœnix Tower, from which King Charles I. is said to have seen his army defeated on Rowton Moor. At the foot of the rock on which the wall now mounts is the canal, at a great depth below, and it is from the top of the Northgate that Miss Stewart's etching is taken, looking across the Valley of the Dee to the mountains of Wales; it is the most attractive, as it is the most extensive, view which can be had from the walls. We stand on the highest point of them, and descend gradually to the water-tower, which is attached to one of the wall towers by a causeway. Both towers are shown in the etching. A few years ago a row of houses encroached on the wall at this point and was a great eyesore; these have been removed, their site planted with trees, and the footway on the wall widened. In the distance we look upon the Hawarden Woods, and behind them the range of hills which bounds the east side of the famous Vale of Clwyd, the highest point of which is Moel Fammau, crowned with the crumbling monument erected to commemorate the jubilee of the reign of George III.

On a fine day, or when there is a brilliant sunset, the view from this point is truly magnificent, and those who know the walls well seldom pass this part of them without seeing some new effect of light and shade for each season of the year, and each hour of the day brings its special charm.

The corner of the walls near the water-tower, where they run up into an acute angle, was formerly the most romantic part of the whole circuit. Alas! Utility required a sacrifice, and the railway, with its double lines of rails, passes through the walls near this angle in two places, and has taken away a large slice of the quaint triangular garden, which was a very attractive feature; while the iron girders which span the two great chasms with unsympathetic harshness, and the stone troughs through which the path leads us, cause us to hurry on where we used to linger. Continuing our walk southward, we pass the Roodee,* the castle with its ancient keep, in which is a beautiful Early English chapel, and come to the place where a high wall used to surround the prison and its garden. The city wall at this point is diverted and carried round the line of the prison wall on corbels overhanging the river. The prison and the wall have disappeared and the site been converted into a beautiful well-kept garden. This portion of the walls, with the old bridge in view, and the church of St. Mary-on-the-Hill looking down upon us, is another of the specially attractive scenes which they afford. Across the river the salmon fishermen may be seen in the evening laying out their nets and drawing in the fish at the foot of the old fishing village of Handbridge.

The most interesting views of the walls externally are to be had from the canal side in George Street, across the deep ravine formed by the cutting of the canal through the rock, and from the Grosvenor Road, where the red sandstone wall with its buttresses is seen rising from the green slope and following the undulations of the ground. Here again utility, in the form of a double pathway down to the racecourse, has marred the effect. Another interesting point of view is the south-east corner at the "wishing steps," where the wall mounts up to a great height from the river side; but, in truth, the walls of Chester need little description, for appealing as they do in a peculiar way to the antiquary, the student, and the artist, the ordinary tourist, in Chester for the day, has only to use his natural intelligence to gain delightful experiences, which remain fixed in his mind, and make him wish to come again and revive associations which will never disappoint him.

Miss Ethel Stewart attended the City Art School in Liverpool, and was trained in etching by Mr. F. V. Burridge, R.E. Her work has been shown in London at the Exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, of which body she is an Associate.

Whitechapel: a Place of Pilgrimage.

IN half-forgotten days it was said that all roads led to Rome. If the level of the inaugural exhibition of the new spring series be maintained, and autumn shows comparable in instruction and delight with that now open are regularly organised, it looks as though London's æsthetic roads were to converge at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. It is a "near East" that must of necessity be visited.

"Ask the beasts, and they shall teach thee," are the words from Job which preface the catalogue of the present exhibition, 'Animals in Art.' It is a kind of sublimated Noah's Ark for children, of utmost value to the student of design. In the dim past, long before historic times, man began to model or draw animal forms for his own pleasure, and at Whitechapel there is record of this peaceful chase of the beast by the artist-man through various centuries and countries. The kine of Egypt tread the fields in sculpture of hieratic dignity, the Assyrian king goes forth to hunt, the ritual of life that inspired the cavalry of Periclean Athens is celebrated. Mediæval and Renaissance wood-carvers and sculptors, the craftsmen who let in the rout of the old magic woodlands into the company of the newer saints and angels when cathedrals were built and beautified, follow the ancients, and beside the carved and painted legends of saint-conquered dragons or saint-taught birds are the exquisitely-stained interpretations of the free wild creature by masters of seventeenth or eighteenth century Japan. Though much of this collection is in reproduction, its value to the student of design is not thereby greatly lessened. Among pictures and drawings, emphasis must be laid on James Ward's 'Tiger and Serpent' in awful conflict, 'The Peacock' of Etty, at once magnificent and solemn, lions—with and without Daniel—wrought by the power of Rembrandt, beautifully gracious little cats by Gainsborough, and exquisite mice by Mr. C. H. Shannon, a grave 'Sheep's Head' by Morland, which reminds us of an early study by Matthew Maris, a vital sketch by Mr. Joseph Crawhall, and work by a hundred other masters or hunters in the æsthetic demesne from Velazquez, Van Dyck, Rubens, to Reynolds, George Stubbs, Landseer, and prominent men of to-day.

Barye, Alfred Stevens, and Mr. Havard Thomas are of the sculptors interestingly represented.

In spring Mr. Charles Aitken and the committee provided a rich and bewilderingly varied artistic feast of a different character. Indeed, none but the voracious student could partake of the whole of it. Some 250 artists and owners of pictures, among them Lord Carlisle, Lord Crewe, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Sir Edward Tennant, have promised to lend at least one work for the months of February and March each year, thus providing Whitechapel with a kaleidoscopic spring collection of Old Masters. In the large gallery upstairs there are annually to be arranged, too, groups of works by protagonists of the Royal Academy, the International, the New English, the R.S.A., and other societies. It should be possible to study the men of mark in each, to institute comparisons, as nowhere else in London. Of first-rate importance in the opening show of the series, whose excellence ought to ensure funds sufficient for the future, were three pictures by Chardin from the University of Glasgow, where for long they have been, practically unknown. Chardin, so far from feeling dissatisfaction with, embraced the actual, discovered in humble objects and scenes a spirit to celebrate, this in an age of artificiality, of surface allures, of luxurious trifling. The 'Lady taking tea,' on an unusual scale for him, may be compared with the 'Dame cachant une lettre' at Potsdam. Even lovelier are the 'Woman cleaning a frying-pan' and the 'Man making wine.' Objects of every-day life are here seen, with utmost veracity, to be fair, beautiful. No wonder Chardin's whites were the despair of Descamps. Hung in the entrance hall, opposite a photograph of the Louvre self-portrait, an authentic showing of the genius of the man, were two of Chardin's shop signs—grave, simple oblongs that help us to understand Mr. MacColl's phrase about the still-life piece in the National Gallery: 'divinity revealed in the breaking of bread.' It is matter of public regret that this master is not better represented in Trafalgar Square. The little Le Nain, lent by the Duke of Sutherland, is superb. Were children in tatters ever more graciously or with more certitude monumentalised? There were, again, two serene, exalted Claudes; a very early, Flemish-like Watteau; a charming study of four children's heads by Fragonard; Greuze's portrait of his father, singularly sincere; an admirable Largillière; fine drawings by Watteau and Boucher. The collection of contemporary work upstairs, each group organised by the society represented, was satisfactory. We can mention only, in the New English group, the Wilson Steer landscape, the leafage of the noble trees tremulous in the sunshine, the searched 'Merikli' and the radiant drawings of Mr. A. E. John, and the three architectural dramas in drypoint of Mr. Muirhead Bone; in the International, the enchanted nocturne of Whistler, 'The Lady with the Cyclamens,' 1899, where Mr. Charles Shannon is at his best, and the genuinely imagined 'Don Giovanni and the Commendator,' with its Daumier-like horse, by Mr. Ricketts; in the Scottish, a picture belonging to Mr. George Henry's Japanese period, about 1893, an impressive 'Castle in the Ardennes' by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the romantic 'Edinburgh' of Mr. James Paterson; and in the Royal Academy, Mr. Orchardson's intimate and exquisite 'Sir Samuel Montagu,' Mr. Buxton Knight's richly reticent 'Poole Harbour,' the illuminate 'Dark Barn' of Mr. Clausen, and Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'Under the Ionian Sky.'

The Kann Collection.

ALMOST exactly a year after the 680 or so pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. Alexander Young, of Blackheath, were acquired by Messrs. Agnew and Messrs. Wallis, of the French Gallery, for close on half a million sterling, that art "deal," the biggest on record till then, was from the financial and many other points of view far eclipsed. After rumours of purchase by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, negotiations were completed early in August for the transference to Messrs. Duveen Bros., of Bond Street, for £1,000,000 sterling, of the pictures brought together by M. Rudolf Kann, of Paris, who died on February 9, 1905. The law of arithmetical progression seems to be operative, for the Hainaeur treasures, to the chagrin of the Kaiser, left Berlin for a quarter of a million, and that sum was doubled in the case of the Young, redoubled in the case of the Kann assemblage. Several of the fine Kann pictures, among them examples by Rembrandt, Hals, Nicholas Maes, Cuyp, Domenico Ghirlandaio, and Gainsborough, have been reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL (1901, pp. 153–7), along with some notes by Dr. Friedlander, the able lieutenant of Dr. Bode in the Berlin Museum. Apart from the Rembrandts, one of the supremely fine pictures is the profile portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni—Botticelli immortalised other members of the family—by Domenico Ghirlandaio. For some years this picture was on loan at the National Gallery. Is there any hope of getting it back? On the cartel are inscribed the words:

ARS UTINAM MORES
ANIMUMQUE EFFINGERE
POSSES PULCHRIOR IN TER-
RIS NULLA TABELLA FORET
MCCCCLXXXVIII.

"Art, could'st thou but depict character and mind, there would be no more beautiful presentment in the world." M. Rudolf Kann was a collector for a quarter of a century only, yet with the possible exception of Prince Liechtenstein, of Vienna, he owned the finest private gallery on the Continent. His last will remained unsigned, otherwise it is probable that instead of many of his pictures going to America, a possibility that he dreaded, the Berlin Museum would have profited considerably.



The Partry Mountains from Carrowkennedy.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Connemara.*

By Alfred Yockney.

FROM Westport to Leenane the traveller is supported by able-bodied companions in the shape of mountains. Such masses undoubtedly tend to take away the loneliness of a journey, and the Partry Range seems to be specially friendly. After some dreary bogland, which shakes with disfavour when heavy carts pass along the roads, the far-off hills gradually become more distinct, and with returning confidence in the solidity of the earth the stranger takes favourable notice of the heights before him. A feeling of good-fellowship arises between man and mountain, and there is an exchange of courtesies. Protection seems to be offered to the human being in return for his presence as a living thing appreciative of the surroundings.

There are no trees on the hills, and the slopes are dull, except where the trickling streams, high up, sparkle in the sun. But the green things on the level appear lustrous against the grey background, and the somewhat shabby surface of the rising ground gives more colour to the blue-tinted haze which covers the tops of the mountains far away. When the sun shines, and under a cloudless sky, the traveller may rest on the banks of the Erriff River and search his memory in vain for details of scenery so peaceful as this. The vitality of the water as it finds its way down to the sea engages the eye, and the luxuriance everywhere is a source of certain pleasure. A little further on the road rises far above the water-way, and the visitor looks down on a pastoral scene which he will scarcely associate with the traditional poverty of Connaught. There is a little farm, flourishing by the river side, and the pleasant voice of a shepherd girl mingles with the barking of dogs as the cattle walk leisurely through the water. It is a refreshing scene, and if the farmer is not really prosperous, he keeps up appearances with great success. The district seems well furnished with arable land, and the many picturesque situations form a suitable introduction to the splendid natural decorations of Killary Harbour.

In mountainous countries it is always a debatable point whether the scenery is best seen from above or from below. The athletic young person who has obtained a bird's-eye view from just below the clouds will say that the range of

* "Ulster and Connaught" Series. Continued from page 302.



The Erriff River and Partry Mountains.
By W. Monk, R.E.

the uplifted eye is too circumscribed to yield the surpassing beauties of creation. Perhaps, generally, the best point of view is from above, although from below the sky and the intervening features of the land are often better seen. The problem confronts the traveller when he reaches Killary Harbour. The hills rise gracefully from the water, and from a boat every object seems in proportion. The outlines of the surrounding mountains are delicately and intricately designed, and there seems to be no flaw in the whole effect. But ascend, and look down at the glistening water, here and there in shadow, the white-sailed yachts, the graceful curves of the bay and the heathered hills, and it will be difficult to decide. The present view is always better than the one seen before. But towards night it is well to seek the higher ground, for at sunset the widest view is the best. The colours and changing lights of departing day are nowhere more effective than from the high roads out of Leenane. In this charmed region the celestial pyrotechnics seem particularly brilliant, and the fine shapes of the hills are made to show off the gorgeous set-pieces of nature. The traveller is under the spell of a magic cielscape, and he will not wish to move until the last glow has died away.

Killary Bay is a broad cleft in the land, which partly divides the counties of Mayo and Galway. It is not only a beautiful sheet of water, but it is deep and serviceable to the biggest ships. With men-of-war there the natural attractions of the fiord are increased by the gay bunting by day and the artificial lights at night. A special memory in the neighbourhood is the arrival in 1903 of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by a squadron of cruisers. His Majesty the King disembarked at Bundorragha on the Mayo shore, and began a tour of Connemara. Everywhere, by everyone, the King was received with great cordiality, and high spirits prevailed. One of the episodes of the visit is told with varying details. Some tenant-farmers heard of the proposed visit, and organised among themselves an amateur escort, a mounted guard. The King approached, but not with conventional equipage. The royal motor-car came into sight, and the unaccustomed ponies stampeded : an unexpected development that caused great amusement to all concerned. The story of the Connemara Cavalry has passed into the legends of the county. His Majesty's visit is still talked of in the neighbourhood, and it is one of the puzzles to the travelling Englishman, that while most of the people in the west of Ireland seem to be absolutely loyal, a small fraction attempt to stir up a feeling of animosity against the governing country. The idea is forced on the stranger that the people are not so dissatisfied with their lot as their representatives in Parliament make out. The air of agitation comes entirely from the platform, and mixing with the crowd at political meetings one is impressed by the many tokens of spontaneous dissent which come from the people when uncomplimentary epithets are used towards England.

No more agreeable journey can be imagined than the one from Leenane, through the Pass of Kylemore, Letterfrack, Clifden, Ballynahinch, and Recess, to Lough Shindilla. If a divergence is made from the road at almost any point



Killary Harbour.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Ballynahinch Lake.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Ballynahinch Castle.

By W. Monk, R.E.

new acres of delight will be revealed. Kylemore Castle, at the foot of a wooded precipice, is one of the wonders of Ireland, and if permission can be obtained to see it well the reward will be worth the delay. Right through this district of Connemara, comparatively well-known, the scenery is magnificent. There are lakes of extraordinary beauty, with verdant islands, and ruined castles with enough romantic lore to fill a library. Heard on a dismal night, with a moaning wind as soft music, some of the legends will startle the matter-of-fact traveller. Here are the mountains known as the Twelve Pins, without p'ints, said a wit, because they are quartz: and planted among all the great attractions of land and water is an hotel, so well arranged that it seems to have strayed from the fashionable quarter of some great city.

The main road and the railway to Galway town pass through Oughterard, but if the traveller's object is to avoid the path of civilization he will turn northward to Maam, and cross the bridge-like slip of land between Lough Mask and Lough Corrib. This is on the fringe of the Joyce Country, about which the enquiring visitor will learn enough to make him barricade his door when he retires for the night. There is no danger, of course, but the local colour is so vivid that something must be done to soothe the imagination. It is not, for instance, a pillow thought to remember that a resident in the neighbourhood taking a morning walk has found a coffin lid nailed to a post in his garden, or that letters have arrived at their destinations illuminated with a coffin, a gallows, a death's head and cross bones or a representation of a man being stabbed with stakes: and the visitor may feel sorry that his recollections of a fine sheet of water cannot be dissociated from the supper-table story, that the most sunny spot of all was the identical place where some bailiffs, sewn up in sacks, were pitched in to drown. Nevertheless the scenery is unimpeachable, and in ignorance or on guard the stranger will not regret his excursion.

Fair day at Maam is like fair day anywhere in Ireland. Distance seems no object to the farmer or grazier, and the roads never seem to be quite free from live-stock. At Maam the market-place is on a slope, bounded by trees. A mountain forms a background and a river runs by the roadside. At the top of the slope there are placed long semi-circular tents for rest or refreshment, and for the sale of articles of attire, novelties and domestic necessities. The inevitable blue smoke rises from the peat fires, and a brighter colour is given to the scene by the women, who with pinned up overskirts and flaming petticoats transact much of the business of the day. There are girls coquetting with shawls, sturdy babies that never cry, drovers whistling and calling to the cattle, and nondescripts sitting or standing about in picturesque groups. The greetings, the "fine days," the hand-slappings to clinch bargains, the gesticulations, and the movements of man and beast make such an encampment a chance incident of great interest.

There are hills to be climbed out of Maam, but the scenery about Lough Corrib compensates for all the difficulties of progress. At every bend of the road the wayfarer will turn to survey the altered view, and the impulse is so irresistible that with many zigzags the few miles to Cong



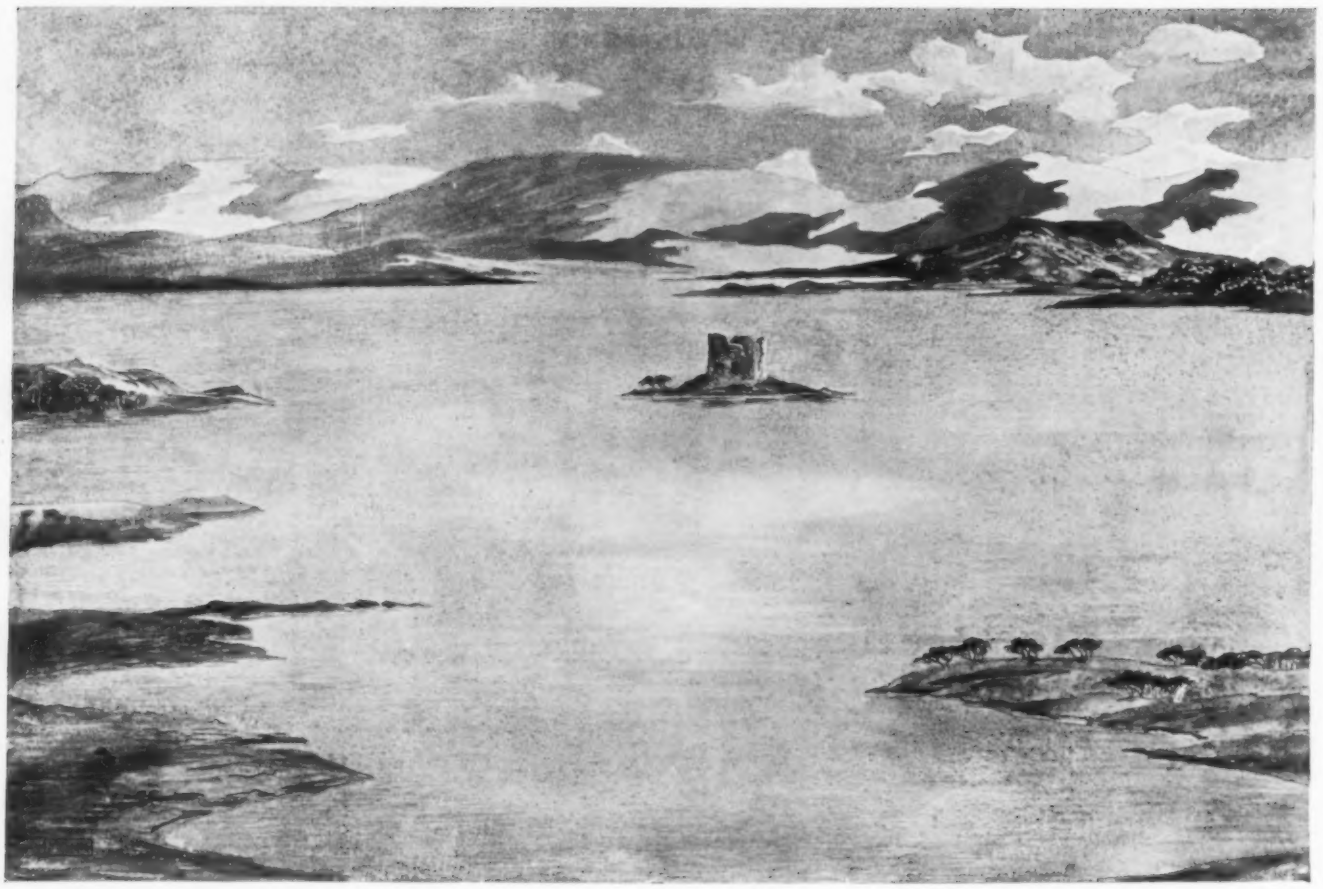
Lough Shindilla.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Fair-day at Maam.

By W. Monk, R.E.



The Hen's Castle on Lough Corrib.
By W. Monk, R.E.

will be multiplied. But time thus occupied is of little account, and the accomplishment of the journey should not be hurried. It would be a pity to pass by without recognition the ruin known as the Hen's Castle, so called, it is said, because it was built in one night by a witch and her hen. It was a solitary egg, soon cracked; and after a few centuries of neglect it looks more solitary and more cracked than ever. Perhaps an occasional glance at a map is not the least entertaining detail of this day's journey, for the names of places are often as picturesque as the places themselves. Pleasant problems arise in attempting to trace the origin of words and the meaning of directions in Irish characters on the signposts; and if, while inside the village inn or outside the general store that offers a resting-place the traveller names his exact position correctly, he will be entitled to all the good cheer that the house affords.

Augustus Saint Gaudens.

MR. AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS, who died in his summer home, New Hampshire, after a long illness, has a reputation on the other side of the Atlantic far greater than we at home recognise. Not long ago President Roosevelt declared: "There is certainly no greater genius living in the United States or elsewhere." At Washington is the solemnly conceived memorial to Mrs. Adams, called by some 'Grief,' by others 'Death,' by others again 'The Peace of God'; in New York the Sherman statue in Central Park, the statue of Admiral Farragut, the somewhat Ghiberti-like doors of the church in Fifth Avenue, and the great figure over the roof-garden theatre associated with the tragedy of Stanford White; in Boston, the fine Shaw memorial, to commemorate the first coloured regiment raised in the 1860's, and the figures on the façade of the public library. Unfortunately, the sculptor had not completed the two groups for the pedestals in front of the library. Augustus Saint Gaudens, though classed as an American, was born in Dublin on March 1, 1848. The family migrated to America when he was an infant, and at the age of nineteen he entered the atelier of Jouffroy in Paris, where his companions included Mercier and Bastien Lepage. On January 9, 1906, he was elected an Honorary Foreign Member of the Royal Academy. In St. Giles', Edinburgh, is Saint Gaudens' bronze statue of his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, who alluded to him as the "god-like sculptor." His biography is being prepared by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, of New York.



An illustration to the story by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

By W. D. Scull.

The Art of W. D. Scull.

By L. Lippincott.

IMAGINATION is never commonplace. At certain times in the artistic development of a nation we see more manifestation of this quality than at others. Then we say that it is the "fashion" to be imaginative. Herein lies error. It never was, never will be the "fashion" to be imaginative any more than it is the "fashion" to be kindly or wise. A person is (or is not) naturally disposed to be kindly, and if he be naturally inclined to wisdom he cultivates that disposition. It takes long before a kindly person becomes wise, but when he has achieved the union he has done a good piece of work with himself. Similarly, a person is (or is not) disposed to be imaginative, but if he does not cultivate the tendency, and fertilise it with judicious study—also with his boyhood will it pass from him.

Those who know Mr. Scull's work in the various media of his choice are not likely to consider it a product of any fashion. It has been evolved from a blend of early affections, and seems to take no tincture from the brilliant novelties of the multiform art of to-day. Some may think that the artist might gain in something if he could care less for Albrecht Dürer and Burne-Jones; also it may be that he has too much of literary tendency, too great a love for a story. It always has been his endeavour to suggest a story inside his work, with the result that on occasion he has felt more for the story than for the design. Still, this is the defect of a quality which is not commonplace—the quality of imagination. When the artist was an undergraduate at Oxford he came under the teaching of Ruskin. It was personal teaching and had a strong influence. Mr. Scull had been intended for the law, but, of course, after Ruskin had seen the youth's studies, with a kindly comment—"I think you will have no difficulty in training yourself to be an artist"—the law underwent ejection. On leaving Oxford with a degree, the training continued, though not under Ruskin, who objected, at that time, to the use of the nude model. It was chiefly owing to the late M. W. Ridley, friend of Legros and Whistler, that the artist learned what he now practises. But the imaginative quality has always been cherished with secret care. Realism was the way of those days, and for many days the artist conformed outwardly, producing his fancies only for a small circle of



Ghosts of Old Comrades.
By W. D. Scull (1888).



Illustration of poem by J. R. Lowell.
By W. D. Scull (1906).



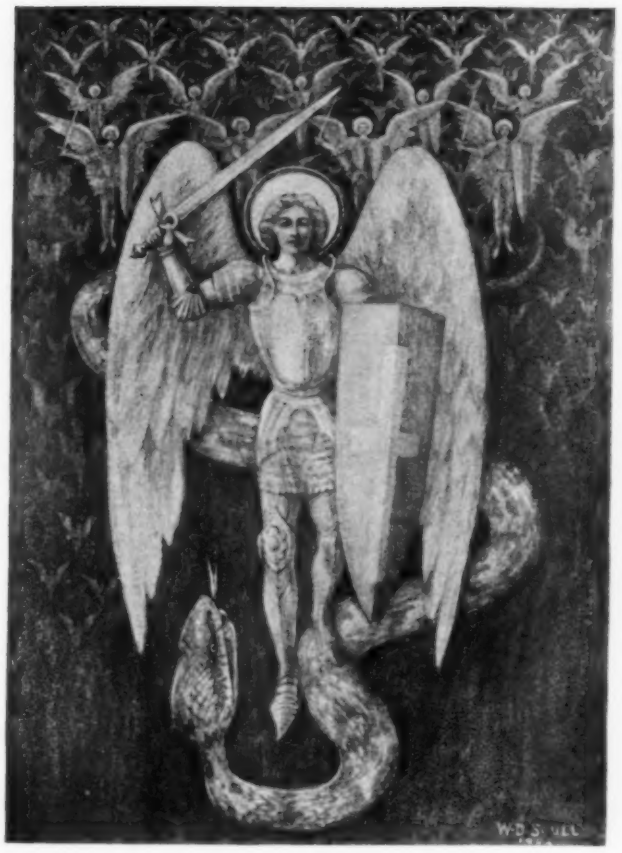
An illustration to a passage in the "Alcestis" of Euripides.
By W. D. Scull (1897).

friends, until at last this grew to be his habitual practice. Thus, beyond one or two designs published in THE ART JOURNAL and some church decorations, it has been little set before the general public. The artist lives before the world as a personage occupied with his books and his garden, unseen in art-circles, though possibly not wholly unknown in them. For, under another name he has contributed considerably to one of the organs of artistic opinion.

This is by the way. The specimens here given of Mr. Scull's design seem to have no obscurity of meaning. Undine departs from her harsh husband, forgiving him as she sinks into the depths; 'Ghosts of old Comrades' tells its own tale; 'Michael and All Angels' is a suggestion of myriads; 'The Guardian of the Golden Fleece' is a small



Undine's Farewell. An illustration to the story by La Motte Fouqué.
By W. D. Scull (1887).



St. Michael and all Angels.

By W. D. Scull (1902).



A Captive Southern Princess in the North sends her Bird to her Distant Lover.

By W. D. Scull (1899)

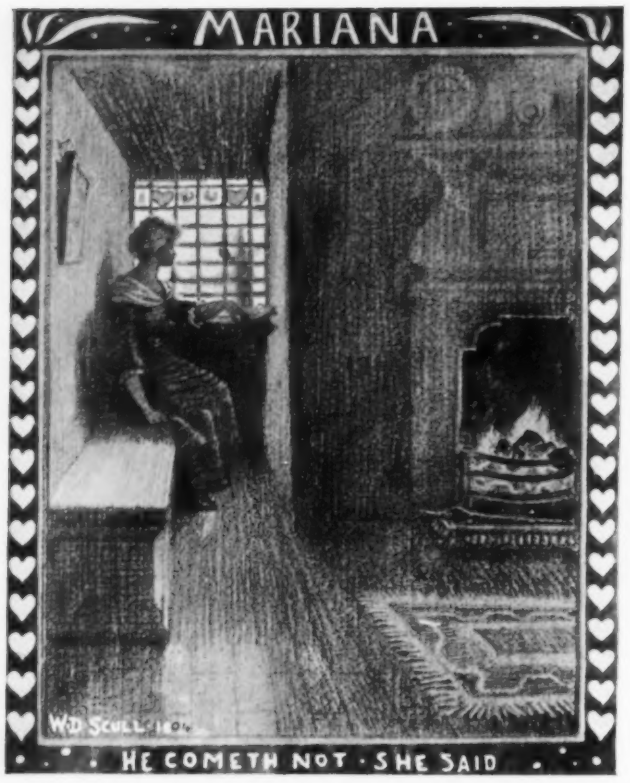
fancy study suggested by a tale of Hawthorne's which has been more largely and fully rendered in oil and water-colour. 'Pilgrims of the Night' suggests the close of two toilsome but faithful lives, and was lately shown at the Royal Water-Colour Society's rooms, Mr. Scull being a member of its Art Club. Plainly he is one who has imagination, and has taken pains to retain it. 'The Landscape of Bordighera' is the romantic aspect of a scene familiar to many, from a point near the house of the novelist George Macdonald, and the original of the 'Destroyer' (1905, p. 35) belongs to the Brighton Museum.

The 'Influenza Fiend' is taken from a series of designs called by Mr. Scull "A Book of Fiends," done by him at various times to amuse some of his friends, who liked his fantastical treatment of gruesome subjects. One friend, the late Miss Mary Kingsley, by her strange tales and vivid talk on several occasions gave the artist ideas of a weird tinge for his book. The writer remembers one day Miss Kingsley was talking about the dreadful epidemic of influenza which raged in London and elsewhere in 1892, and said that the disease was like a horrid monster stalking through the streets, grasping at random at this person and at that. The fiend is here seen of huge size, with an elephant's trunk for a nose, and the suckers of a cuttle-fish on each hand instead of fingers. He is prowling down the Marylebone Road, and has already grabbed Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Carker, while in front of him a

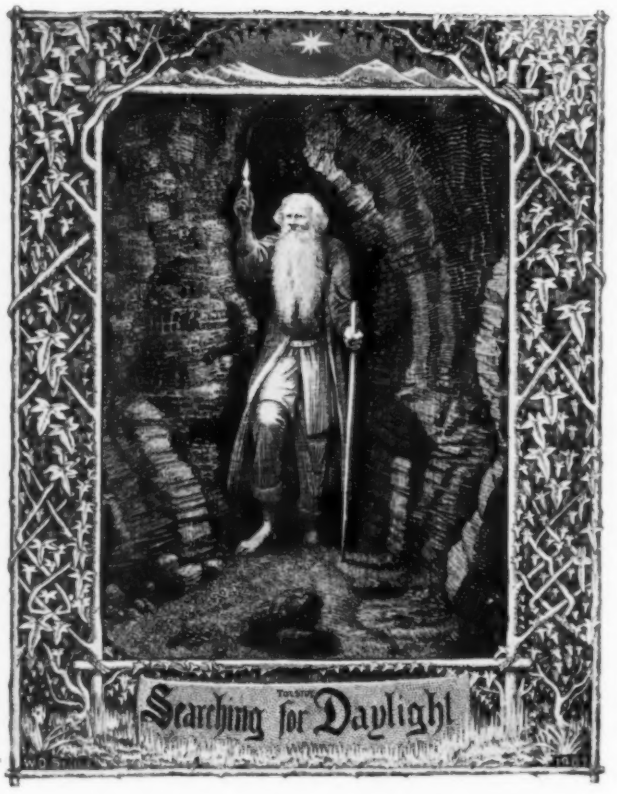


View from George Macdonald's House at Bordighera, standing in Italy and looking into France.

By W. D. Scull (1901).



An illustration to Tennyson's Poem.
By W. D. Scull (1904).



Searching for Daylight.
By W. D. Scull (1907).

frightened Dick Swiveller has fallen over a dog, and will soon be captured also. A "Book of Angels" was started at the same time as the "Book of Fiends," but it has not progressed at the same rate as its sister book, and its drawings are not so interesting, probably because the powers of darkness lend themselves to imaginative development more readily than the powers of light.

The Tolstoi drawing was a favourite idea of the artist's mother, and was worked out for her pleasure. It is an allegory of human life, and a combination of such seekers for daylight as Tolstoi, Ruskin, George Macdonald, Ibsen and others, rather than an attempt at portraiture.



The End of a Pilgrimage.
By W. D. Scull (1905).



The Influenza Fiend.
By W. D. Scull (1892).

'The Messenger' illustrates one of Mr. Scull's own poems, and shows a captive southern princess in the north sending her bird to her distant lover.

In all his drawings and paintings, Mr. Scull has been greatly influenced by his fondness for all those artists with a clear-cut style, such as Moritz Retszch, Doyle and Tenniel, and also many of the modern German school, notably the wonderful group of artists who have for years contributed to the *Fliegende Blätter*, such as H. Vogel, Alex. Rothaug, L. Marold, and especially that remarkable draughtsman and impressionist A. Conadam. The 'Grave of Du Maurier,' a drawing in the spirit of Phiz, belongs to the Oxford Union Society. Some good oil paintings, including 'Mariana,' are at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, St Pancras. Two drawings are in the Hampstead Libraries, and a great variety of drawings and water-colours of Egypt and elsewhere are in the possession of friends. The two church-decoration designs mentioned above are at Holy Trinity Church, Stroud Green, and were presented to Dr. R. Linklater by the artist.

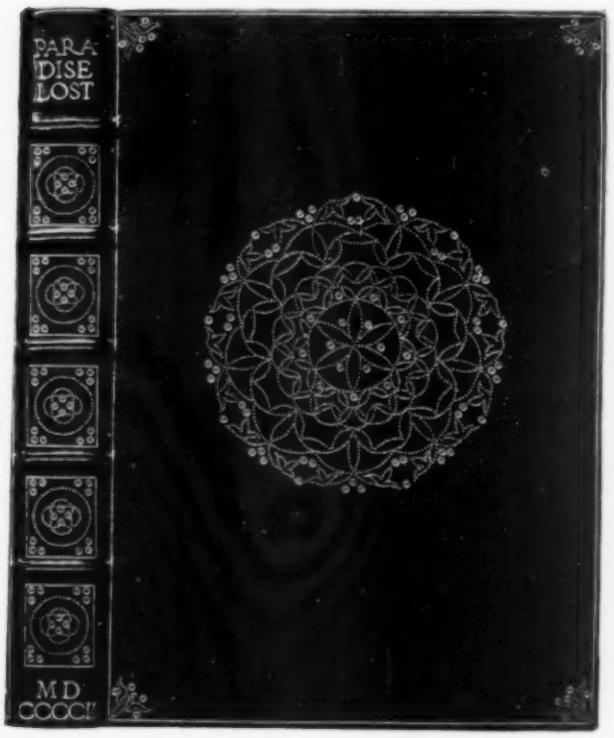
Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained.

Bindings by Miss Katherine Adams.

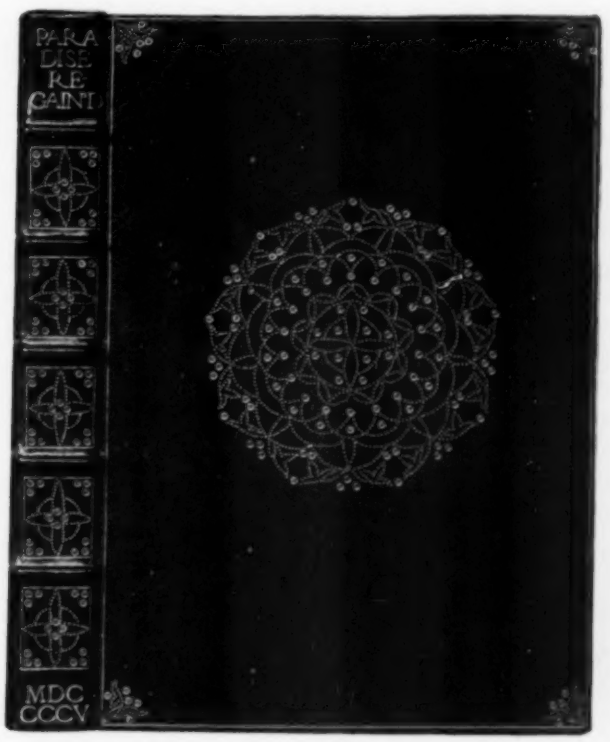
IN delicate designs, such as those executed in pointillé on the two volumes of the Dove's Press "Milton," the art of gold-tooling has one of its loveliest possibilities. Miss Katherine Adams, the binder of these books, is one of the really individual users of technique and material who have found their opportunity in the renascence of craft-bindings. Her work is a distinctive and delightful addition to modern styles of binding, and, indeed, to the craft as a whole.

The choice of pointillé for elaborate designs, employed sometimes—as in the Dove's Press Bible, shown at the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition—in conjunction with gouge-work, or, as in the Miltons, used alone, is characteristic of the delicacy her work possesses. Pointillé tooling has a quality of dainty brightness that is perfectly used in Miss Adams' circular designs. Each is different, the two volumes gaining interest as a unit from their differences, which yet are so unobtrusive that the main effect is of similarity.

Pointillé, it is not necessary to say, is only one device of Miss Adams' art. Previous illustrations have represented other characteristic and delicate covers, and besides book-binding, she does valuable work in the mending and cleaning of valuable illuminated manuscripts.



Gold-tooled Binding.
By Katherine Adams.



Gold-tooled Binding.
By Katherine Adams.

Henry Edridge and Thomas Hearne.*

HENRY EDRIDGE was born in the year 1768 or 1769, the son of a tradesman of St. James', Westminster. His mother, left a widow with five children, had very small means, and in 1783 she apprenticed Henry as a pupil of William Pether. In 1784, Edridge was received as a student of the Royal Academy. Two years later, he gained a silver medal for a drawing from the Antique which so interested Reynolds, then President of the Academy, that he allowed the young student to make copies in miniature from his own works. Later, Edridge married a member of the family of the engraver, S. W. Reynolds. His earlier work was chiefly miniatures, and among his portraits were the daughters of George III. In 1803 Edridge painted the King and Queen; his popularity was increasing, he moved to 63 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square: later, to 64, where he died in 1821.

Between 1810–1815, he diverted himself by painting landscapes. About this time he went constantly to Watford and Bushey to paint at Dr. Monro's with Girtin, Hearne and others. Concerning Hearne's illness, and death, he wrote from Hanwell to Dr. Monro:—

"Friday, April 11, 1817.

"My Dear Sir,—It is with inexpressible concern I receive your account of our excellent old friend, and there is too much reason to fear it will be followed up with worse. In his weak state, every shake will be attended with bad consequences, and there seems to have been a severe one. Whether his fall proceeded from giddiness or debility, or both united, it appears certain that every day increases the probability of our losing our much-esteemed and valuable friend." (Edridge goes on to say that he wished to have seen Hearne before leaving London, but that he himself is much troubled by an obstinate cough which seems getting serious). "Every assistance that can be given to poor Hearne is, I have no doubt, administered; and though I could do him no good, I wish to see him, and will as soon as I return, which will be about Tuesday or Wednesday." He then begs to be informed of any change, and concludes with saying, "I am deeply affected at his unfortunate state, and I beg you, when you see him next, to give him my most kind regards. I fear he has done nothing more to the disposal of his worldly effects. I am most sincerely yours,

Henry Edridge."

Edridge in his next letter still hopes to see Hearne, and says he has informed Lord Ashburnham of Hearne's condition. After Hearne's death Edridge writes an affecting note to Dr. Monro, saying, "Thus is our little social band melting fast away, as all human affairs must. Alas! poor Hearne." He finishes up with saying: "God bless you, my dear friend. The time we have allowed us we must pass together as much as we can."

On Friday, July 14, 1815, Hearne accepts an invitation from Dr. Monro to go to Bushey, "though so little capable of moving." This letter, in clear handwriting, is written from Mansfield Street. It is interesting to read a letter written by Sir George Beaumont to Dr. Thomas Monro upon Hearne, written December 30, 1816 (when Hearne was already in bad health), from Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

"My Dear Sir,—I must return you my best thanks for your account of our good friend Hearne, from which I conclude, that although there appears no immediate danger, yet you think him in a decline; he will indeed be a loss to all who know him as an artist and a man. Last year I received a letter from him, in which he observes that a friendship of more than forty years standing must necessarily be drawing near its conclusion—a good memento for us both. I first became acquainted with him in the spring of 1771. I came with my tutor Mr. Davey to London, and as my fondness for art made me desirous of seeing the most celebrated professors in every line, he carried me to his friend Mr. Woollett's. We mounted up to his garret, and there sat Hearne, most assiduously employed in etching from a picture by Swansfeld now in my possession.

* These letters are taken from the papers of Dr. Henry Monro, of Cavendish Square, and the writer of the notes, Mrs. C. Eleanor Coode, is the great granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Monro, "the Father of the old Water-colour School."



(By permission of the Rev. E. J. Hone.)

Merry Hill Lane, Bushey.
By Henry Edridge, A.R.A.



(By permission of the Rev. E. J. Hone.)

Great Bookham Church, Surrey.
By Henry Edridge, A.R.A.

We passed about six weeks in London, and there were few days in which we did not spend some hours in the company of Woollett and Hearne. We talked incessantly of pictures and plates, and my love for painting was completely confirmed. Mr. Woollett was prevailed upon to promise a visit to Mr. Davey in the course of the summer, and to bring Hearne with him. Accordingly, in August, they arrived at his house at Newstead in Suffolk. There we passed six weeks together, I may almost say, as far as I was concerned, in perfect happiness. We sketched all day, and in the evening we were delighted with the original pleasantry and inimitable humour of Mr. Davey. I am sure you must have heard Hearne speak of him. We visited Houghton and saw that collection with delight. The remembrance of this happy year never fails, when I think of it, to cross my mind like a gleam of sunshine. I was young and ardent, and admiration, the most pleasing of sensations, I enjoyed in the highest degree. I thought Woollett and Hearne the greatest artists that ever existed, and if anyone had presumed to say that Claude or Gaspard knew half so much of the matter, I should have considered it as ignorance or prejudice. Woollett I knew, and regarded to the day of his death; he was an excellent man, it is unnecessary to praise him in his line. Since that day Hearne has daily risen in my esteem. A man of graver integrity does not exist. As an artist, where shall we find a more faithful disciple of nature? His sketches are admirable for truth and spirit, and I think I have one in pencil of Ely minster, which excels all I have ever seen in that line. You remember the drawing he made for me of Tintern Abbey. What an excellent performance! By the way, I rather think it is at present in his possession, and if you have an opportunity I should be much obliged if you ask him. I beg your pardon for troubling you at such length, but my subject has run away with me. Poor Hearne! should we lose him and Alexander in one year—but we must submit. If you should have five minutes to spare, you will gratify me greatly by a line to inform me how he goes on, and what is your opinion of his case. Lady Beaumont unites with me in best compliments to yourself, Mrs. Monro and family. I am, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

G. Beaumont."

Dr. Thomas Monro had Hearne's will in his possession. Sir George writes again to Dr. Monro begging that a nurse may be obtained, and stating that he will be responsible for her payment. In April, 1817, the long friendship between Sir George Beaumont and Hearne was severed by death.

Hearne took a deep interest in Dr. Thomas Monro's sons, who also showed much artistic talent, and mentions one, John, his godson, in his will. He appointed Dr. Thomas Monro and Henry Edridge to be the executors of his will. He mentions Sir George Beaumont in regard to his sketches.

To return to Edridge: he gives an account of his first trip to Paris in October, 1817. In the following letter he describes to Dr. Monro the probability of this visit. He says: "I am happy to hear of your return from France. I



(By permission of Miss Monro.)

The Mill.
By T. Hearne.



(By permission of the Rev. E. J. Hone.)

Bushey Church, Herts.
By Henry Edridge, A.R.A.

am very desirous of seeing you, and that as soon as possible, for it is not at all unlikely that a few days may transport me also over the water. The case is that Sir Albm. Munn has sent me the most pressing invitation to accompany him in an excursion to Paris, and through Flanders. I at first declined it, but he has repeated the attack, and I can hardly resist the temptation; the circumstance of going so easily and comfortably, with scarce any charge, and with our agreeable and friendly companion, is perhaps more than I ought to refuse. . . . . I fear in this case all our excursions will be laid aside for this year. What a life this is to lead. Here should I be very well pleased to pass my time quietly at my own pretty cottage, and yet am continually run away with by some vagary or other: you know what a sad truant I am. I saw a good deal of Lincolnshire, and some things to please me. I wished for you at Lincoln." He writes from Paris in October. "Mon cher Frère, I have been intending writing to you ever since I have been here, but never could get a moment to spare, and now have only time to tell you I am about to return. We leave Paris on Friday next, and as we have stayed so long we shall, I fear, not see Brussels or Antwerp, but get back to Calais as soon as we can. As for telling you of the things I have seen, I must waive that till we meet, and hope to have frequent amusing communications by a comfortable fireside, a thing not much known here. I have been exceedingly amused, and often highly delighted, both here and on the journey. You would be more than delighted with Rouen, a town more picturesque than you have any idea of, and for Paris, it is a constant succession of amusing objects. . . . I have had but little time for drawing, there is so much to see. But lately I have got a few sketches. . . . I often think of you, and wish you could see with me the extraordinary things that France produces. Magnificence and filth: the formal and the picturesque. Yours most sincerely, in plain English, HENRY EDRIDGE."

Edridge's second visit to Paris was in June, 1819, two years before his death. Travelling with Sir George Beaumont, he writes: "Paris. My dear friend, this is the first moment I have been able to get to write a line to you, so great has been the worry of sight-seeing. My friends have left me, and to say the truth I am not sorry for it, as now I shall have a little repose and do as I like. Sir George is, as you know, a delightful companion; but there is a perpetual fidget about him that is tiresome to the greatest degree, and then he is all doctrine and no practice. Very little has been done in the way of sketching, and by him not a touch. They quitted Paris yesterday for Switzerland, and I am now left to my own course. It is a most amusing place, and I heartily wish you were with me. . . . There is enough to do, and the gallery is a fund of study and employment too if the weather prevents being out. . . . Rouen lost nothing with me upon a second visit; it is even more than I thought it; I shall return there when I leave Paris . . . . I was sketching Notre Dame to-day, and met with an English artist, Mr. Nash, who draws Gothic architecture. . . . I shall rejoice to return, but being here I shall try and see as much of Normandy as I can."

Before this last visit to Paris his son had died in 1818 at Taunton, and during the six months that his son's acute illness lasted Edridge was travelling in the West of England with him, and at that time wrote a great many long letters to Dr. Monro, full of the grief and sadness which he foresaw was imminent. There is no doubt that this sorrow afterwards affected his health.

On November 8th, 1820, six months before he died, he wrote a letter announcing his election as A.R.A. "I have been a good deal occupied since I saw you. I have to tell you the Royal Academy have elected me at length, and in a most handsome manner, by a very large majority. I had 18 votes to 4, a nearer approach to unanimity than usually occurs within those walls; so that I do not repent having put myself in their way again."

MR. WYLLIE'S pictures, sketches, and etchings form the subject of the Christmas Number of THE ART JOURNAL. There is an "appreciation" of the artist's work by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B, and the number includes over fifty reproductions, with six plates in colours. This life of a seaman-artist from a seaman's point of view,



(From the Christmas Number of "The Art Journal.")

The Chilian Cruiser "O'Higgins."
By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

with vivid illustrations of naval life, of boats, guns and shipping, and of open-air invigorating scenes, is a specially interesting addition to the monographs published from the office of THE ART JOURNAL. Mr. Wyllie has braved the perils of the sea, and he has learnt the facts incidental to navigation by personal hardship and experience. To every lover of boats the book should appeal irresistibly.

Some Recent Italian Bookbinding.

By Addison McLeod.

A DEMAND some time ago by the Cambridge library authorities for large contributions, £1,000 of which are to be spent in bookbinding, will show, were excuse needed, that the subject of these few notes is a craft neither unnecessary nor unprofitable. Nor can it be without interest to the English craftsman to know what his Italian brother is doing.

To speak briefly, if not wittily, the ordinary Italian binder has certain advantages. On the practical side, he has most of his materials—paper and tools, if not leather—at a cheaper rate; on the artistic, he has easier access, by means of numerous free days, and photographs which are so cheap in Italy, to a greater stock of fine ancient examples, and finally, from a variety of causes he is able to come into direct contact with his amateur client, and so profit by that exchange of ideas which is blocked by the bookseller-middleman in England. The net result is that a better binding is to be had at a lower price, and that, on the whole, though perhaps the finest work is not so fine as the English, a higher type is to be found more commonly, and from the hands of men far lower down in the educational scale.

When something higher is asked of him he partly fails. The extent of failure is well exemplified by a competition lately instituted by Messrs. Alinari for the binding of a new edition of the *Divina Commedia*, and in the reasons for their award given by the three judges we find, I think, a very sensible principle which only needs slight modification to be very generally useful.



(Photo. Alinari.)

Divina Commedia Competition.

By Bruscoli Brothers, Florence.

"The greater number of these bindings might well be adopted for any book. A few present a more close relation with the volume, and show that their designers had in view the end aimed at of connecting the work done by them with the high matters contained in the work bound, so as to form a harmony, a sympathy between the one and the other. From these criticisms Nos. 2, 6, 8 stand out, but in 2 and 6 the designers are content to decorate the side with a bust of Dante: an old device, interpreting very superficially the programme of the competition. The author of No. 8 has worked out, allegorically indeed, the fundamental idea of the three regions beyond the grave, but in a form of art not sufficiently elevated and original."

The principle is all that concerns us here. As to its application, the reader can partly judge by the illustrations. It is only fair to state that the competition binding by Alfonso Dori (p. 345), which was not noticed by the judges, is done on white leather, the scrollwork in green, with the points in bright scarlet. I cannot help thinking that the binder meant an allusion to the colours in which Beatrice appeared to the Poet: a point, if well founded, worthy of consideration.

The principle, as we have said, needs some modification in general. The *Divina Commedia* is a book of books. As perhaps the most priceless, as certainly the most serious single work in literature ever given to



(Photo. Alinari.)

Divina Commedia Competition.

By Tartagli and Son, Florence.



(Photo. Alinari.)

Divina Commedia Competition.

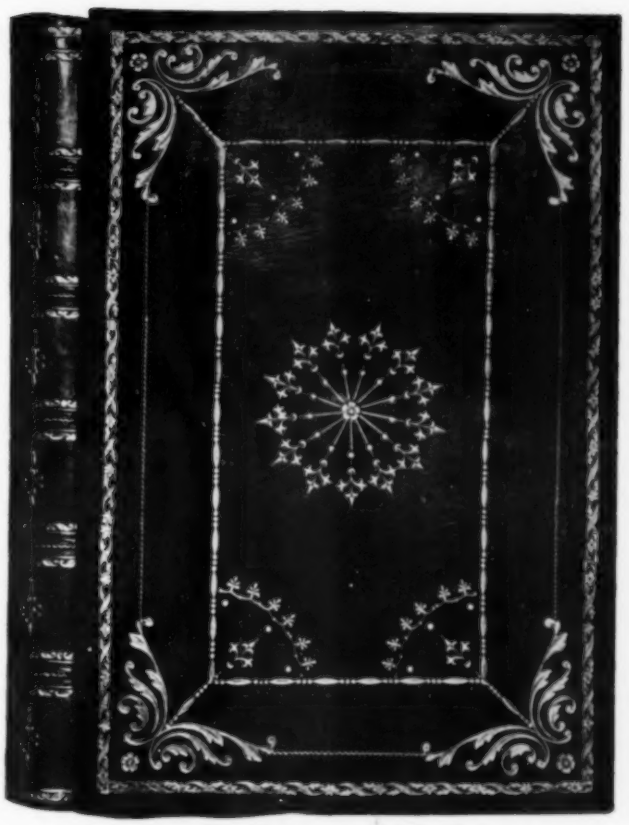
By Alfonso Dori.

the world, perhaps it should be known for itself before ever a page is turned; so in some way the binder has to tell, on the cover, more than he would of any other work.

Again, it is one of those books to bind which he may spend a lot of money on stamps that cannot be used again. For more ordinary books we do not ask so special a revelation of the contents, nor may we require such a sacrifice of material.

For as in this good world tools cost money, and nothing made by man can be, like God's work, of infinite variety, the binder must have stamps that he can use again and again—combined, dispersed, combined anew; processions, congregations, pairs, groups, and solitary great ones; the flowers of the field, the leaves of the orchards—ay! the stars of heaven, if he takes them into his service, ordered within the limit of a Byzantine band.

On the whole, I believe the smaller the better; for practice, as it steadies the hand, enables the intelligence to make more combinations. Big stamps, if they save labour, lead to monotony. More evolutions can be performed with a dozen half-drilled volunteers than with one commander-in-chief, and the attainment of fine ends through limited means is an endless delight. But he will want types to give a character to his books. He may afford himself a lyre or a laurel wreath for his poets; parsley we have forgotten, else it might prettily adorn books of sport; stars may well pick out a work on astronomy, squares and circles (they too may have their grace) contain geometry or mathematics; architecture, and the minor arts should find abundant sympathy on their cover, nor need history



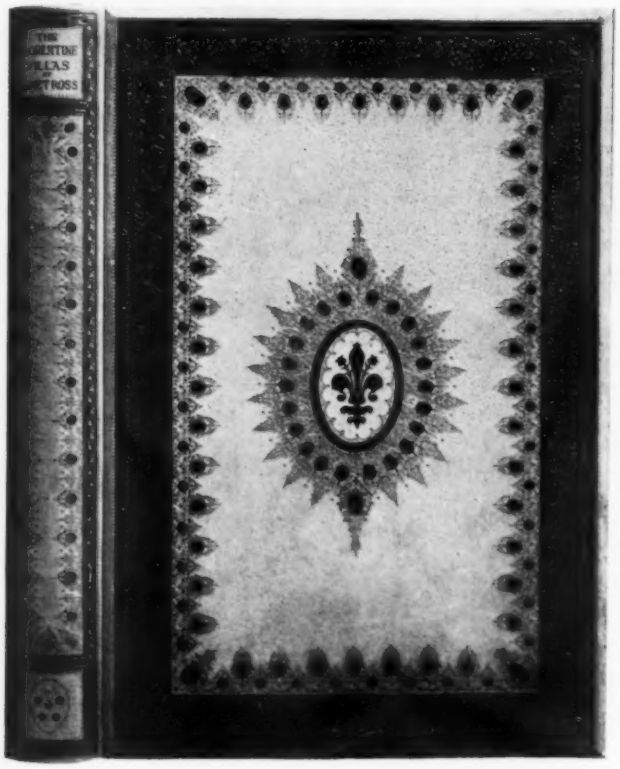
Binding after the old Florentine style.

By Alfonso Dori, Florence.



The Art of Città di Castello.

By Tartagli and Son.

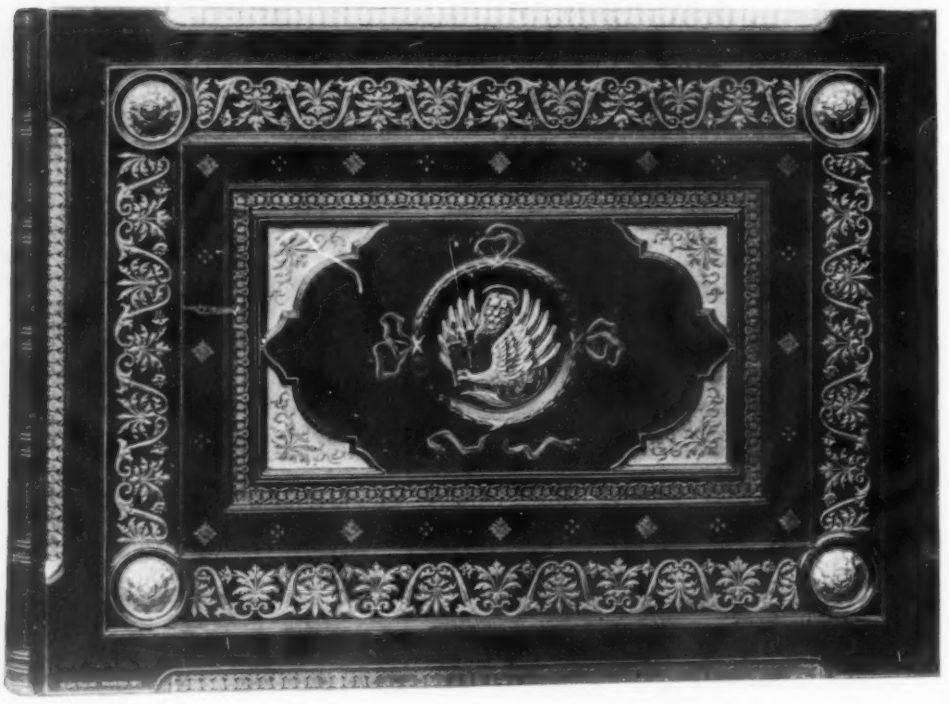


The Florentine Villas.

By Cechi and Son, Florence.

and law lack appropriate, if distant, symbolism. Then colours well chosen will help much. Brown may stand for the workshop, as blue will for knowledge—deep or bright according to the nature thereof. Green for the wide work-a-day field: white vellum for purity, refinement; scarlet for nobility, grandeur, pretension, the arts of government and war; deep red perhaps for the glare of the footlights, or the limelight of romance. Choice may seem capricious perhaps, but it is hard if suitable colour and decoration combined shall not at least indicate to the eye the nature of the work within.

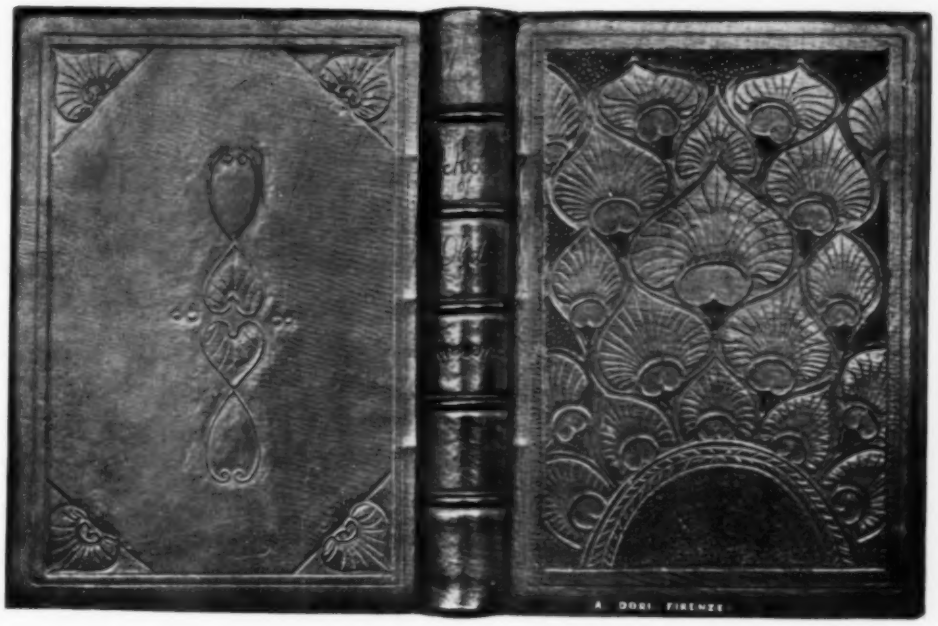
The Italian binder has a fair idea of these things, but like many things Italian, only by reference to the past. The Italian's soul is a great one, his intellect is imitative. He was a student and an analyst when the northerner was dreaming harp in hand. Where the passion of a Michelangelo has room, a magnificent art results; but that cannot be on a book-cover, and the binder's craft needs patience, innocence, a sense of order and subtlety in small things. No man can have them all fully, perhaps, but if any have in some degree, he may take the plane and the stamps in hand confident of excelling, if such be his ambition. "Suffice unto thy thing, though it be small," wrote Chaucer in the age when all a man might become in skill and understanding was not grudged to small tasks of craftsmanship. And to the bookbinder of to-day, of any



Binding after the old Venetian style.

By V. de Toldo, Venice

nation, the counsel holds, and is one of strenuous teaching. To suffice to a craft needs, indeed, rare power to "dwell with sooth-fastness." Innocence of eye, the grace of the child, is the grail-quest of the artist. A sense of order is a perception of the law that is beyond all made laws. To find and utter these qualities a man must strive to his utmost—and a book-cover is sufficient space for the expression, if the spirit and the hand move in obedience to a wise innocence, a harmonious conception of order.



'Echoes of Old Florence.'
By A. Dori (Florence).

Associative Interest of Pictures.

SEVERAL pictures at the last Old Masters Exhibition had great associative as well as intrinsic interest. Wilkie's famous group of Chelsea Pensioners reading the Waterloo Despatch on June 22, 1815—not July as stated in the catalogue—had the best position in the Academy of 1822, Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington hanging to the left, Jackson's of the Duke of York to the right. So dense was the crowding round the Wilkie, that Raimbach suggested a railing should be put up without delay. It was the first work at the R.A. which called for this protection, and thirty-six years later recourse was made to the same plan in the case of Mr. Frith's 'Derby Day.' Cunningham declares that the Battle of Waterloo itself scarcely caused a greater stir in London than 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' for many of whose sixty figures the artist had "sittings" from veteran soldiers and their wives. Wilkie had a passion for accuracy, and measured the very ground, the jutting walls of the houses, and the quaint gateways. His motto was "to know the taste of the public." Against the £6 he received for 'The Village Recruit,' his first London picture, exhibited in the window of a Charing Cross dealer, the Duke of Wellington paid him 1,200 gs. for the much-studied 'Chelsea Pensioners.' There is a not very credible tradition that, in order to prevent his bankers becoming aware of his "folly," the Duke paid in bank-notes. Hogarth's lovely 'Happy Marriage,' one of a series projected to companion the 'Marriage à la Mode,' once belonged to David Garrick, at whose sale in 1823 it made 7 gs. Some assert it remained unfinished because the actor did not think the face of the lady pretty enough. However this may be, Garrick, in his epitaph on Hogarth, bade farewell to him as the "great painter of mankind, who reached the noblest point of art"—

> If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
> If nature touch thee, drop a tear.

Gainsborough's 'William Pitt,' belonging to Lord Iveagh, is no doubt based on the sketch beneath which Lawrence wrote "unique and inestimable." Gainsborough was lavish with his sketches, gladly giving them to any friends, whereas in 1905 the black-and-white chalk of the Duchess of Devonshire and her daughter, bought for 15*s.* years before by Mr. Huth, fetched 1,000 gs. One lady who knew the artist pasted a number of these incomparable drawings on the walls of a room, and, worse than all, varnished them. The 'Miss Linley' is the picture which, dirty and with a hole in it, realised 9,000 gs. at Christie's in 1903, though the Worthing owners had almost sold it to a doctor, long an admirer of it, for an old song. Gainsborough's 'Harvest Waggon' was given to John Wiltshire, the carrier, who steadily refused payment for transporting pictures from Bath to London. "No, no—I love painting too much. When you think, sir, that I have carried to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, and I shall be more than paid." Thus were possibly given the masterly 'Parish Clerk'—secured in 1867 for the National Gallery at 310 gs.—the 'Quin,' the 'Foote,' the 'Boy and Dog,' and the two landscapes which Sir Samuel Montagu obtained from Lord Tweedmouth. The 'Harvest Waggon' made no less than 2,950 gs. in 1867.

Ingres, who, it will be recalled, threw over his betrothed because she "stood up to him in the matter of painting," produced, during his years of struggle in Rome, more than 300 masterly pencil portraits of various foreigners passing through or settled there, such as the 'Mrs. Vesey and Lady Colthurst,' which is dated 1816. A "head and shoulders" was originally priced at about forty francs: a full-length at sixty francs. The guide-interpreter who sometimes brought

patrons to the studio received a crown for each introduction. Ingres was sensitive, and when someone enquired if his was the door of "the portrait-painter," haughtily replied, "No, sir; he who lives here has the honour of thinking himself a painter." When it was proposed to hang a row of these pencil portraits, wherein his imagination works at its most vivid points, below a number of his pictures at the 1855 exhibition, his face darkened. "People will look only at *them!*" he exclaimed. Ingres was no colourist; his eye was for form, classic form. Draughtsmanship was for him the "probity" of art. "When a picture is well drawn it is well enough painted," he held.

Of extraordinary interest to the student was 'A Picture Gallery,' signed "G(uillam). v(an) Haecht, 1628." The gallery is that of Cornelis van der Geest, whose portrait by Van Dyck is in the National Gallery. Rubens speaks of this Mæcenas in 1638, shortly after his death, as "the best of men, the oldest of his friends, one in whom, since his youth, he has found a protector." His fine house, overlooking the Scheldt, was by the Church of St. Walburga, for which, at his instigation, Rubens painted the 'Erection of the Cross.' The man with hat on head and wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece is thought to be the King of Poland, who paid a state visit to Brussels in 1624. He is the only one who remains covered in the presence of the Archduke and his wife. Rubens is here, as are Snyders, the Baron de Vicq, and the Duchesse de Croy. Cornelis van der Geest, the rich merchant, was an enthusiastic collector of early Flemish pictures, especially of those by Matsys, whose tombstone he saved from destruction, and had it placed by the door of the cathedral, where still it is. The pictures within this picture of Haecht include a 'Madonna, with two Cherries,' by Matsys, possibly the very work he refused to sell to the Archdukes; two portraits also perhaps by him; an elaborately-painted interior with a naked female figure, the original of which must have been by Jan Van Eyck or a close follower, the mirror, the shoes and the dog of the 'Jan Arnolfini' being recognisable—at Leipsig there is a similar nude figure, where the white Bolognese dog reappears on the mat—and 'The Battle of the Amazons,' one of the most remarkable of Rubens' early easel pictures, painted for his friend and patron.

Mr. Weale suggests that a sale catalogue of the Geest collection may still exist, and this, with the aid of Lord Huntingfield's canvas, might enable scholars to trace the fate of the Van Eyck and the Quentin Matsys paintings. Here is scope for the exercise of learning and ingenuity.

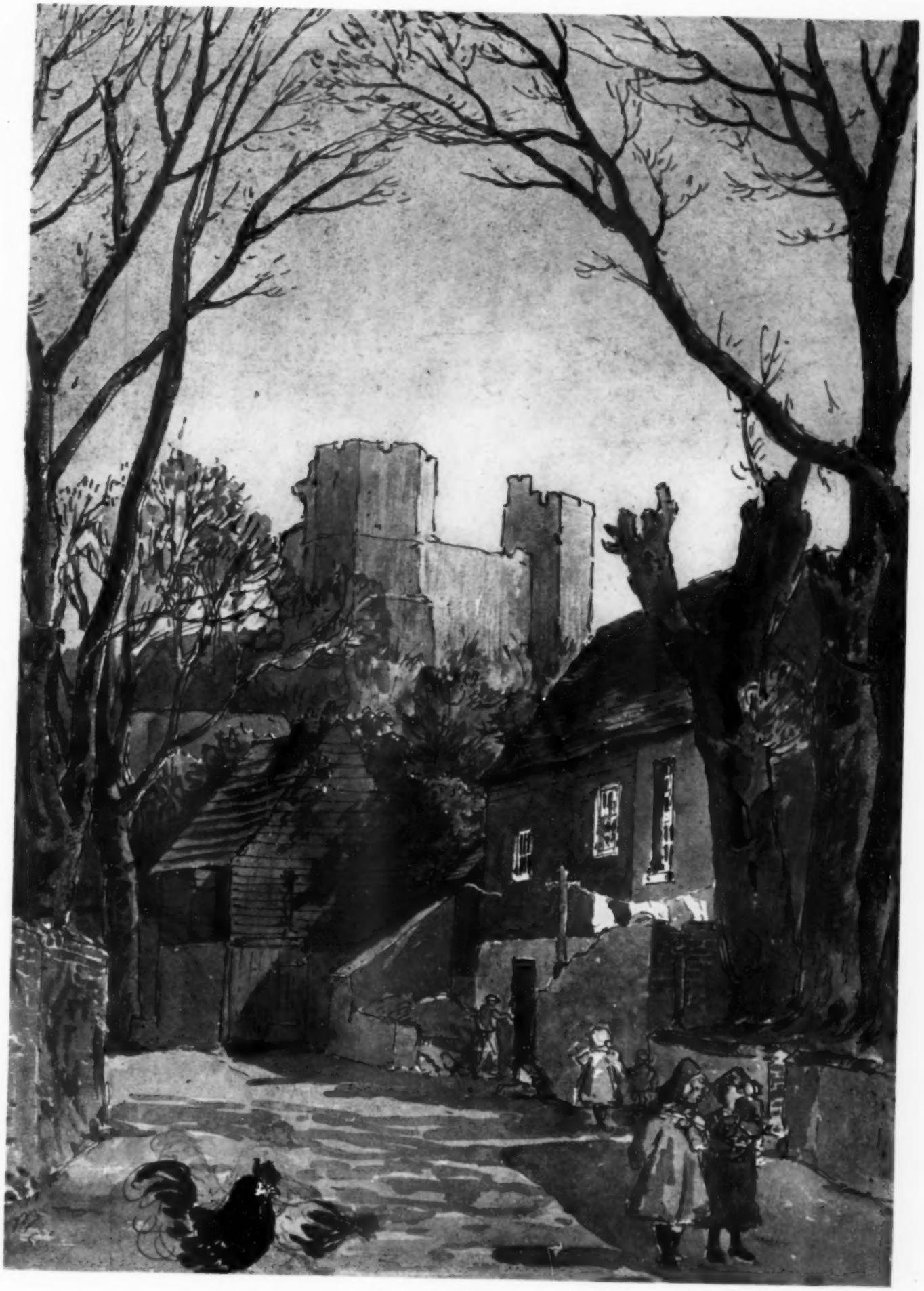
THE Academy is notoriously conservative, otherwise it would long ago have extended to the Winter Exhibition the plan adopted in the summer, of opening at half price in the evenings of the last week. Not only was the most recent show so open, but 1,000 free passes were handed to the County Council for distribution among students in its schools. There have probably been no such free admissions on a considerable scale since in 1867 some 700 Belgian visitors were admitted without payment and presented with catalogues. It is understood that the half-price visitors in the summer, including those on August Bank Holiday, generally number from 15,000 to 20,000. Of course the idea of evening opening, and even of a free day a week, is not a new one. In 1863 a Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the conditions of the Academy made such a recommendation, which appears to have been approved by the Council of 1864. Only a few years ago the question was revived, among those in favour of a non-paying day being Messrs. Clausen, Hemy, North, Orchardson, and Shannon. The late John Brett emphatically disapproved on the ground that the public did not value that which cost it nothing.

Lewes Castle.

From a Water-Colour Drawing by Roger E. Fry.

IT was almost unnecessary for Mr. Roger E. Fry to declare, as recently he did in print, that he finds little to interest him in water-colour "painting." By practice and precept he upholds the pre-Turnerian tradition of the simple wash drawing. Mr. Fry regards as disastrous "improvements" such as those which filled Turner in his later period with the desire to paint in water-colour, and others than Turner prodigally to use body-colour, and to resort to all kinds of methods in the direction of naturalism. The water-colour art, as Mr. Fry conceives it should be practised, involves rigid limitations as to the rendering of nature. "With the paper that gives the finest quality of wash," he says, "all alteration is out of the question: no wiped-out lights, not even a tint washed lighter, can be expected. The artist's formula must therefore be very simple, very precise, and his treatment spontaneous and direct."

'Lewes Castle,' one of fifty-seven drawings by Mr. Fry, exhibited at the Alpine Club last July, is a characteristic example of his art, in which scholarship is informed with true sensitiveness, and what we may call cultured spontaneity. Law and impulse unite to make him reverence the methods of Girtin. After outlining his form, wash is used with unlaboured reticence for the expression of that which is felt to be an essential part of artistic vision. In exhibitions, even such as those organised by the New English Art Club, Mr. Fry's drawings, the issue of discernment at once erudite and fair, are out of their element. He never tries to be brilliant, he distrusts elaboration. Withdrawn into the seclusion of a separate gallery, his water-colours wear as a charm the limitations that he imposes upon himself, and persuade us of their fitness for delicate schemes of decoration. Mr. Fry's reputation as a critic and student of art—he has been called the "latter-day Longinus . . . . snatched away to preserve the sublime and the beautiful" in the Metropolitan Museum of New York—should not be



LEWES CASTLE.

BY ROGER E. FRY.

allowed to overshadow his talent as a water-colourist of singular charm and originality.

There are slight remains only—the keep and the gateway—of the old castle which occupied so fine a position at "loyal Lewes," famous, according to a local proverb, for clean windows and pretty girls. The Castle is supposed to have been founded by Alfred, and rebuilt by William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, who with his wife Gundreda, daughter of William the Conqueror, were buried within the precincts of the adjacent Priory.

Passing Events.

THE exhibitions of the Royal Photographic Society at the New Gallery, including some excellent autochrome transparent plates, and of the Photographic Salon at the Old Water-Colour Society's, have as usual attracted much attention. They deserve it, even though photography cannot be accepted at the estimate of some of its enthusiastic exponents. The circumstancing of the show in Pall Mall East left hardly anything to be desired. We observe, by the way, that practically none of the talented American contingent showed this autumn. What is the explanation?

OUR National Gallery fares badly nowadays in the matter of money-bequests and of regular financial support. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has a much larger fund at its disposal, and in the near future Glasgow will have at least an equal amount. As to the Louvre, we observe that M. Audéoud, the well-known collector, has left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £200,000, for the sole benefit of that great institution. The needs of our National Gallery should stimulate like generosity.

MEANTIME, mutilations continue in the Louvre. Following on the Poussin incident, a dressmaker named Valentine Cantel, apparently with a morbid craze for publicity, deliberately cut the features of four of the figures in Ingres' 'Chapel of Sextus IV.' Painted in 1820, it was presented to the Louvre in 1883. Part of the Audéoud fund is to be used to provide more adequate protection for the pictures. Extra custodians have been appointed, and some master works have been glazed.

THE full-length portrait of Lord Milner by Mr. Theodore Roussel, commissioned by the Town Council of Johannesburg, is for the Municipal Buildings there. The plain wall is of a kind of turquoise blue, relieved only by the pink candles to the right and the green bronze of the finely-painted Victory of Samothrace on the cabinet. Like Whistler, Mr. Roussel pays great heed to symphonies of colour. Lord Milner does not appear to be an easy subject to tackle. At the Modern Society of Portrait Painters was shown lately Mr. Maxwell Balfour's presentment of him, seated, painted for New College, Oxford.



The Rt. Hon. Lord Milner.

By Theodore Roussel.

WHILE it is true that the dispersal of art collections is not without some compensating advantages, regret is always keen when particular treasures leave, for some alien place, what we have been accustomed to regard as their home. For instance, should the reported forthcoming sale of part of the gallery belonging to Baron J. P. Six, of Amsterdam, be carried out, and 'La Laitière,' by Vermeer of Delft, leave the house in the Heerengracht, the little room upstairs will be robbed of a presence. It is said that the intention is to offer to the State for £60,000 some thirty-nine works, none of which, however, is of the first importance, save the Vermeer. The magic and masterly unfinished portrait of Jan Six, painted by Rembrandt about 1660, which counts as one of his supreme achievements, Vermeer's 'House Front,' and practically all the other treasures are to remain. The collection was founded by Jan Six (1618–1702), Burgomaster of Amsterdam from 1691 until his death, the friend and patron of Rembrandt, with whom are associated, not only the portrait already named, with its subtle weavings of



(Photo. Inglis.) Mr. Burcher's Collection of Pewte

grey and red and gold, but the lovely etched portrait of Jan Six, and the landscape, 'Six's Bridge,' in the same medium.

'LA LAITIÈRE' is the picture alluded to by Reynolds in "A Journey to Flanders and Holland," as "A woman pouring milk from one vessel to another," Sir Joshua being among the first specifically to redirect attention to Vermeer after his long eclipse. The work, which shows Vermeer's genius in spiritualising actuality, in revealing august beauty in quite ordinary things, is not of those brought together by Jan Six in the seventeenth century. It appeared at auction in Amsterdam in 1696, along with twenty other examples, then fetching 175 florins. In 1701 it brought 320 florins, in 1719 126 florins, in 1765 560 florins, in 1798, as part of the de Bruin collection, where Reynolds saw it, 1,550 florins, in 1813 2,125 florins. Since then Vermeer has come into his own, and pictures by him are valuable in proportion to their rarity. The last important example to make its appearance in a London gallery was in 1905, when the 'Mistress and Maid,' which brought 75,000 francs at the Secrétan sale of 1889, was seen at Messrs. Sulley's and afterwards sold to Herr Simon of Berlin, whose generous gift to the Museum of that capital included, as will be remembered, a simple, tender, wonderful 'Madonna and Child,' painted by Mantegna in his youth. Mr. Coats, of Skelmorlie Castle, owns an unusually large and important 'Christ with Martha and Mary' (ART JOURNAL, 1904, p. 258), worth many thousands of pounds. It was picked up in the provinces, purely on its merits as a picture, for £80, re-sold to a dealer who recognised its authorship for £400, and thereafter refused by one of the foremost art-firms in this country, in the absence of its expert, at £4,000.

THERE is little likelihood of 'La Laitière' coming into the open market, but if it should, a strenuous effort should be made to procure it for the National Gallery. The picture is in fine, original condition, which is more than can be said for the still lovely 'Lady at a spinet.'

ALL the pieces of pewter shown in the accompanying illustrations belong to Mr. F. T. Burcher, manager of the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, and the objects have been gathered by him during the last thirty years. It is an interesting collection.

THE case of the United Arts Club has elicited general sympathy. When it was holding an exhibition of work by members in King Street, St. James's, in premises the rent of which had been paid in advance to the landlord company, Willis's Restaurant, Limited, that company failed, leaving about £2,000 due to the superior landlords. The last-named firm distrained, and seized the pictures exhibited in the club premises. In reluctantly declining to grant an injunction, Mr. Justice Neville said: "That it should be

possible in a country which boasts of making a law which purports to protect the property of the law-abiding citizen, to raise such a question seems to me an extraordinary state of things, but, monstrous though I hold it to be, I have to deal with the law as I find it." The Club has appealed against this decision and asks for financial support.

OF art societies there are enough and to spare, it is often asserted. Yet there seems to be room for one more at least. In London there are recognised exhibiting associations of water-colourists, pastellists, miniaturists, painter-etchers, and so on. Would not a similar organisation for lithographers have *raison d'être*? Mr. E. J. Sullivan is said for some time to have entertained the idea of forming such a society, and he would not find himself without cordial support.

THIS year the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society has, unwisely as we think, abandoned the plan of inviting work by certain non-members. Several notable names—that of Mr. W. Y. Macgregor for one—have disappeared from its roll, and in any case it is not strong enough to set up absolute barriers against outsiders. The invitation system should be readopted. Apropos of the exhibition, and as a sidelight on the inter-relationship of the Arts, it is interesting to note that during his visit to Glasgow a well-known actor secured a couple of landscapes by Mr. James Paterson. One of them, 'Craigdarroch Water,' is exquisitely lyric, and, in the deep sense, true.

WE have had the opportunity to examine many of the photogravures by Mr. J. Craig Annan, which, to the number of fifty or sixty, are to illustrate an important work on the Glasgow School of Painters. The introductory essay is to be by Professor G. Baldwin Brown, of the University of Edinburgh, whose utterances are authoritative. Prominent artists, such as Sir James Guthrie, Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. Lavery, Mr. George Henry, Mr. E. A. Hornel, Mr. James Crawhall, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, will be finely represented, and Mr. Annan's name suffices to suggest the excellence of the plates.

FOR years students have unavailingly sought for the birth-date of Franz Hals. In the catalogues of the National Gallery, and in those of other public collections in Europe and America, it is given as 1580 or 1581. Recently, however, Dr. Bredius, the indefatigable director of the Mauritzhuis, whose constant aim it is to improve on his already wonderful accuracy, has been working among the archives at Haarlem, and there come upon material which proves the generally accepted years to be incorrect. Dr. Bredius has addressed a note to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, in which he says that Hals was born in or about 1584. Curators of public galleries should take note of this.



(Photo. Inglis.) Mr. Bürcher's Collection of Pewter.

THE Board of Education has resolved that, onward from the 1st of January, Thursday shall be substituted for Tuesday as a free day at the Victoria and Albert Museum. As Thursday is "early closing" in many districts of London, that is to the good. It will be recalled that the Select Committee on the Conduct of Museums of the Science and Art Department recommended in 1898 "that admission to all the museums be always free." Copyists are the problem, especially at South Kensington, with its army of students belonging to the Royal College of Art. On the other hand, there seems little justification for the exaction of entrance fees at Hertford House, where no copying is allowed. In the Louvre all days are free, save Monday, when the galleries are closed, and copying proceeds on all days except Sunday. In connection with the recent outrages there, however, many are advocating the payment system.

IN a letter to *The Academy*, which served to start an interesting correspondence as to whether or not practising artists are the best art critics, Mr. Robert Ross was not unnaturally misled by the name "Kay" which appeared in Christie's catalogue of the picture sale of June 28th. Defending Burne-Jones' as the highest expression of English art during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Mr. Ross alluded to the "intensely modern" and "beautiful 'Tree of Forgiveness' purchased at Christie's the other day by that acute and learned connoisseur, Mr. Arthur Kay." A day or two after the sale, however, the Glasgow collector pointed out in the press that he was not the buyer. As to the general question raised, by no means for the first time, perhaps no more can be said than that, other things equal, practising artists are the best critics. But that "other things equal" is the crux.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND is nothing if not energetic in the interests of present-day art. He cordially supports the recommendation of the select committee appointed to consider the completion of the original scheme of statuary in the Palace of Westminster. Though unable off-hand to suggest twenty-seven subjects for the vacant pedestals, Sir William at once named ten distinguished men, the King among them, and proclaimed that "the school of British sculpture is infinitely better to-day than it has ever been. . . . The authorities will find no difficulty in securing men. . . . There is no lack of talent."

M. PAUL CHEVALLIER, who died at the age of fifty-five on September 28, had for years been the most prominent *commissaire-priseur* of art collections in Paris. He succeeded M. Pillet in 1881, since when he has been responsible for most of the important art dispersals such, for instance, as the Spitzer, the Secrétan, and the Sedelmeyer. The death of Mr. George Allen serves to recall his long and honourable connection with John Ruskin. His reminiscences of Ruskin should be published.

APROPOS of Ruskin, Miss Isabella Jay has lately been showing some copies of pictures by Turner, of which Ruskin wrote, in 1868, they "are the most accurate and beautiful I have yet seen, in many respects attaining fully to the expression of the master's most subtle qualities; and I think that such copies are much more valuable and instructive possessions than the original drawings of second-rate artists." On the other hand, Ruskin fully recognised the value to the executant of nobly-directed effort, however disappointing the result.

IT is almost impossible to think of Venice without thinking too of Ruskin, who in exquisitely rhythmic prose extolled the city of palaces and of many waterways. Fitly, then, a stained-glass window in his memory, to whose cost the Municipality has contributed, is to be placed in the Anglican Church of St. George, where was not long ago consecrated a memorial window to Robert Browning.

PORTRAITS of the present Prime Minister and of his predecessor in that high office, by two distinguished artists, are likely to be seen in public exhibitions next year. Mr. Sargent has for some time had on the easel a picture of Mr. Balfour, destined, probably, for the Academy. Then, the commission to paint the portrait of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which a body of ten thousand admirers is to present to him, has been given to Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A. This picture will be first seen, no doubt, in Edinburgh.

THE School of Art Wood-carving, South Kensington, has been reopened after the usual summer vacation, and some of the free studentships maintained by means of funds granted to the school by the London County Council are vacant. Forms of application and particulars relating to the school may be obtained from the manager.

MR. ALEXANDER FISHER, who has taught many distinguished enamellers and artists in metal-work, is arranging to hold classes in Kensington during the winter.

THE late Lord Grimthorpe, restorer of the Abbey of St. Albans, directed in his will that "no stone monument be put up, as my buildings are enough," but he did not prohibit a stained-glass window in the south transept of his favourite cathedral.

WILLIAM CAXTON, the father of British printing, was of those who demonstrated what art may become as an adequate industry. In the old days one of his finely-printed folios was to be had for a few shillings, whereas a single leaf has during the last few years made as much as £265. One is glad to note that Mr. Seymour de Ricci is, with the help of Mr. Gordon Duff, to prepare a Census of all the known copies of books from Caxton's press. If only because of the Rushout portrait, a certain æsthetic interest attaches, again, to the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's Works, issued in 1623 at 1 gn. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts possessed a particularly fine copy, preserved by her in a carved wooden casket made from a fragment of Herne's Oak in Windsor Park, presented to her by Queen Victoria. Miss Coutts, as she then was, gave 682 gns. for the folio at George Daniel's sale in 1864. To-day it is worth several thousands of pounds. A less fine copy realised £3,600 not long ago at auction.

M-401

The Art Journal London Virtue & Co.



Painted by Henry P. Riviere, R.W.S.

Horn

All Hands to the Pumps



The Village of Cong.
By W. Monk, R.E.

Cong and Galway.*

By Alfred Yockney.

THE very name of Cong suggests archæology. Perhaps the reason for this is the fame as a relic of the processional Cross of Cong, one of the best antiquities in Ireland, named with the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice and the Book of Kells. This treasured piece of work is in the Dublin National Gallery, and as a most remarkable link with the past it advertises the existence of the little village in County Galway, which without such a hall-mark would not enjoy a world-wide notoriety. It must not be concluded, however, because the cross no longer adorns its native or adopted place that all the historical interest has been transferred from Cong. People go there curiously or as pilgrims, believing that where such a famous object existed, other testimonies of those religious days must remain. And important memorials are there.

On the outskirts of Cong the traveller can have no doubt that he is approaching a village of the past. Inhabitants he will find, but human beings by their presence alone do not keep a place alert, and Cong without its residents would possess in a few weeks the crusted appearance of a long-deserted settlement. At a first glance the ruins predominate, and if on a more careful inspection this impression is modified, there are buildings apparently storm-swept many years ago that stand equally well, though not so effectively, as emblems of desolation. A stone cross in the street is an early indication of the departed influence of the village, and the traveller is quickly tuned to his environment. Yet Cong is not a depressing place, and if the visitor is a painter, a student of architectural history, or a fisherman he will be satisfied.

The Abbey of Cong is the chief ruin to be seen. It was once a flourishing centre of religion, and much tribute passed into its coffers. Among other customs it exacted a bell-rope from every ship entering the River Moy. In the eighteenth century Grose noted that the abbey had been frequently plundered and burned by contending factions, but, contradictory though it seems, those events "did not lessen the veneration in which it was held." There have been careful restorations of the cloisters, and a good idea may be obtained of the character of the original building. It was built in the twelfth century to replace the church founded in 624 by St. Fechin of Fore, and there, after

* "Ulster and Connaught" series, continued from page 334.



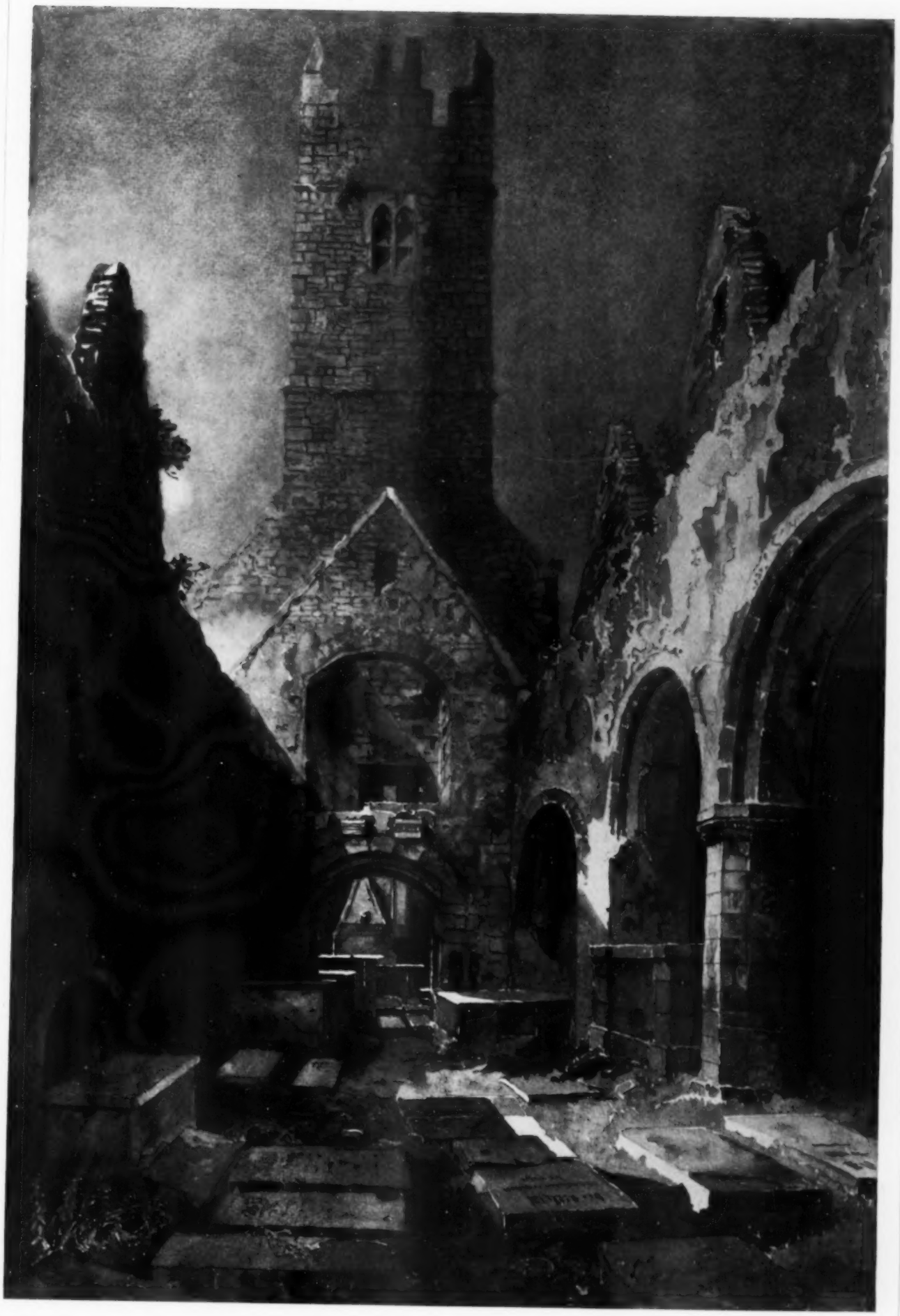
The Fishing House, Cong Abbey.
By W. Monk, R.E.

some years of retirement, died Roderic O'Connor, King of all Ireland from 1166 till 1175, when he acknowledged Henry II. of England as liege lord. The remarkable decorative stonework is worthy of close examination, and through the gardens, reposeful and well-kept, will be found the Fishing House, a quaint ruin. Its foundations are solid, and in its day no doubt it served the abbots very well. Now it forms a picturesque addition to the ancient monuments of Cong. From the bridge may be seen Ashford House, one of the fine residences of Lord Ardilaun.

Cong is not alone in turning the thoughts of the traveller to history rather than to nature. Old churches, crosses and castles are more plentiful than milestones in the neighbourhood, and if they are less useful for the moment, they are more interesting. One of the most important landmarks is the Monastery of Ross, built in 1351, and not abandoned until 1765. The ruin is near the Black River, within two miles of Headford. Ruin it must be called technically, for it is deserted except by the rooks and other birds that find shelter there; but the parts of it that remain are in such an excellent state of preservation that it is not properly described by the word that suggests only a crumbling mass of masonry. It seems to need only a roof and a floor to make it habitable to a strong-minded tenant. The entrances are barred, and every care is taken that no vandal shall hasten the natural decay. It is a haunt for reverent



Cong Abbey.
By W. Monk, R.E.



The Monastery of Ross.

By W. Monk, R.E.



On Killabeg Pier.
By W. Monk, R.E.

students, those to whom ancient towers and walls are symbols for interpretation. Few written documents speak so earnestly to the initiated as the stones of Ross. It is perhaps a melancholy message that is transmitted, for the past enshrines many gloomy facts. But the antiquarian loves to know dark secrets, and no one will regret the hours devoted to the revelations of Ross. There in the ghoulish silence the hushed voice of history is penetrating, and the dead, however recently buried, seem very dead indeed.

The s.s. *St. Patrick* starts from Cong, calls at Killabeg Pier, and conveys passengers to Galway. It is a pleasant journey down Lough Corrib, and it may be enjoyed at a moderate cost. This vast fresh-water lake, over twenty miles long, is dotted with islands—one for every day of the year, it is said—and some care in piloting is necessary. There was once a gigantic scheme to join all the lakes from Galway to Killala Bay, so that it would be possible to escape from the coast route. At Cong the work was begun and carried on until it was found that the tunnel was porous, a miscalculation that must have been unpleasant for the official surveyors of the land.

To those who fish for sport the county of Galway is proverbially a paradise. Lough Corrib invites all good sportsmen to fish its waters, and there is evidence from the steamboat that the opportunity is not neglected. Fishing is naturally one of the chief industries of Galway town, and soon after touching at the pier the traveller will find himself in the famous district known as the Claddagh, "the muddy sea-shore," which has so often provided artists with good studies. It was a picturesque quarter, and it still is one of the attractions of Galway. The chiefs of the colony, with considerable power behind them, used to guard their assumed rights with great violence, and affrays often disturbed the peace of the neighbourhood. Fishermen unconnected with the brotherhood, who dared to fish the near Atlantic, were treated as trespassers, and often when there was a demand from the markets the Claddagh men would stay at home in idleness. The Government was once asked for a gunboat



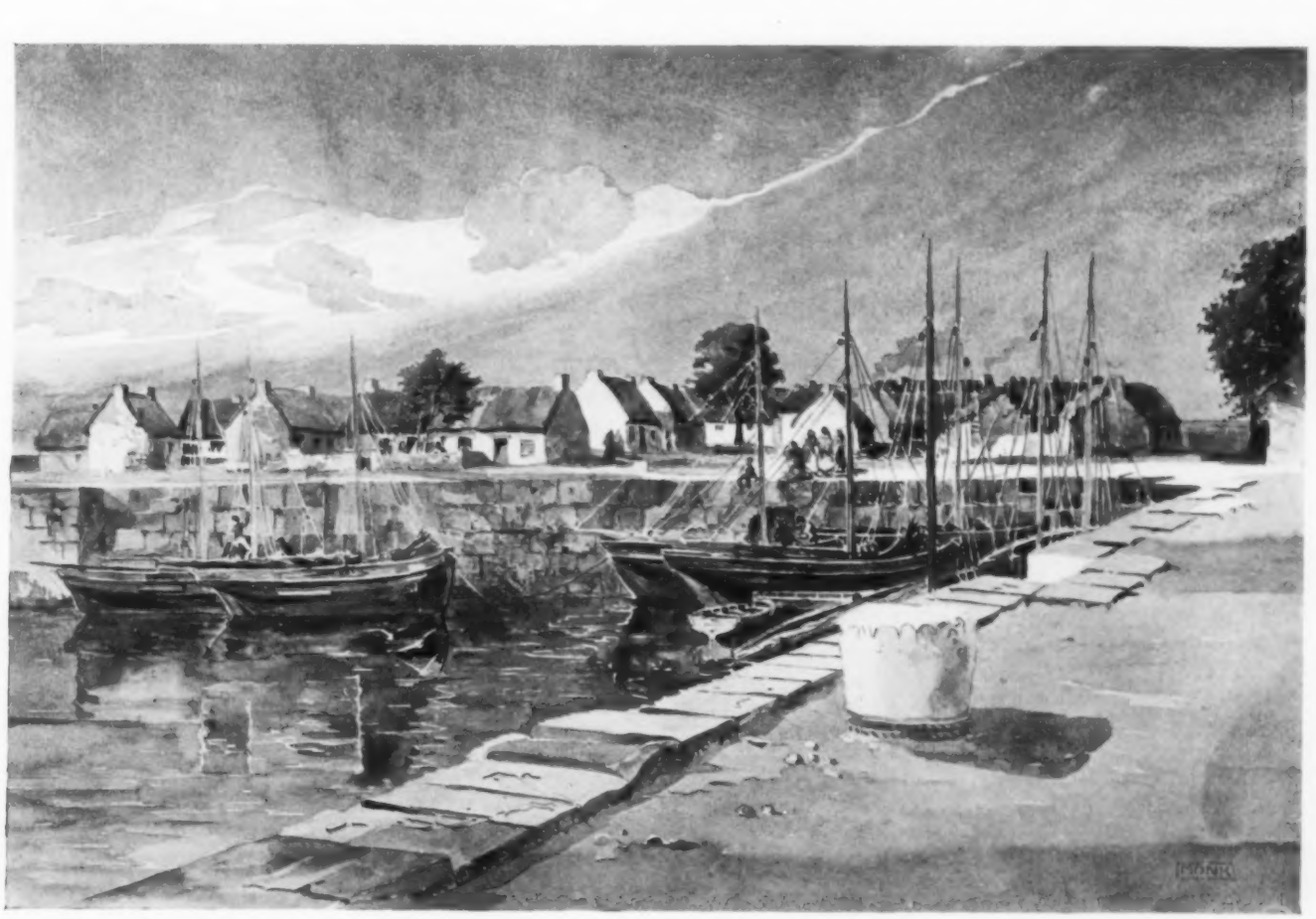
The Fish Market, Galway.
By W. Monk, R.E.

to protect outside fishermen from the assaults of the Galway men. There was a spice of adventure in a visit to the Claddagh quarter a few years ago, but now the men are less capricious and the artist may sketch in peace.

Anyone knowing the history of Galway would expect to find houses of all periods jostling one another. There they are, and some of the prominent but worthless ones might well be taken away to benefit the better ones now hidden from view. Some of the ancient buildings are curious in architectural style, and show foreign influences. There are many problems to be considered, but the town, though interesting in its past, is uninspiring in its present state. Galway is a disappointed place. It looks down-at-heel, and it is natural that the stranger should notice signs of decay. But the residents do not seem to be impressed with any sense of municipal failure. The local affairs are conducted with lively emotions, especially at election times, and any opportunity to show an independent spirit among themselves is not neglected. A short time ago there was a quarrel about a regatta due to be held at Menlo. One party stuck printed notices over the hoardings in the town withdrawing their support from the meeting, and across these notices appeared the retort in red ink, "The devil much loss ye are!" Thus is sport fostered in Galway. As in the Bab Ballads—

> "The French for 'Pooh!' our Tommy cried,
> L'Anglais pour 'Va!' the Frenchman crowed:
> And so with undiminished pride
> Each went on his respective road."

Perhaps the most difficult remembrance to be lived down by Galwegians is the failure of all the schemes to run a steamship service across the Atlantic. Often has the hope of Galway been fixed on one enterprise and, when that has failed, been revived by another. In May, 1850, the prospectus was issued of a project "calculated to send the congenial glow of prosperity to the pulseless heart of this province, teeming with undeveloped wealth;" and in June, when the *Viceroy* left the harbour for New York, carrying passengers, goods, some English mails, and notes of market prices current in London and Liverpool, there was a "perfect frenzy of excitement" according to a newspaper of the day. Little more was heard of that experiment. A few years later the *Indian Empire*, on her way from Southampton for the Atlantic voyage, ran foul of a rock in Galway Bay, and it was said that the pilots had been paid to damage the boat, a jealous conspiracy from Liverpool. In 1858 a service was flourishing from the port of Galway to America with a Government subsidy for mails, and as in that year the first telegraph cable was laid between Valencia and Newfoundland, the west of Ireland as a world's centre for commercial operations seemed to be progressing. "The Old World and the New, united in one common bond of friendship through the medium of the Galway line" was a toast of the period. The people of Limerick, finding themselves out of the rejoicings, thought that Foynes in the Shannon would do as well as Galway as a port for trans-Atlantic traffic, and others, interested in the neighbourhood



The Claddagh, Galway.

By W. Monk, R.E.



The Western Wave.
By W. Monk, R.E.

of Blacksod Bay, made proposals similar to those which have been made this year to utilise that fine natural harbour for transit purposes. In 1861 the Galway line ceased to carry the mails, but in 1863, after much discussion and criticism of the real value of the service, a new subsidy was granted. There was a grand banquet to celebrate the re-establishment of the service, but early in 1864 the unsuitability of Galway as a packet station seems to have been finally determined. During these years the town tried its best, no doubt, to get back the world-wide importance it once enjoyed, but it just missed being considered. "The Rome of Connaught" it has been called, and the title almost fits the story of its decline. This year has seen the establishment at Clifden of the first Marconi wireless telegraph station, so once again County Galway is in direct communication with America. But this installation will do little to benefit local affairs, and Galway town, in course of time, probably will become even more dilapidated than it is.

All Hands to the Pumps.

From the picture by Henry S. Tuke, A.R.A.

THIS is the earlier of two pictures by Mr. Tuke, bought by the Chantrey Trustees and now in the Tate Gallery. It is signed and dated 1889, whereas 'August Blue' was painted in 1894. Taken in connection with the general trend of Mr. Tuke's development, they indicate that he has become increasingly conscious of the worth of the harvest of the quiet eye, that temperamentally dramatic storm and stress suit him less well than calm, sunlit waters, where life becomes something of an idyll. But 'All Hands to the Pumps,' is no bad prelude to pictures whose drama is of a less obvious kind. Mr. Tuke is conversant with the sea in every mood, clamant and serene, ominous and playful—if, as is so often done, we associate it with the tides of human experience. He was born at York, but by long residence is almost a Cornishman. After studying at the Slade School under Sir Edward Poynter and Professor Legros, he was in the early eighties under Jean Paul Laurens in Paris. Before that, in 1879, his 'Good Samaritan' was hung at the Academy. A decade later the first of his Chantrey pictures appeared, and attracted widespread attention. Meanwhile Mr. Tuke had studied hard on his own account at Newlyn and Falmouth,

working much aboard an old French brigantine, the *Julie*, rather more picturesque than seaworthy, one has heard it said. No mere land-lubber would dare to criticise from the standpoint of actuality 'All Hands to the Pumps.' The water-logged vessel, on whose deck seamen are hard at work, has lost one of her sails in a gale. The waves run high, and the ensign has been reversed as a signal of danger. Succour is at hand, however, as may be gathered from the attitude of the sailor standing in the shrouds. It is a passage from peril to peace, that from this picture to the artist's 'August Blue,' which shows Falmouth Harbour in full sunshine, boys bathing from a boat in front. Many of the best of Mr. Tuke's drawings and pictures are in this glad, radiant kind, evocations of sunburnt mirth, with lighted flesh as the most lyric of all the notes. Frequently at the Old Water-Colour Society's and elsewhere he has been represented by water-colours of exceptional delicacy and spontaneous charm. The sequences of prows and of sterns, of masts and webs of rigging woven into sensitive patterns without loss of a certain delightful waywardness, affirm with what freshness and ardour of sight he has wandered along many a seaboard, sailed across many a harbour, companioned by limpid sunshine and tempering wind. It is not uninteresting to recall that Mr. Tuke was one of the founders of the New English Art Club, which has proved so good a recruiting ground for the Academy. His associateship dates from January 30th, 1900, when Mr. Joseph Farquharson, elected six months later, was his opponent in the final ballot.

The Ashburton Collection.

OLD English homes are rapidly losing their ancestral art treasures, this as a consequence of the high prices now ruling for fine pictures by old masters. The sixty-nine works secured by Messrs. Agnew, Wertheimer, Sulley, and another firm of Bond Street dealers from Lord Ashburton, formed part of the collection brought together by the Right Hon. Alexander Baring, who in 1835 was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. Another part came into the possession of the late Louisa, Lady Ashburton, this including examples by Zurburan, Dürer, and Van der Helst, now in the National Gallery, and a number of important works sold at Christie's in 1905. Among the pictures transferred from The Grange, Alresford, to Bond Street, many of them *en route* for America, no doubt, are several of the first rank. There are, for instance, five Rembrandts, pre-eminently the self-portrait of about 1659, which once belonged to the Duc de Valentinois; 'St. Peter, St. Leonard, St. Mary Magdalene and St. Martha,' painted life-size and full-length by Correggio when he was about twenty-one; a superbly lighted landscape by Cuyp, with figures silhouetted against an evening sky; 'Hunting the Stag,' a large picture ably dealt with by Justi in his 'Velazquez,' with portraits of the artist and his royal patron introduced; an interesting Murillo, an important landscape by Hobbema, and works by Terborg, Metsu, Jacob Ruysdael, Paul Potter, Adrian and Isaac Van Ostade, Teniers, and others. In 1900, soon after he succeeded to the title, Lord Ashburton sold a portion of the Alresford library, which contained some rare and valuable pieces of Americana. The purchase price of the pictures has not been divulged, but it is believed to be well over half a million sterling.

Democracy and Art.

THE Bishop of Birmingham (the Rt. Rev. Charles Gore) delivered a thoughtful address on "Art in Democracy" to the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, of which he is chaplain, on October 8th.

Under the present conditions of society (said his lordship) it was often difficult for a young artist to get a living. He was in danger of being crushed under the wheels of the motor-car. Forty years ago, when the merchant or wealthy citizen built his villa, the first necessity was that it should be well-furnished, and that meant pictures. Therefore, he patronised the rising artists, with more or less taste or success, according to his native judgment or faculty. Now, the wealthy man bought reproductions—and motor-cars. We lived in a democratic age, but an age not distinguished by the possession of a sense of beauty. It was a good thing to realise our deficiencies. Art in democracy was an ideal very far from us. In many drawing-rooms we were confronted with the fact that in furnishing, we were very far from anything, except a mechanical uniformity of ugliness, which, from every point of view, was the exact antithesis of art, which was individual as well as beautiful.

Corporate bodies had not got near the point of thinking that it was part of their business to assist the artist to live. Corporations had done incredibly little for the encouragement of the artist.

The Church was, almost, the greatest sinner in this respect. They, in the Church, seemed to have an exceedingly low level in their artistic instincts. We saw an amazing amount of brass in the churches—chandeliers and instruments for carrying light, altar-rails, candlesticks, vases and memorial tablets. If art meant the use of some material so as to mould it to beauty, and, at the same time, express individuality of idea, this profusion of brass-work was something quite opposed to art, because it lacked individuality. If we examined a few price lists, we knew precisely from where each of these particular forms of ugliness came, and how much it cost. Painted glass, perhaps, showed some perceptible improvement. But if art were to really flourish in churches there must be, among those who constituted the body of the Church, a desire for individuality. The mechanical copying should not satisfy. As it is now, we could turn, say, to a window, and know at once that it belongs to such-and-such a class, Design Number Five. This it was which truly was the death of art.

We needed to nourish our sense of the "individual" in life.

Tolstoy expressed the idea his lordship had in his mind: "The artist of the future will understand that to compose a fairy tale, a little song which will touch, a lullaby or riddle which will entertain, a jest even which will amuse, or to draw a sketch such as will delight dozens of generations or millions of children and adults, is more important and more useful than to compose a novel or symphony, or paint a picture of the kind which diverts some members of the wealthy classes for a short time, and is then for ever forgotten." The region of this art was enormous, and was, as yet, almost untouched.

There were certain spots in the world where we could still find, at least, the relics and remains of an art which expressed all the best and most sacred feelings. The Flemish art of Bruges and other places was concerned with the common life of the people, domestic, civic and religious. It represented the great artistic spirit; it was embodied in homely surroundings, consecrating, lifting, and making lovely the common and pre-eminently commercial life. While then, commercially great, the people did not neglect the seemly and beautiful; they showed that things serviceable could be also artistic. This was, perhaps, a far-off consideration in England now. The present age seemed to have quite forgotten the duty of common life to the beautiful.

Whatever had to happen now must (and the Bishop said he rejoiced in it) represent the great and common life. But was the democracy to discard, as rather (on the whole) ridiculous, the idea of the duty of the common life to be beautiful? Unless he was much mistaken, this appalling loss had actually occurred.

If we were to have a new state of things we should have to go very deep. The reforms which lay at the root of such a possibility, in our time and place, involved great changes. It involved as the primary principle the duty of being clean, not in our persons alone, but in the air. We should not get a civic sense of beauty until there was a recognition of that. The next necessity was to be spacious: by that was meant the provision of open spaces. Then, beautiful objects should be placed where they could be seen, where they dignified the common life, so as to cause people to feel that they belonged to something noble.

If we were to have art in democracy we must begin with common objects—with common works, as furniture and household equipment. They should be such as to add dignity and worth to life. The start must be made at the bottom, and not at the top; and the art must be the expression of individuality. All this was far off any practical realisation. But it was, nevertheless, legitimate to protest against the all-possessing dogma, which debased and degraded our common life, that it was the manifest duty of everyone to try to become as rich as he could, at the expense of whatever might have to be trampled on in the way.

The great commercial cities of the Hanseatic League never thought it would be tolerable to prefer to be rich and not beautiful. Was it not possible to recall ourselves to this ideal? That must be, first of all, by laying broad the basis of the common human life out of which art was to grow. There must be clean cities, cities of open spaces, cities of beautiful public objects, and cities of a dignified common life.

Obituary:

Artists and Those Identified with Art.

November, 1906, to October, 1907 (inclusive).

(Refer to General Index under Names.)

Artist.	Died.	Artist.	Died.
Allen, George	Sept. 5	Kempe, C.E.	April 29
Bodley, George Frederick, R.A.	October 21	Massey-Mainwaring, Hon. W. F. B.	March 12
Cassels, Walter Richard	June	Minton, T. W.	September 23
Chartran, Théobald	July	Mullins, Edwin Roscoe	January 9
Chevallier, Paul	September 28	Quilter, Harry	July 10
Eastlake, C. L.	November 20	Regamey, Félix	May 7
Edwards, Mrs. Edwin	July	Saint-Gaudens, Augustus	August 4
Farquharson, David, A. R. A., A.R.S.A.	July 12	Salaman, Julia	December 30
Fenn, William Wilthieu	December 19	Stephens, F. G.	March 9
Finnie, John	February 28	Thaulow, Fritz	November 5
Goodall, Herbert	October 21	Toudouze, Edouard	March 15
Goodman, Julia	December 30	Varma, Ravi	January
Graham, Thomas	December 24	Verstraete, Théodore	January
Herring, John Frederick, Junr.	March 6	Watson, P. Fletcher	June 30
Hook, James Charles, R.A.	April 14	Windus, William Lindsay	October 9
Jullian, Rodolphe	February 12	Wyon, Allan	January 25
		Young, Alexander	August 15



George Meredith's "Woods of Westermain."

Written by Graily Hewitt.
Illuminated by Edith Harwood.

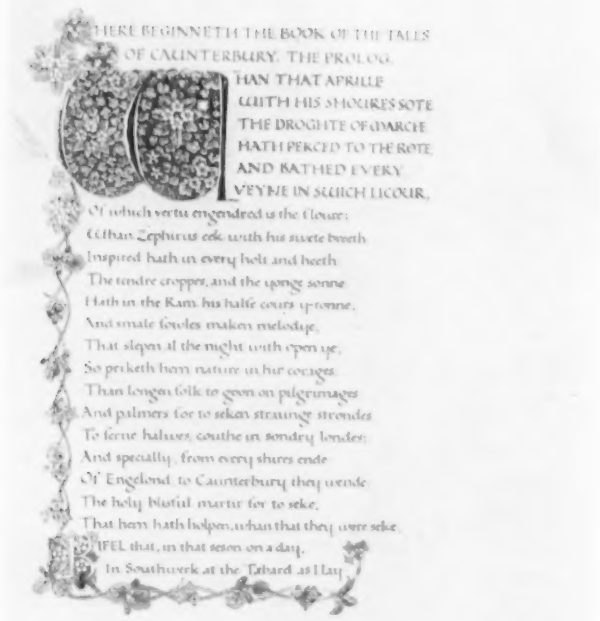
The Art of the Scribe.

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

IF the arts were in their proper place in life, these written and illuminated pages would need no recommendation. But while so much art-appreciation is acquired from commentaries, the best appreciated art will not be that which it is most natural and immediate for sense and sight to approve. It is perfectly true that "to glance with an eye confounds the learning of all time," but it is equally true that, at present, the learning of all time, conveniently served to us, has confounded the general ability to glance with an eye. To reach appreciation by perception has really ceased to be a common experience. For a hundred people versed in art through acquired opinion there is hardly one who sees beauty through his eyes, and knows what is fit by perception of the qualities of material, the opportunities of the work.

There could hardly be a better chance for intimate and wise pleasure in something well done than a finely written page. To enjoy what is truly done with the pen ought to be the simplest of art pleasures to the eye. Yet the very idea that a page of words is anything more than a space containing some entertaining or informing communication is a revival, and to care for a written book as art is still too exclusively a learned taste.

The schools of art have recognised the importance of fair writing as a means to the understanding and application of principles of design. Its direct bearing on the craft of the printer is ancient and modern history, an indisputable fact. But it is not for these reasons, however importantly they weigh in an estimate of the practical value of the letter-crafts, that the art of calligraphy should win greater recognition. The love of a finely-lettered page as a form of art must be a direct appreciation, and it is not more knowledge of the place of calligraphy in the scheme of art, but more intelligent sight of good examples of writing, that



Chaucer.

Written by Graily Hewitt.
Illuminated by Louise Powell.

is needed to increase the public for this fair and reasonable craft.

To those who care for the art of writing, the pages by Mr. Graily Hewitt in collaboration with Mrs. Alfred Powell, and other scribes of his school, are sufficiently addressed, and need no comment. But if anyone looking at them—especially in reproduction, lacking the quality of the real pages, the irresistible appeal of glancing gold, of clear bright colour—feels doubtful as to why to like them, it may be useful to suggest more particularly what there is to see in these examples of art.

Even in reproduction certain elements of beauty are plain to see, and it gives reason to all praise of calligraphy as a fine type of art when the extent to which the beauty of the work is determined by conditions of use is perceived. The practical consideration of legibility orders the work. Compare these pen-formed letters with any ordinary type: how each tells itself characteristically to the eye, designed for that purpose to be entirely itself, without vagueness or limp exaggeration. The types chosen by Mr. Hewitt conform to the most severe requirements in definiteness and beauty. Besides noting carefully the character and strength of each letter, the art with which the letters are put together, without heaviness yet so firmly, the quietness of the upper and lower curves of the letters giving restfulness to the impression of the lines, are points of skill and design to be noticed. In all these points the personality is expressed as well as the rule. Fine modern writing is no more a dead copy of an Irish or tenth century English writing or fifteenth century Italian, than the writing of the fine scribes of Renascence Italy was a "copy" of the work of their eleventh and twelfth century forerunners. Skill with the pen, and knowledge of true pen-forms, are the equipments of an artist, not of a copyist.

To mark the construction of the text the illuminator employs the emphasis of versals, distinguished in form or colour, distinguishes page and column headings with contrasting colour or text, and perhaps declares the unity of the whole work with an initial page, or a title-page and tail-piece. Considerations of setting forth, then, point the way to the art of the illuminator. To give due importance to important parts of the work, while yet treating them as parts of a whole, is a scheme that may be at need simple or splendid. Colour, gold and silver, pure and bright, glorify the well-ordered design. Given the draughtsman's skill, the delicate sight and clear idea of natural and decorative



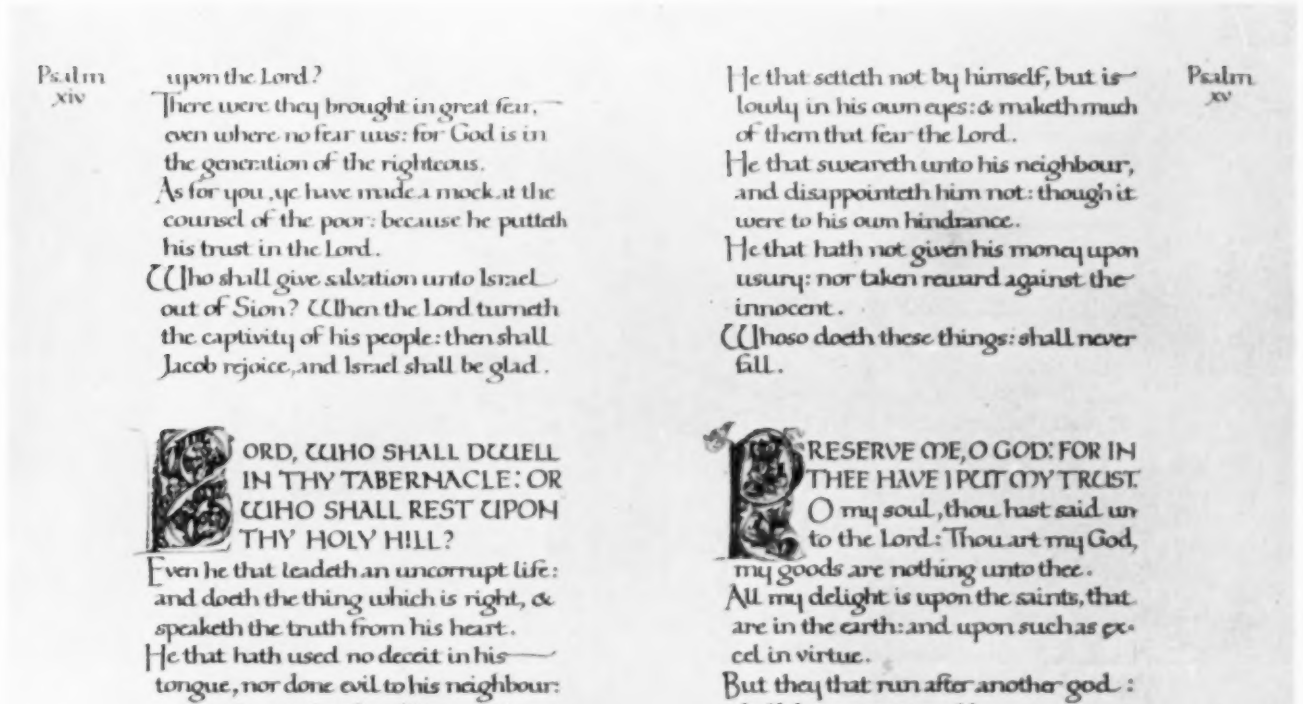
Incised Inscription.

By A. E. R. Gill.



G. Herbert's "Peace.

Written by Graily Hewitt.
Illuminated by Louise Powell.



Psalter.

Designed by Graily Hewitt.
Illuminated by Louise Powell.
Written by Mabel Smith.

forms and colours, there are practically unlimited opportunities for art in the beautifying of the page. Regard for the presentment of the text forbids nothing of delicate or jocund fantasy to the illuminator who has the ideas and the training to give them play in his design. Vagueness, affectation, incoherence: these it forbids; but there is no splendour or sweetness, that comes from living delight in bright nature and bright dream, that may not find fit expression as an elaboration of the text or device.

Mrs. Powell's delicate mosaics of wayside flowers—one thinks of Milton's sight of them as "quaint enamelled eyes"—fit delightfully into the bright gold framing of the initials. The side-borders of linked flowers or leaf-scrolls make brightness in the margin; though, to personal taste, there is a weakness in the serrated outline of the fillings of the top left-hand corners, which are, in fact, not fillings of the corners. The initials in the Psalter need, of course, to be seen in their full number to appreciate how discreetly yet vividly they fill their place in the design of the whole volume, the decoration never outrunning its function as a background to a frequently recurring part of the text.

The incised inscription by Mr. A. E. R. Gill is an example of a closely-related art of great usefulness. In lettering with the chisel the characteristic forms of the letters will, of course, have different beauty to that of quill-formed letters, and in the effect of incised or carved inscriptions light plays a part. There is enjoined too, on the letter-craftsman who works in wood and stone, the consideration of his work with regard to its position and function; but in his design, as in that of the calligrapher, the essential problem is the same—to form and place his letters rightly. The proportions of Mr. Gill's inscription, the forms of his letters, and the setting out of the work, are true instances of the art of chiselled lettering.

MR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, the new Slade Professor at Cambridge, was Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum from 1883 to 1889, Slade Professor from 1895 to 1901. He is required to deliver at least twenty-four lectures each year, and to interest himself in the development of art education in the University. Professor Waldstein won recognition as a classical archæologist, he has written authoritatively on nineteenth century art, and under the pseudonym of Gordon Seymour published three short stories.



Mr. Pirie's Studio.

Mr. George Pirie.

By Edward Pinnington.

ALTHOUGH for some time he has been domiciled in Sussex, Mr. Pirie is of the North, and first attracted attention in Glasgow. He is not, however, identified with the somewhat fluid and non-cohesive group of painters known as the "Glasgow School," and in the national retrospect he stands isolated. The North had little to show for him to follow or to lean upon for guidance, and Mr. Pirie must be tried accordingly by a new standard. He exemplifies the truism—though not universally accepted as such—that, as in poetry so in painting, the first object of education is to perfect the means of expression, the language of art. He is moving along a specific line of endeavour, with a slowly developing style, a maturing faculty to be exercised in the portrayal of certain selected forms of beauty. He has accomplished much, and confidence in the future rests upon the settled plan of his life, and upon his purposeful fashion of shaping it to a selected end.



Tramway Horses.
By George Pirie.

Born at Campbelltown, he reached Glasgow in infancy, and very soon gave evidence of his art proclivities. Having gone through the usual stage of indiscriminate sketching, he began to make a studio of Glasgow cattle-market, and went sketching wherever he could find subjects, among animals by preference. He took his M.A. degree at the University and, of infinitely greater importance to him, attended the School of Art. He either did not get there the training he sought, or did not make the progress he expected, so he went with ambition to Paris, and for three years studied in M. Jullian's *atelier*, under the supervision of MM. Boulanger and Lefebvre.

Concerning the Parisian experience, the most pertinent fact is, that while many artists advance the gift of colour as the one great essential to the making of a painter, at Jullian's the emphasis was so strongly laid upon drawing, that to be merely a colourist became something to be avoided, while to call a painter distinctively a colourist was far more a reproach than a compliment. Mr. Pirie began to exhibit while in Paris and, since his return, has made his appearance in London, Edinburgh, Berlin, Munich, Dresden and other centres, European and American.

As a branch of practice, animal-painting has certain aspects peculiar to itself. Its practical conditions are not often explored, and are seldom realised in the exhibition or private gallery. As a rule the studio of a city artist is, in respect of arrangement and contents, adjusted to his



The Lariat.
By George Pirie.



Hen and Chickens.
(By permission of Archibald Colville, Esq.)
By George Pirie.

speciality. It may reflect an historic imagination; or the prevailing tone may be antiquarian; or it may simply tell of contact with human life. Turning to the studio of the animal-painter, the sumptuous textiles, the classic model, the mosaics, the dome of golden bronze, pass out of view, and the imposing city is left for the simplicity of nature. Mr. Pirie's studio at Torrance, near Glasgow, was planned to maintain the flow of appropriate and workable ideas. The studio was adjacent to another building, chiefly occupied by the painter's models—a pony, dogs of various breeds, pigeons, poultry, and rabbits; and the grounds, used for the grazing of such "sitters" as a Highland bull and cow, extended to about an acre and a half. There was a bracing air about Wardend, as the place was called, and the surroundings of Mr. Pirie's present home at Challens Yard, Midhurst, Sussex, are no less favourable to his work.

To know his models, Mr. Pirie spends much time working amongst them, for he is no member of the Dandiacal Sect, but a worker without gloves. He is a lover of animals and knows their ways, ailments, preferences, moods and tantrums. As artist, he studies them more closely than a portrait painter ever has an opportunity of studying his subjects. His relations with them are tender and intimate, and lead to mutual affection. The blanks that



Gobbler.
By George Pirie.



The Artist and a Model.



A Barnyard Family.
By George Pirie.



Miserere Mei!
By George Pirie.

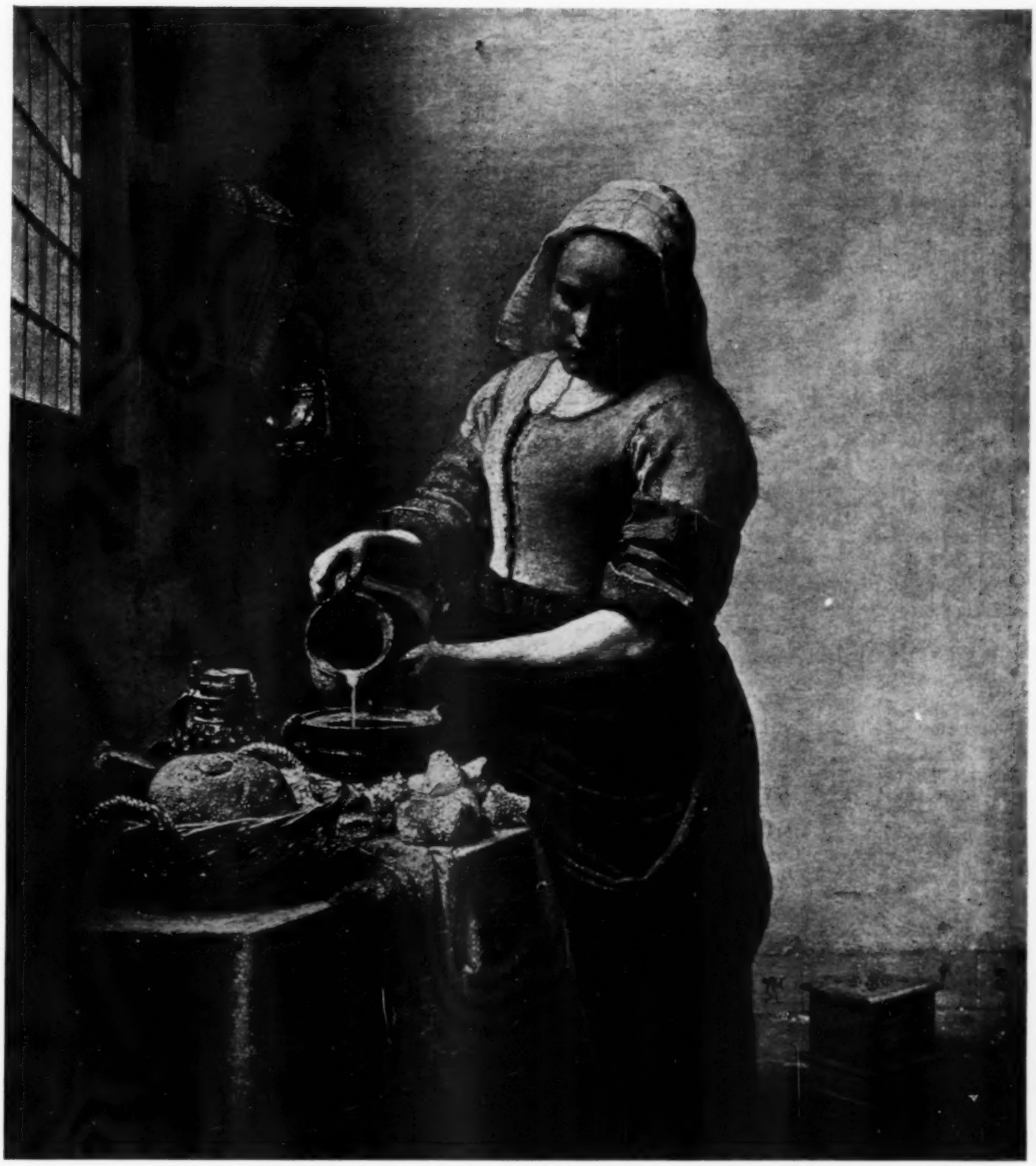
occur in his family circle always cause him deep concern. Many find companions in dogs, but few can know the strong and subtle tie woven out of an artist's appreciative attachment to a dog that sits to him as model. He reads its intelligent confiding eye, and lingers in admiration upon its finely moulded form and spontaneity of motion. The feeling combines fondness with solicitude, regard for a friend with anxious care for an ally, a professional *collaborateur*. Painting animals as they live, Mr. Pirie's work may be said, in pathos and detail, to approach *genre* painting—the peasant life of Wilkie and Allan, the toilers of Millet, Lepage, Israels—more nearly than portraiture. The unity of his designs is especially felt in 'Tramway Horses,' a picture further marked by felicity of arrangement and beauty of lighting. The posing is that of tired workers resting, easy and natural, and the line of light undulating like a silver wave lends the subject a refining beauty not strictly its own, and yet as true as the white moonlight burnishing the swelling sea. The balance is adjusted between artistry and simple truth, between technique and subject. In 'The Lariat' the action is superb, a memory of days in Texas; one seems to hear the swish of the lasso while watching the careering cattle plunging through the dust-clouds of the plain. It makes a striking contrast to a sketch of a comfortless little dog, which may be christened 'Miserere Mei.' Such a picture of dejection, of deep canine melancholy, read in downcast mien, huddled pose and shivering limbs, is as rare in its truth as touching in its pathos. Other sketches are equally vivid and eloquent of mastery, sudden inspirations swiftly dashed upon canvas. In 'A Barnyard Family' and 'Hen and Chickens' the artist displays a fuller command and a richer sense of colour. In the former, the head of the family is a familiar figure, a richly-plumaged red-and-brown chanticleer, his gracefully-drooping tail-feathers shading off towards grey. The chickens in both pictures—tenderly-fashioned forms of down—tone down the brighter tints, and harmonise the designs. Looking back from these two pictures to the silver and gray of 'Tramway Horses,' the training at Jullian's, and the stress laid upon drawing instinctively recur.

Coming from America, Grant White called the English a nation of centaurs. They may travel by the motor, but the horse is their companion, confidant and friend. From the tramp to the Sovereign, they find comrades in dogs. "The cult of the Pet" is everywhere, and embraces animals of many orders, from the white mouse, lizard and canary to the hunter and deerhound. The rich man's living pets are the inspiration of the painter. When a loving owner wishes the life of a favourite animal restored, that in deluded memory he again may hear the bark of welcome or the matin song, he turns to the artist. The day of the realistic mummy and studio taxidermist is past, and the necromantic function of the higher art prevails.

The Six Collection, Amsterdam.

NO private art collection in Holland, hardly any, indeed, on the Continent, attracts each year so many connoisseurs as the Six, in Amsterdam. Little wonder then that tidings of its dispersal, or at any rate, the sale of certain pictures, has kindled a flame of expectancy. Visitors are admitted to the house in the Heerengracht, No. 511, on the north side, on week days between ten and twelve, and sometimes during the absence of the family in the afternoons. Not infrequently, however, as the number in each party is limited, a wait is involved. But there is ample recompense, for the house justifies its repute as a place of pilgrimage. Hand catalogues only are available, and few persons know anything of the history of the collection apart from the fact that Burgomaster Jan Six was for long a friend of Rembrandt. About seven years ago, however, while building operations were in progress at the family house, one hundred and seventy of the works were exhibited in the municipal museum, in connection with which some authentic details appeared. Towards the end of the eighteenth century Peter Van Winter Nicholas Simonszoon brought together a choice collection of old Dutch masters. On his death it was divided between his two daughters. The elder, Lucretia Johanna Van Winter, greatly increased her share by important acquisitions, particularly in 1810 and 1811, and onward till her marriage in 1822 with Hendrik Six. Six van Hillegom on his side entered into the possession of a number of family portraits and other pictures, the remainder of earlier collections formed by his ancestors. Prior to his marriage he had bought for small sums a few pictures, two by Cuyp and one by Peter Saenredam, for example, and continued to add to these later. On the death of father and mother, their sons, as so often happens, offered part of the collection at auction, this on November 25th, 1851. Fortunately, perhaps, insufficient support was forthcoming, and the major part was withdrawn. These details are based on a note written by Mr. J. Six in 1900.

Keen and widespread as is the interest taken in 'La Laitière' of Vermeer of Delft, to which we alluded last month, the question as to whether or not the sale of a part of the collection headed by this lovely picture is a preliminary to the offer of the masterly portrait by Rembrandt is debated with even greater animation. The name of Jan Six is intimately associated with that of Van Ryn, not only through the unfinished portrait in oils, the in its way no less incomparable etched portrait, the landscape done at speed with the needle, but also as patron, and, pre-eminently, friend in days of sunshine and adversity.



(Photo. Bruckmann.)

La Laitière.

By Jan Vermeer of Delft.

Jan Six, born in 1618, was the descendant on the paternal side of a noble emigrant Huguenot family from Cambrai, his mother being the Anna Wymer painted by Rembrandt in 1641, of whom, too, there is a lovely wash-drawing in a sketch-book belonging to the family. Jan Six was a man of culture, keenly interested in literature and the arts—"a votary of the Muses from my tender years," the master of Hillegom described himself. Exactly when he and Rembrandt met is uncertain; in any case, Scheltema was wrong when he stated that the beautiful 'Presentation in the Temple' of the Mauritzhuis, dating from 1631, was painted for Six. He would then be thirteen only, and thus hardly in a position to give commissions. Possibly the two men were brought together through Dr. Nicholas Tulp, the chief figure in the celebrated 'Anatomy Lesson,' which bears the signature of the young genius and the date 1632. Twenty-three years later Jan Six married Margaret, the daughter of Tulp, but it is significant that Flinck and not Rembrandt received

the commission to paint, in 1656, the portrait of the bride. Long before that, however, Rembrandt and he must have met, for, as we have seen, the 'Anna Wymer' was painted in 1641. In 1645, during a visit to Jan Six's country house at Elsbrock, near Hillegom, 'Six's Bridge' was etched. It is a fine example of rapid selection, of landscape essentials compassed with a minimum of labour. According to tradition, the etching was done for a wager while a servant was fetching from a neighbouring village mustard which had been forgotten for a meal. In 1647 the superb etched portrait of his friend, a masterpiece of high finish, appeared. For elegance and richness of effect and for chiaroscuro it is unequalled. Two first states only are known, the window in them having a sill which comes half-way to the height of the sitter's shoulder. Like Rembrandt, Jan Six was a lover and collector of beautiful things, a fact which is suggested by the circumstancing of the room in which he stands. He was something of a poet, too, and in 1648 published a tragedy entitled 'Medea,' for which Rembrandt designed the plate of 'The Marriage of Jason and Creusa.' By 1653 Rembrandt was heavily in debt. In that year Jan Six advanced him 1,000 florins, but shortly afterwards transferred the debt to a certain Gerbrand Ornia, who in turn again hypothecated it, with the result that there was much trouble later. This circumstance suggests a breach between the friends, but it must be remembered that after this Rembrandt painted the incomparable portrait in oils, generally alluded to as unfinished, but in truth carried to an exquisite conclusion, which is the chief treasure of the Six collection. Authorities differ as to its date. Smith catalogued it under 1644; the family regard it as indubitably belonging to 1654, with which Dr. Bode concurs; Fromentin and Vosmaer attach it to 1656, that fatal year in which Rembrandt, ruined, had to retire to the Roosgracht, saving only the most precious of all his treasures—his genius—while Michel inclines to put it as late as 1660. All are agreed, however, as to the importance of the portrait. Fromentin, who suggests that the reason for Six not having asked his illustrious friend to paint him earlier may have been because of his imaginary portraits or fantasies of Saskia, the famous Cassel version of whom, however, he originally possessed, has a long and finely discriminating appreciation of this masterpiece evoked at a single sitting. "Il est libre, mais scrupuleux, aimable et sincère . . . . . Un des plus beaux morceaux de pratique qu'il ait jamais executés. Il s'abandonne encore plus qu'il ne s'observe. La nature est là qui le dirige. La transformation qu'il fait subir aux choses est insensible, et il faudrait approcher de la toile un objet réel pour aperçevoir des artifices dans cette peinture si délicate et si mâle, si savante et si naturelle . . . Comme expression morale, c'est charmante; comme vérité, c'est absolument sincère; comme art, c'est de la plus haute qualité." A Rembrandt in words is needed to convey an impression of the magic harmony of greys and soft reds and golds, with light so subtly informing them. The inscription, in seventeenth century Dutch style, reads: "An image of the learned young gentleman Joan Six." Vondel, who on the marriage of Margaret Tulp with Rembrandt's friend wrote some playful verses about tulips and pearls, composed a quatrain, of which the following is a free rendering:

> Here Six is painted in the flower of youth,
> Lover of art, of knowledge, and of truth
> That brighter shines than any pen can tell.
> Paint perishes: Truth doth for ever dwell.

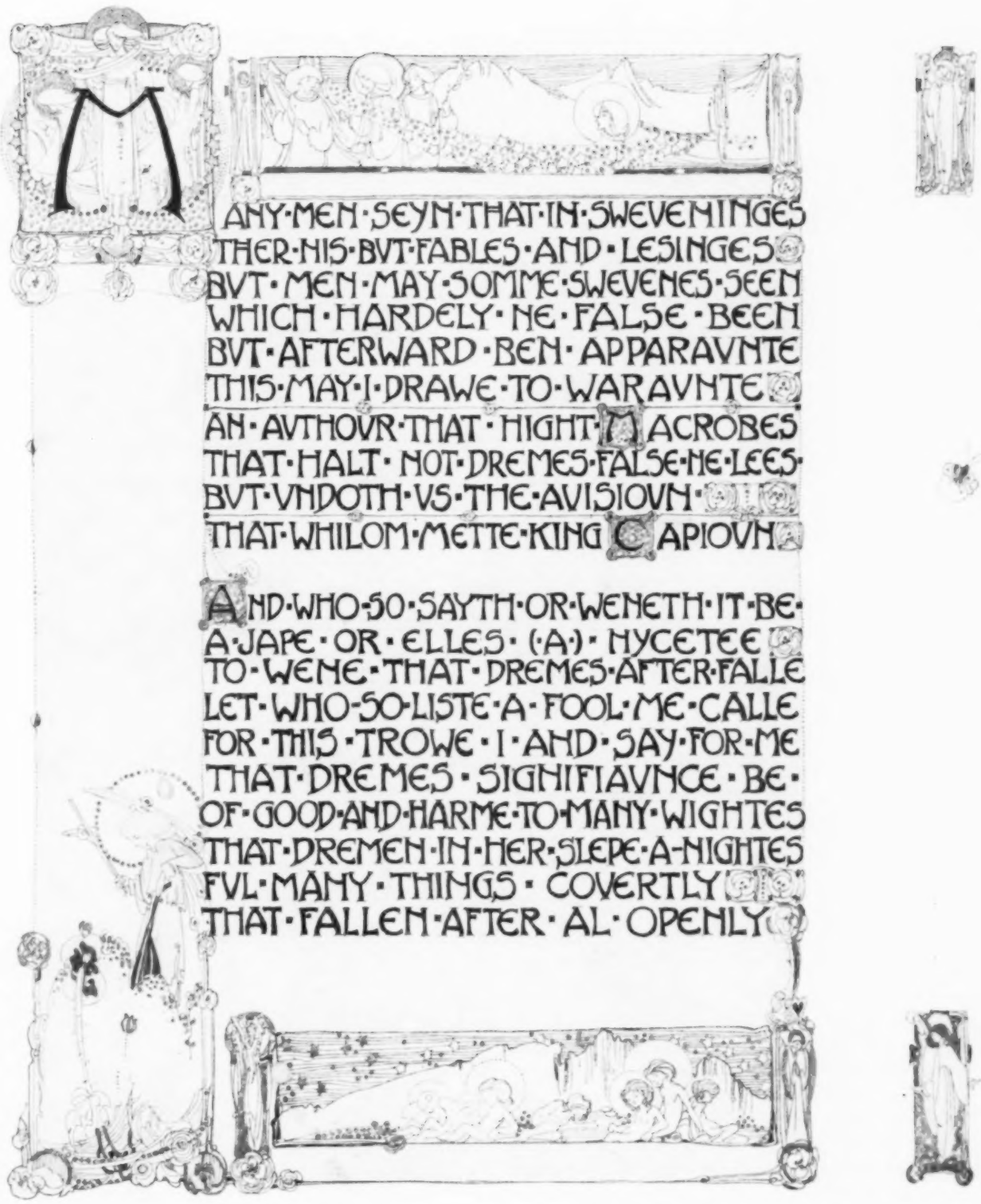
A sketch done with a soft and broad reeded pen, perhaps for the portrait, was procured by the Six family from the collection of the Earl of Warwick.

In addition to Vermeer's 'La Laitière' there is in the Heerengracht his 'House Front,' green-shuttered, with a graciously introduced figure of a woman in the doorway. It occurred in the now famous auction of May, 1696, and afterwards belonged to G. W. Van Oosten de Bruin, maybe a brother of the De Bruin in whose collection Reynolds discovered 'La Laitière.' It is one of the pictures bought about 1800 by Peter Van Winter. Many Dutch painters are interestingly represented in addition to Vermeer and Rembrandt, whose panel portrait of Dr. Ephraim Bonus, 1647, was with many other works disposed of in 1734 by W. Six, when it seems to have made a paltry eighty florins. The family portraits include one of Nicholas Tulp, painted in 1633 by Nicholas Elias Pickenoy, who in this country sprang into fame at Christie's in 1906, when a pair of portraits, bought for about £1,200, fetched 3,100 gns. Wealthy Americans are on the alert as to the sale of certain of the pictures, but it is improbable that the best of them will be allowed to leave Holland. Dr. Bredius, it is stated, would be willing, had he the power, to exchange Paul Potter's world-famed 'Bull' for Vermeer's 'La Laitière.'



(Photo. Bruckmann.)

Jan Six.
By Rembrandt.



Designed and Executed by Jessie King.

Miss Jessie King.

BLAKE was no longer young when he said, "I possess my visions and peace," and the words reflect a consciousness that is attained by few visionaries, and by none perhaps who have not given their all for the possession of their visions. If, at last, Blake possessed his visions in peace it was not till he had put all life at their service, come to knowledge of himself as that which has power to contemplate the spirit in all forms. For visions are not possessed in peace until they have consumed and dissolved like fire all that is not essential in the life. Then alone, when vision is not light, for life is not darkness; when it is not silence, for life is not tumult; not a refuge, for all



Budding Life.

(By permission of Messrs. Gowans & Gray, London & Glasgow.)

By Jessie King.

is security, is there no more waking from vision to life as from dream to labour. For what was a dream in sleep is now the creative power, and the life, and the art, are its manifestations; types of that "highest activity in unbroken rest" which is one aspect of creation.

That is the perfection of the creative life, but till that consummation is reached those even who have the strength and simplicity to reach it at last will only sometimes find the way at all directly, and not merely hearken to rumours of it. Some of the recent drawings of Jessie King look as though her gift of sight were bringing her farther on her own way. They are more expressive of a real possession of vision in life than anything by her that I remember to have seen. The Chaucer pages, in the original, shine here and there with radiant gold, and a clear blue brings a little of the sky into the page. The gold and the blue do more than illuminate the decoration; they come from more sun and sky in the ideas that take form delicately and spontaneously in the art of Jessie King.

The border to Chaucer's declaration of his faith in the "significaunce" of dreams is sown with stars, and the stars are garlanded, too, and adorn the way of some figures with light-ringed heads. Though an angel holds a viol, there is in these images a hush of sleep, the stillness of folded hands and wings, of dreams that weave haloes, and can weave them from the stars. 'The Dead Babe' has a like serenity of line. The only detail that disturbs one's pleasure is the foot of the mother—not that it is obtrusive, but the lines of the figure flow more sweetly without it. The drawing of 'Cherry-blossom' is one of a series illustrating 'Young life,' and has a direct gladness in beauty, such as that of blossoming boughs against the sky, that is the best assurance of farther and fairer images of dream and fantasy.

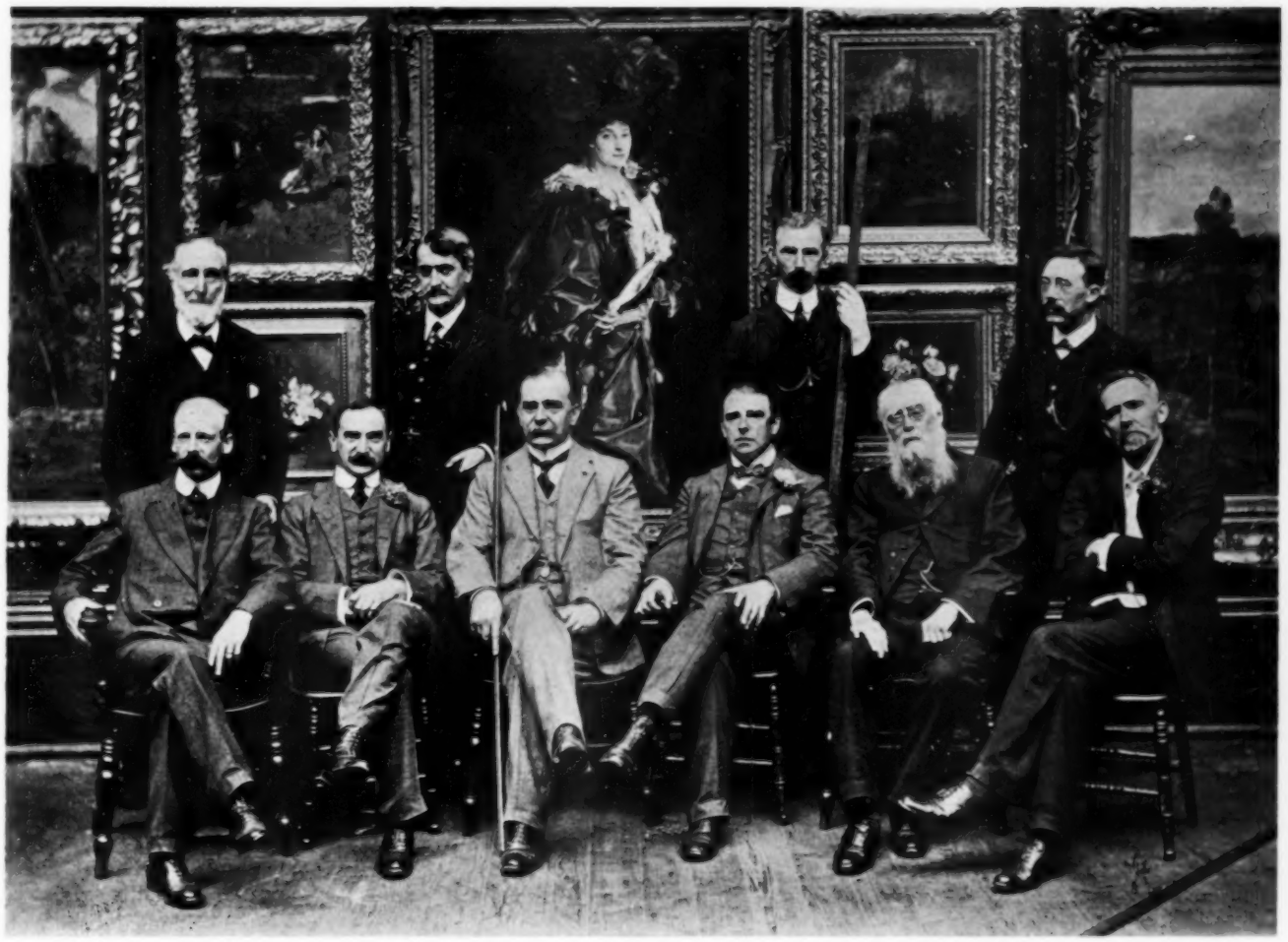


The Dead Babe.

(By permission of W. P. Lowrie, Esq.)

By Jessie King.

Councillor R. D. Holt, D.L. F. Rimbault Dibdin. A. G. Quigley. H. G. Clayton.



R. G. Hinchliffe. S. J. Solomon, R.A. Councillor John Lea, J.P. H. Hughes-Stanton. Alderman J. Stolterfoht. Councillor J. Bibby.

The Artistic Enterprise of Liverpool.

By Percy Bate.

THE public spirit and sagacity of the Corporation of Liverpool are evident in many departments of the civic administration, but in no phase of municipal enterprise is their acumen more apparent or their success more marked than in the conduct of those great art galleries which justly stand as objects of pride to every inhabitant of the great port. For a long period the chair of the Galleries Committee has been admirably filled by Mr. John Lea, and though for one year there was an interregnum (while he discharged with eminent satisfaction to his fellow-citizens the duties of the distinguished office of Lord Mayor), the Walker Gallery still finds him at the helm, strong in the confidence of his colleagues, and ably and enthusiastically supported in all his official undertakings by that discriminating critic and sound man of business, Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin, whom the Corporation were so fortunate as to secure as Curator a few years ago.

The Walker Art Gallery has always held a leading place among provincial institutions of its own kind, and it has always been, as is most natural, the focus of art enterprise in the City of Liverpool; but, great though the activities of its Committee have been in former years, and nobly as their predecessors rose to the measure of their opportunities, the work of the present body of Governors is annually marked by an advance on the achievement of the past, until one wonders how the Committee of the future can possibly do more for the citizens of Liverpool than is at present being accomplished. In the course of twelve months the art lovers of the great city on the Mersey have seen within their midst a surprisingly complete exhibition of the works of Mr. Holman Hunt, and another of the art of that distinguished local painter, the late John Finnie; they have extended a welcome to the highly important show of the Northern Photographic Association, and they have given facilities, in connection with the recent civic pageant, for a display of Liverpool antiquities of a singularly varied and interesting character. This, one would fancy, would seem sufficient for a twelvemonth's work even to the most energetic of Lancashire men (especially as every one of these shows proved a financial success, producing a monetary profit as



Part of the John Finnie Memorial Exhibition.

well as exerting an untold influence for good); but these varied undertakings were all almost of the nature of by-play, being quite subsidiary to the great annual exhibition which, every autumn, brings to Liverpool the pick of the year's artistic output.

The exceedingly fine show which at the moment of writing fills ten of the spacious rooms of the Walker Gallery to repletion, expresses and epitomises perfectly the thoroughly enlightened policy which the Chairman of the Exhibition Committee has for long carried out, a policy of broad-minded and catholic acceptance of every phase of modern art that is characterized by genuine achievement. In the Liverpool exhibitions the young lions of the New English Art Club lie down (or rather hang!) in the same *milieu* as the hoary lambs of the Academic fold, and one passes from the contemplation of some vivid canvas by one of the ultra-modern impressionists to dwell upon the calm beauty of a Corot, the dignity of a Raeburn, or the exotic charm of a Rossetti. And though, in acquiring pictures for the permanent collection, Mr. Dibdin has energetically initiated an endeavour to secure adequate representation of Liverpool artists past and present (recognising that one of the essential functions of a provincial gallery is to illustrate the art of local men), the dominant note of the civic collection as a whole is far from being parochial, is, indeed, notably and acceptably cosmopolitan.

To visit the present autumn exhibition is to be conscious that the men who are responsible for its inception and its constitution must possess minds of a singularly clear outlook, attuned to sympathy with every manifestation of the artistic spirit, at once discriminating and sensitive. Not only is there the accustomed admirable display of oil-paintings—British, French, German, Italian and Belgian—and the usual excellent series of water-colours from equally varied sources; there are also (an innovation worthy of imitation by other places) a remarkable group of pastels, representative of the work of the members of the Pastel Society, a large number of miniatures, specially contributed by the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, and a highly satisfactory collection of works in black-and-white—woodcuts, mezzotints, etchings; these latter being beautifully displayed in Room X. where all the so-called "minor" processes are as completely illustrated as are the more ambitious methods of pictorial expression in the other galleries. And when it is understood that, in addition to this, the crafts of the jeweller, the potter, the enameller, the bookbinder, the modeller, the illuminator and the silversmith are worthily represented, one is amazed that any provincial centre, however rich and energetic, is able to accumulate for temporary display such a wealth of artistic achievement. Indeed, the exhibition as a whole is admittedly rapidly outgrowing the accommodation at the disposal of the Committee, and it is to be hoped that the imperative requirements of this flourishing enterprise may shortly be met by an enlargement of the galleries, for if such an extension does not take place, the annual display of works of art must inevitably be cramped and its organization hampered to a very serious extent.

It is true that so enormous is the variety of work and so numerous are the crowded exhibits, that the fastidious might



Part of the Autumn Exhibition, 1907.



In a South Devon Village.

By John McDougal



Arenig Fair—Midsummer.

By Thomas Huson, R.I.



Dutch Girl awaiting the Fishing Boats.

By Hans von Bartels.



Château Gaillard Les Andeleys, France.

By H. Hughes-Stanton.



Sketch for 'A Frosty Evening.'
By A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A.



Sir W. B. Forwood, D.L.
By G. Hall Neale.

protest that a less ambitious method of procedure, a less extensive display, would be more artistic and more satisfactory to the quiet mind; and though this may to some extent be true, it cannot be denied that the outcome of the policy of the Walker Gallery Committee has been a distinguished success (at any rate, in so far as success may be gauged by popularity and monetary good fortune), for the exhibitions flourish, the citizens come in their thousands, and financially the results are remarkable. And it must not be forgotten that this pecuniary prosperity is necessary if the autumn shows are to continue, for they have to support themselves and they have to provide from their profits funds to enrich the permanent collection; and, however much the scholar might crave a less overwhelming representation of modern art, it is undeniable that the way in which the Liverpool Committee have chosen to work is the only way by which the permanence and continuity of their undertaking may be assured. And, after all, perhaps the Liverpool public are right in demanding that they shall receive facilities for seeing all that is good in modern art, shall have opportunities for personal study and criticism at first hand. It is the recognition of the justice of this plea which lies at the back of the governing body's wise decision to make their show as comprehensive and as cosmopolitan as may be, and we can only applaud the admirable way in which the Director carries out the desires of his Committee.



George H. Hewitt, Esq., as Roger de Poitou.
A reminiscence of the Liverpool Pageant.
By Frank T. Copnall.

To review the present exhibition in its entirety would be to stretch the limits of this article far beyond all legitimate

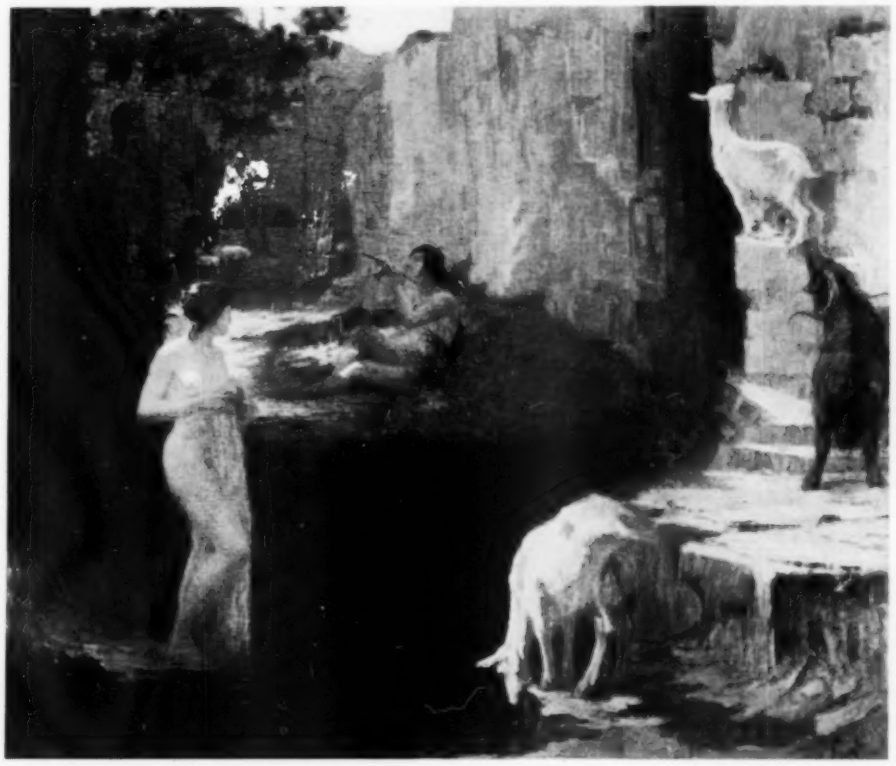
bounds, but a few brief allusions to individual pictures may be permitted, if only to convey some idea of its scope and its importance. Among local painters, none is more distinguished than Mr. F. T. Copnall, whose 'Sir Roger de Poitou' is a virile and direct piece of portraiture, in which the features of a prominent citizen of Liverpool are indued with the apparatus of chivalry; while two other strongly touched canvases represent another portraitist of eminence: Mr. R. E. Morrison's stately and dexterously handled presentment of the Lord Mayor, Mr. John Japp, and his broadly seen likeness of Mr. Robert Gladstone. Not less notable is Mr. G. Hall Neale's thoroughly sound portrait of Sir W. B. Forwood, marked by the dignified and characteristic pose of the subject and the original lighting of the composition; and turning to the field of landscape, one feels that the Liverpolitan has no reason to be ashamed of Mr. Thomas Huson's veracious and accomplished 'Arenig Fawr,' or of Mr. Hamilton Hay's sensitive 'Seapiece'; while he may well be proud of the romantic and poetic art of Mr. Robert Fowler, the canvases of the late John Finnie, atmospheric, full of beauty and excellent in design, and the water-colours of such capable inheritors of the sound traditions of the past as Mr. George Cockram, Mr. John McDougal, and Mr. J. T. Watts.



Runcorn Bridge.

By Robert Fowler, R.I.

Passing to the work of outsiders, one welcomes on the walls of one gallery the mediæval fantasy of Mr. Cadogan Cowper's canvas, the sober decorative art of Mr. C. H. Shannon, the exquisite and glamorous dream of the Clyde which Mr. D. Y. Cameron sends, and the intense and devotional work of Mr. E. R. Frampton. Elsewhere are to be seen Mr. Alfred East's strong and broadly treated 'Storm in the Midlands,' the *chic* and mightily distinguished portrait of Lady Sassoon by Mr. J. S. Sargent, a lovely panel of 'Roses' by Fantin Latour, lent by a Glasgow collector, a spacious landscape by Mr. Leslie Thomson, and a completely accomplished likeness of the late Mr. Humphrey Roberts, by Sir W. Quiller Orchardson. Near this last hangs a serene little work by Mr. Edward Stott, and, sharply contrasting, Mr. La Thangue's sparkling 'Sunset in Provence'; while Mr. A. K. Brown is represented by a reserved and austere 'Frosty Evening.' Another Scottish painter, Mr. James Kay, contributes a dignified rendering of 'The Launch of the *Lusitania*,' Mr. Spenlove sends an emotional work entitled 'The Church Porch,' and Mr. Tom Robertson is worthily represented by his serene and tender 'Haven under the Hill.' Other moods are



Idylle.

By Löys J. Prat.



Milking Time.
By James T. Watts.

exemplified in Mr. Charles Sims' vivacious 'Island Festival,' Mr. E. A. Hornel's richly decorative and intensely original 'Music of the Woods,' Mr. Lionel Smythe's breezy 'Summer,' and Mr. Von Glehn's 'Gold and Lacquer'; while in the gallery more particularly devoted to foreign pictures, attention cannot fail to be directed to the enormous vigour and certitude of Professor von Bartels, the delicately luminous quality of the art of M. Marcel Rieder, the rhythmic and radiant beauty of the 'Idylle' of M. Löys J. Prat, and the unflinching brilliance of the two canvases by M. Emile Claus. It is really full of interest, this present Liverpool show; and it appeals to one not only as an exhibition, but as the triumphant justification of a strongly catholic and absolutely unbiassed policy of administration.

Some Arts and Crafts.

A GOLD medal winner at the great Paris Exhibition of 1900, and holding other distinctions, Jakob Baden of Copenhagen is a binder of considerable Continental reputation. He works as a modern experimental craftsman, using materials and processes to give expression to images of nature, as well as in the more formal exercises of design. The cover of Stuckenberg's "Poems," designed by K. Larsen, is really a leather picture. Seven colours are used on the olive morocco which is the cover of the book, and the strong lines of gold tooling which enclose the design are as a frame to the picture. The part played by the various grains of the leather in giving interest to the design is apparent even in reproduction. The book-binder is no mere executant of a pictorial design, but its translator. Japanese art, probably, suggested the pattern of honeysuckles over eddying water, designed by R. Christiansen for the cover of Aalstrup's poems, but its application to leather book-binding, its execution, are of the modern West. In this cover there is no pictorial intention; it is pure decoration of the space, though naturalistic decoration. No gold tooling is used, but the whole effect is produced by inlay of different coloured leathers—eleven are used—on blue calf. Other examples of Jakob Baden's art show his skill in straitly formal design, as in a set of Molière's works in nine volumes, where, obviously, a pictorial or naturalistic motive would be wearisome in repetition.



Vase.
By Charles Hairon.

Mr. William Glasby's work in stained glass and in Opus Sectile is well known to the public of the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions. In 1903 he showed, as the responsible executant of Mr. Henry Holiday's 'Angel of Judgment,' a work in Opus Sectile. Since then the trained craftsmanship of Mr. Glasby has been seen in the execution of original designs, and as his own designer, he has done much work of sound technique and ability. The windows illustrated show his art as a designer of domestic as well as of ecclesiastical windows. Though, without colour, very little idea of an art of stained glass can be given, they suggest Mr. Glasby's use of such resources of beauty in his fine craft as the discreet use of patterned glass in conjunction with plain, the use of parallel leadings to give uniformity—though not monotony—to the background, and therefore added distinctness to the figures, the disposition of the planes, and forms of the composition. It is, however, in the use of colour, in the vivid, translucent colour of stained glass, that the artist is tested, and it is in colour that Mr. Glasby's work must be appreciated.



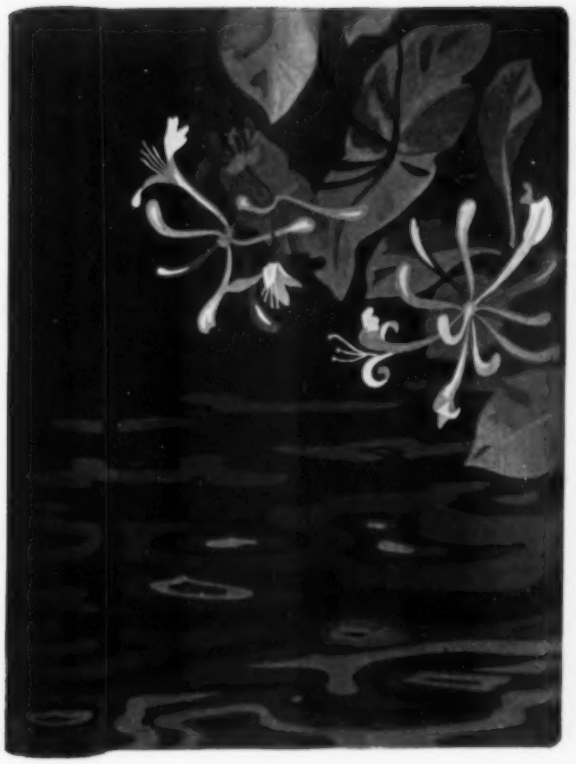
Fan.
By Charles Hairon.

M. Charles Hairon represents a quality in design and craftsmanship that is especially valuable at the present time. He looks at nature to find delicate and unobtrusive forms, and his design reproduces them in simplicity and quietness. Even where, as in the fan, there is as motive a splendour of nature, like the peacock, the gleam of the gorgeous feathers is treated as gold used by skilful artists in lacquer —delicately, a gleam, not a magnificence. The carved fan-sticks are too delicate to show in reproduction, but in the original they are part of a distinctive and charming whole.



A Window.

By W. Glasby.



Designed by R. Christiansen.

Bound by Jakob Baden (Copenhagen).



A Window: 'Christ the Consoler.'

By W. Glasby.



Designed by Kund Larsen.

Bound by Jakob Baden (Copenhagen).



Altar-frontal for Church of St. Andrew's, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

Designed by Louise Powell.
Worked by Louise Powell and Frances Channer.

A Fine Embroidery.

THE altar-frontal by Mrs. Alfred Powell (Miss Louise Lessore) is for the recently consecrated parish church of St. Andrew's, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland. The destination of the work is not given as mere fact. As one of the artists who have been employed in adorning the fabric of the church, Mrs. Powell has worked in conditions of especial interest. What she has done beautifully with her needle is part of a unity of design and execution, in which the crafts of the weaver, the embroiderer, the wood-carver, metal-worker, and artist in stained glass have been freely employed. The altar-frontal, worked in silks on a Morris silk damask, is especially designed in colour and materials for its place beneath the reredos tapestry, a replica of 'The Adoration of the Magi,' which hangs in the chapel of Exeter College. In that rich, yet delicate web, wild-flowers shine like stars under the sky lighted with the great Star of Bethlehem. Mrs. Powell has designed borders of blossom and leaf, set clear and fair sprays of starry flowers on the altar-frontal, and chosen for colours reds and blues and various greens that are the silken shades of colours used in the flower-patterning of the Arras tapestry of the reredos. In the work of the loom and of the needle, beauty and grace of the living flowers of earth are translated into fair and happy art.

Gyula Tornai.

LAST summer Herr Gyula Tornai, the Hungarian painter, blazed upon the sight of Londoners. His work, like his name, is a challenge. After a sojourn in Japan, China, India and Siam, he made a bold attempt pictorially "to hold the gorgeous East in fee." Timidity, perplexedness, seem alien to him; his amazing vigour exhilarates, if in the long run it fails quite to persuade. The fortress of the beautiful, if it is so to be taken by storm, demands genius to do it. Herr Tornai has been enthusiastically hailed as the peer of Titian in wealth and refined beauty of colour, the peer of Delacroix for colour and draughtsmanship combined. That is extravagant praise. To more purpose it may be asserted that he works strenuously, skilfully, with remarkable conviction. 'Offering Congratulations' is one of many characteristic pictures by him which, during the summer, were at the Goupil Gallery. The artist's independence of outlook, the force, diversity and richness of his colour-schemes, have won for his works a place in many collections, including, we believe, that of the King.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

OCTOBER, as usual, was a month of re-awakening in the London galleries. Ample and varied material was provided for the testing of Dr. Reich's reported definition of art as "organized tact." The definition is not eminently helpful. Earth-bound, it disregards or leaves vague much that is implicit in and essential to great works of art. Wisdom (*gnosis*), or illumination are words that carry us farther. Organised tact is an insufficient



THE
ART
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LONDON, VIRTUE AND CO.

OFFERING
CONGRATULATIONS.

PAINTED BY
GYULA TORNAI.

(By permission of Messrs. W. Marchant & Co.)

key to the majestic rhythm of the sculptures of the Parthenon or to the potency of masterpieces by Hubert van Eyck, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Velazquez. Art, limited only by the infinite, as Whistler said, cannot adequately be defined, of course; but many more fortunate attempts have been made than that of Dr. Reich. One remembers, for example, Carlyle's "disimprisoned soul of fact," discerned and revealed by the trinity of sense, mind, and spirit poised in activity, and so unlocking gates of light. There we have a hint of spiritual seership, of divine excess, of imaginative reason emancipating from restrictions of brain and of hand, of that exaltation which enabled Blake truly to declare: "I possess my visions and peace." Tact does not involve the full exercise of that creative faculty which discovers music as a dayspring in the nature of things. Each student of art, however, is at liberty to essay a definition. As an exercise it is not without interest.

The Institute of Oil Painters was fortunate in obtaining for its twenty-fifth exhibition pictures by four distinguished honorary members. Of these, three hang side by side in the large gallery. In the centre is Mr. Sargent's 'Mountains of Moab,' which, ill-placed at the Academy of 1906, is seen to signal advantage. The arid desert of the foreground, ablaze with, rather than steeped in sunlight, where goats nibble at the parched scrub, beats on the sight. Yet the sun-dazzle of the East did not vanquish the artist; indeed, it seems to have quickened him, "drunk with vision," to lift eyes of wonder to the far hills, beyond the chaos of white stones and the rusty hillocks of sand. The base of the hills is washed by turquoise waters of colour so rich that it is as though by some exquisite benefaction they dispense to the clefts of the bare hills those translucencies of living opal which dwell there, at once tranquil and aware. This sun-dedicate picture of the desert, painted swiftly, decisively, open-eyed, is, we hold, one of the most eloquent that Mr. Sargent has given us. To right and left are portraits by the past and the present Presidents of the Scottish Academy, Sir George Reid and Sir James Guthrie. Sir George's three-quarter length of Sir Henry Littlejohn is a shrewd and able effort of characterisation, but he has evidently found difficulty in bringing the hands into an expressive design. Sir James Guthrie's 'Mrs. Warrack' suffers from proximity to the vividly insistent landscape of Mr. Sargent. That is a well-intentioned mistake of the hangers. Shut off from view the 'Moab,' and the reticent artistry, the distinction, of the portrait can be appreciated. There is subtlety, a certain gracious valour, too, in the painting of the gossamer scarf, of the ring, of the amethyst locket, and of the pearl-grey drapery charmingly related to black. Here we are able to compare or contrast work by the two most prominent portrait-painters of Scotland, one of whom emphasises the constructive necessities, the other of whom concerns himself quite as much with the environing of form as with form itself. Sir Ernest Waterlow, the fourth honorary member represented, sends a pastoral, with a blue stream and a sequence of poplars.

Mr. F. Cayley Robinson is as to temperament as isolated at the Institute as he was at the British Artists. In him a strain of persistent childhood, of mysticism, is linked —for it does not blend—with the attitude of the symbolist. Though he does not win to a persuasive unity, embracing colour, definition, modelling, tone and line, his two pictures are among the most individual and in their rather strange way attractive at the Institute. Mr. Robinson seems to have worked from an idea of mural decoration, yet within the restricted picture-space he has not felt quite free of the obligation to suggest the third dimension. 'Dawn: the little child found' is the meeting-place of several influences, of which, however, the artist may not be conscious, and in any case, he has resolved them to suit his own needs. The outstretched arms of the kneeling woman, reaching eagerly forward to enfold, at a place on the stony, skull-strewn ground where sword and arrow form a cross, the little child running forward from the group of Roman soldiers, bring to mind Blake's 'Nativity'; the soldiers and the city on the hill remind us of Mantegna's august 'Crucifixion'; we think, too, of Puvis de Chavannes. How grave, cool and beautiful are the broken greys and ivories in this picture, as, again, in the 'Youth,' which also suggests Mr. Robinson's capacity for mural decoration. Mystified as they might be by the issue, it is greatly to be hoped that one of our public bodies will give Mr. Robinson an opportunity to express on the walls of some building, archaistically and perhaps not quite congruously, the monumental dream by which he is haunted. Of many pictures that warrant attention, one must be content to mention a few. It is often asserted that subject is of little or no consequence so long as the actual painting be good. To a limited extent only is that true. For instance, Mr. Charles Sims, a man of undoubted talent, paints as one who loves and has considerable control over his medium; but apparently he sees no necessity to discipline his fancy, to nurture it so that it may be transfigured into imagination. Mr. Sims is prematurely content with his apprehension of a motive. There is much firm, earnest work in Mr. Harold Knight's 'Grace,' but to justify the large scale the insight of a Millet or an Israels was necessary. Among the good landscapes are Mr. James Aumonier's forthright 'Chelmer Canal,' the sensitively coloured 'Tidal Inlet' of Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Snowdon Range' and 'Landing Place,' 'The Blue Pool' of Mr. George Wetherbee, and the snow piece of Mr. Elmer Schofield. Mr. Clausen's frankly painted spray of cherry blossom should not be overlooked.

The 128th exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists consists exclusively of cabinet-sized works, with a maximum measurement of 36 by 28 inches—so the notices were worded, at any rate. The general aspect of the central gallery is distinctly pleasant, for, as has been the case in each show since Mr. Alfred East became President, available pictures are discreetly hung. Candour compels one to add, however, that this agreeable general impression has to a considerable extent been gained by the sacrifice of sunshine to tone. The pictures which aim, many of them unsuccessfully, to convey a sense of glad sunlight are for the most part placed in the small south rooms, where is a conflict of styles and purposes. The exhibition goes unsupported by several prominent R.B.A.'s, among them Mr. J. D. Fergusson, Mr. W. J. Laidlay, Mr. Tom Robertson and Mr. W. Graham Robertson. Mr. Alfred East's 'Warwickshire Valley' is of dignified design, and declares his ability decoratively to dispose colours or tones as well as forms within a given space. Mr. East's talent enables him to produce such canvases with ease, with almost too much ease, perhaps, for there is such a thing as fatal



(I.O.P.) Mrs. Warrack.
By Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A.

facility. One of the two exhibits by Mr. W. Elmer Schofield, 'A Convent in Picardy,' is excellent in its quiet, grave way. There is austerity of vision and vital earnestness of execution in the grey façade of the convent, with two dark oaken doors, figures moving towards it over the heavy-lying snow. The bare plane trees are an essential part of the unity. More derivative, less earnest, is the same artist's 'January Day'; yet it exceeds in interest many other works that show influences insufficiently assimilated. By a second recently-elected member, Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler, is a capably painted 'Omnibus,' with a couple of passengers and the conductor of a steady-going horse bus such as will soon become a relic in the London streets. Pictures to be disengaged from the rank and file include Mr. Paul Paul's vigorous rendering of a tumbled sea in 'Runswick Bay,' Mr. F. A. W. T. Armstrong's spacious 'Somersetshire Pastoral,' Mr. Elphinstone's 'Poole Harbour' with channels of steely blue water on the flats, Mr. Lewis G. Fry's 'Threshers at Work,' impressions by Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, Mr. F. F. Foottet, Mr. Blundell Thompson, and landscapes by Mr. D. Murray Smith, who oscillates between Corot and Peppercorn. Remarkably dexterous is Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove's interior of a great grave church, with a green-shawled peasant at her devotions. This indubitably is artistry; is it art? In the water-colour room are a refreshingly direct study of a Bruges canal by Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck, some carefully considered views of Cambridge colleges by Mr. Hawksworth, two archaisms by Mr. A. E. Henderson, and a curious simplification, 'The Anchoret,' by Mr. Arthur Stewart.

Portrait sketches by Reynolds are very rare, but one, the issue of an hour's joyful painting when art and understanding of life were matured, may be seen at the Shepherd Galleries in King Street, where the exhibition, as usual, holds much of interest for the student of early British art. Bold and sudden as is this sketch on paper, the little curly head and the deep, far-seeing eyes emerge exquisite as a flower. It is a lovely image of unfolding childhood, of the heaven that "lies about us in our infancy." A foremost authority on Reynolds has come to the conclusion that this is a sketch, *circa* 1785, of the Hon. William Lamb, born in 1779, for the group painted by Reynolds in 1788, wherein, under the title of 'The Affectionate Brothers,' he appears to the right of his brothers Peniston and Frederick. In 1829 he succeeded his father as second Viscount Melbourne, and in 1834, on the resignation of Grey, he became Prime Minister. The first Lord Melbourne declined to accept 'The Affectionate Brothers' from Reynolds, hence it came up for sale with other of the artist's pictures in 1796, as, probably, did the lovely sketch. The group, then bought by the Rev. R. Dodge for 100 gs., is now in the possession of Earl Cowper. Of unusual force and sincerity is Zoffany's portrait of Jacob Wilkinson, genial in its integrity to the characteristics of a prosperous John Bull, whose rotundity betokens a mind at ease. Zoffany's unsparing honesty



(R.B.A.) A Convent in Picardy.
By Elmer Schofield.

kindled him to this exceptionally authoritative effort. There are, too, a Gainsborough portrait of the Bath period, hinting through its precision at magic, two landscapes by Crome, one in the manner of Ruysdael, the other in that of Richard Wilson, Mark Anthony's 'Old Country Churchyard,' crowded with admirably realised figures in sunlight, a rich-toned Raeburn of fine quality, and a small pastel, a dream of a sunset across shore and sea, by Turner. A portrait, probably of himself, by the eighteenth century Frenchman, Ducreux, has force and beauty. A particularly attractive collection of drawings by artists of the English, French and Dutch schools at the Paterson Gallery contained examples of worth and charm by Fragonard, Troyon, Corot, Daubigny, Van Goyen, Müller, Bonington, and others. Such drawings are invaluable aids to understanding. At the Ryder Gallery were some simple, delicately-treated architectural studies done by Turner in his youth, once in the possession of Mr. W. Manson, the swift pencil sketch of whom by Lawrence is with all its slightness incisive. Some of the inimitable drawings of Gainsborough, and a group of soft-ground etchings, sketched if not actually engraved by him, affirm his fair sight of lane and field and tree, his genius in phrasing sequences of forms, with the beauty of living light about them, so that they are to the eye what a lovely musical phrase is to the ear.



The Hon. W. Lamb.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.
(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

One-man shows during October were numerous. At the Leicester Galleries, besides some skilled interiors and blithe, open air sketches of children, mostly on the beach, by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Knight, there was organised the first representative exhibition of water-colours by Mr. William Callow. He was born at Greenwich on July 28, 1812, and over seventy years ago was elected to associate-ship of the Old Water-Colour Society. The drawings, which vary in date from 1841 to 1904, show that Mr. Callow has remained steadfast to the original method of simple, washes. Though all were not up to the level of those seen at recent exhibitions in Pall Mall East, 'Riva dei Schiavone' (1846), 'On East Lynn, Devon' (1847), 'Easby Abbey' (1853), are instances of sureness of perception and of hand. Once only, it is said, has Mr. Callow experimented with body-colour. A talented young Slade School student, Miss Anna Airy, grand-daughter of the late Astronomer-Royal, showed at the Carfax Gallery a number of etchings, drawings, and works in oil. The modestly entitled 'Willow Pattern' is structurally searched as well as delicately handled in the intricacies of bough and leaf. In the title of another clever essay 'After Japanese,' she frankly proclaims her indebtedness to Oriental art, but hers is the charming fantasy as a whole. Her hand is quick as well as patient. In a different kind are the amusing 'Aspects of Alfred' and the studies of muscular danseuses attitudinising. In Baker Street Mr. John Baillie introduced to notice a young Liverpool artist, Mr. W. Alison Martin. He is certainly not of those who take refuge in low-toned harmonies. The 'Souvenir



Dawn: the little child found.
By F. Cayley Robinson.
(I.O.P.)



(R.B.A.) Bruges Canal. By Geoffrey Birkbeck.

di Monticelli' is one of many rich-coloured fantasies to which zealously he aims to impart the qualities of a shattered jewel. It is easy to over-emphasise the importance of influences through which pass young artists of talent such as Mr. Martin. He must discover his own path. Imitation does not satisfy him; evidently he is resolved to conquer, and his attempts to do so are distinctly interesting. To assert that already he is the peer of Watteau, or that he gives promise of that, is misleading exaggeration. Delicate, atmospheric and deft are several of the water-colours of Mr. Gregory Robinson, brought forward in the same galleries. For the rest, we must be content with allusion to the autumn exhibition of the Old Dudley Art Society, a feature of which was the screen of sketches by Mr. L. Burleigh Bruhl and Mr. Walter S. Stacey, President and Vice-President, to the spirited chronicle of 'The British Navy, Past and Present,' a series of water-colours by Mr. Norman Wilkinson at the Fine Art Society's, where were seen, too, views of the Valley of the Seine by Mr. William Brock, son of the R.A., and drawings of the Riviera by Signor Alberto Pisa, to the landscapes of Mr. Walter Fowler, ''Neath Cloud and Sunshine,' at the Brook Street Gallery, and to the Hon John Collier's 'Lady Godiva,' mounted on a caparisoned grey horse, placed on view at the Modern Gallery. Consideration of the wonderful Gainsboroughs at Messrs. Agnew's and of the Goupil Gallery Salon must be postponed.

Passing Events.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK BODLEY, R.A., and Mr. William Lindsay Windus, who died within a fortnight one of the other, were both born in the 1820's. Mr. Bodley, who was eighty, ranked by the common consent of his profession as one of our leading ecclesiastical architects. In the early days of the school board he did good public work, and there stand to his credit the new buildings at Magdalen College, Oxford, the church at Clumber, and, in association with Mr. Thomas Garner, that of St. Augustine, Pendlebury. In 1902 he consented to act as adviser in the selection of a design for the great cathedral at Liverpool, and when in the issue young Mr. Gilbert Scott, to whose grandfather, Sir Gilbert Scott, Mr. Bodley served an old-fashioned apprenticeship, was chosen, Mr. Bodley consented to collaborate with him. Academical recognition of his scholarly talent did not come till 1882, and since 1902 only had he been a Royal Academician. Late in 1906 Mr. Bodley visited the United States, he having been invited to share with a one-time pupil, Mr. Vaughan, in designing the great cathedral for Washington, whose foundation-stone was recently laid by the Bishop of London. Among his favourite schemes were those for turning Dean's Yard into a Campo Santo and of making London a marble city. In a volume of verse published a few years ago there are some lines to the River Colne, which flows past the garden of his home at Bridgefoot, that suggest his reserve, the gracious serenity of his temperament:—

> I do not, restless, seek an unknown sea,
> For me this eve content and rest are here.
> I would retard the passing of the day . . .
> I would keep back the glory of the West,
> I am content.
> Uncertain Future, lingering, stay thy feet!

THE death on October the 9th of Mr. W. L. Windus passed almost unnoticed, for the memory of the public is short. Windus is associated chiefly with his first picture hung at the Academy, 'Burd Helen' of 1856, which, after being initially overlooked by Ruskin, won his most enthusiastic praise. Rossetti, who on seeing Windus's 'Surgeon's Daughter,' held that he had no business to turn pre-Raphaelite, because "he paints too well to need change," forced Ruskin "to go with him to see it (Burd Helen) instanter, because he had not noticed it in his pamphlet," and extorted the promise of a postscript on its behalf. Ruskin then declared that its aim was higher, its reserve strength greater, than those of any other work at the Academy save the 'Autumn Leaves' of Millais. Windus himself is said to have regarded 'Too Late,' painted in 1859, as his masterpiece, but Ruskin condemned it as the product of sickened temper and dimmed sight. This picture was exhibited at the Whitechapel Art Gallery a year or two ago, as were certain of Windus's small water-colours, than which, in a slight way, romantic vision and apprehension have yielded nothing more enchanting.

W. L. Windus was born at Liverpool, near which city, at Halsall, his grandfather was for long vicar. His first lessons in art were obtained from the eccentric W. Daniels when he came to paint the portrait of the boy's mother. In 1850, apparently, on the advice of that generous-hearted connoisseur, John Miller, who six years afterwards bought 'Burd Helen,' Windus came to London, where he saw and was deeply stirred by Millais' 'Carpenter's Shop.' In 1858 he married Miss Tonge, and her death in 1862 was the beginning of a sorrow which caused him to drop out of the band of active workers, to be indeed almost as one dead. He is represented in few of our public galleries, and it is

known that he thought lightly of the little picture 'Morton before Claverhouse,' bought for the Walker Art Gallery in 1881.



(Carfax Gallery.)

After Japanese.
By Anna Airy.

IT is announced that the French Government has bought, from Rodin, the colossal group, executed in bronze, 'Ugolino.' Possibly it will be exhibited at the New Salon next year. This is a typical example of Rodin's power to wring beauty from ravage and dissolution. Ugolino, Count of Gheradesca, leader of the Guelphi in Pisa, was, with his two sons and two surviving grandsons, locked in a dungeon, the key being flung into the Arno. On the fourth day his son, Gaddo, died, and the little Anselm with the two grandchildren "fell one by one." In Dante's Inferno there is a picture of Ugolino devouring the head of Ruggieri, who incited the Pisans against him. At the Autumn Salon in Paris there was a group on this terrible theme by Carpeaux.

THE bronze cast of Watts' great equestrian statue, 'Physical Energy,' set up in Kensington Gardens, differs in certain respects from that sent to South Africa as a memorial to Cecil Rhodes. The 'Physical Energy' which on the Matopo Hills celebrates a life of amazing activity was cast from the unfinished model—made of tow soaked in size and plaster-powder, because wet clay was harmful to the artist's rheumatism—seen in the courtyard of Burlington House during the summer exhibition of 1904. Watts worked on it afterwards and, in the opinion of many, improved it. The colossal statue in Kensington Gardens stands not far from the site suggested by Mr. John Doyle years ago as suitable for the National Gallery. His idea was to drain the Round Pond, erect the National Gallery there, and have covered approaches to it from the main roads on the north and south. By the way, a sculpture gallery primarily intended for the use of students has recently been opened at Limnerslease. Watts' resolve to place his art at the service of the public did not cease to operate at his death.

OVERMUCH zeal has sometimes its drawbacks. The authorities of the Louvre are naturally on the alert after the mishaps of the last few months, but they pushed vigilance to extremes when they charged an ulstered visitor with stealing a picture by Ingres, without first assuring themselves that it was missing. The picture under the ulster proved to be a copy. The incident should, at any rate, serve as a testimonial to the talent of the copyist.

IN connection with the withdrawal from sale at auction of the Great Seal of the South African Republic at the instance of the Colonial Office, several criticisms have appeared of the Great Seals of this country from the standpoint of beauty. Profitably criticism might be carried farther into the field of our coinage as a whole. Not infrequently poor designs have been accepted, and for objects that are reproduced by tens of thousands and must therefore have a very considerable influence on taste.

MR. HENRY CALCOTT BRUNNING, under whose will the Artists' General Benevolent Institution and the Artists' General Orphan Fund profit considerably, set a good example with regard to his pictures. He left to the nation such of them as may be selected by the Trustees of the National Gallery.

THE "Society of Country Painters," whose inaugural exhibition was opened at Messrs. Tooth's a month ago, is a second Society of Twelve. The membership for the present, at any rate, is limited to a dozen. Titles are apt to be inexplicit, and in this case it is necessary to explain that the Society is intended to include painters who live in the country rather than those who choose only or chiefly country subjects. The originators are Mr. T. C. Gotch, Mr. H. S. Tuke, and Mr A. Ayerst Ingram. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen it may be pointed out, is doing excellent work in the Glasgow Art School, and does not Mr. James Paterson spend a good deal of the year in Edinburgh? But there is no need to make a title a barrier against such acceptable members.

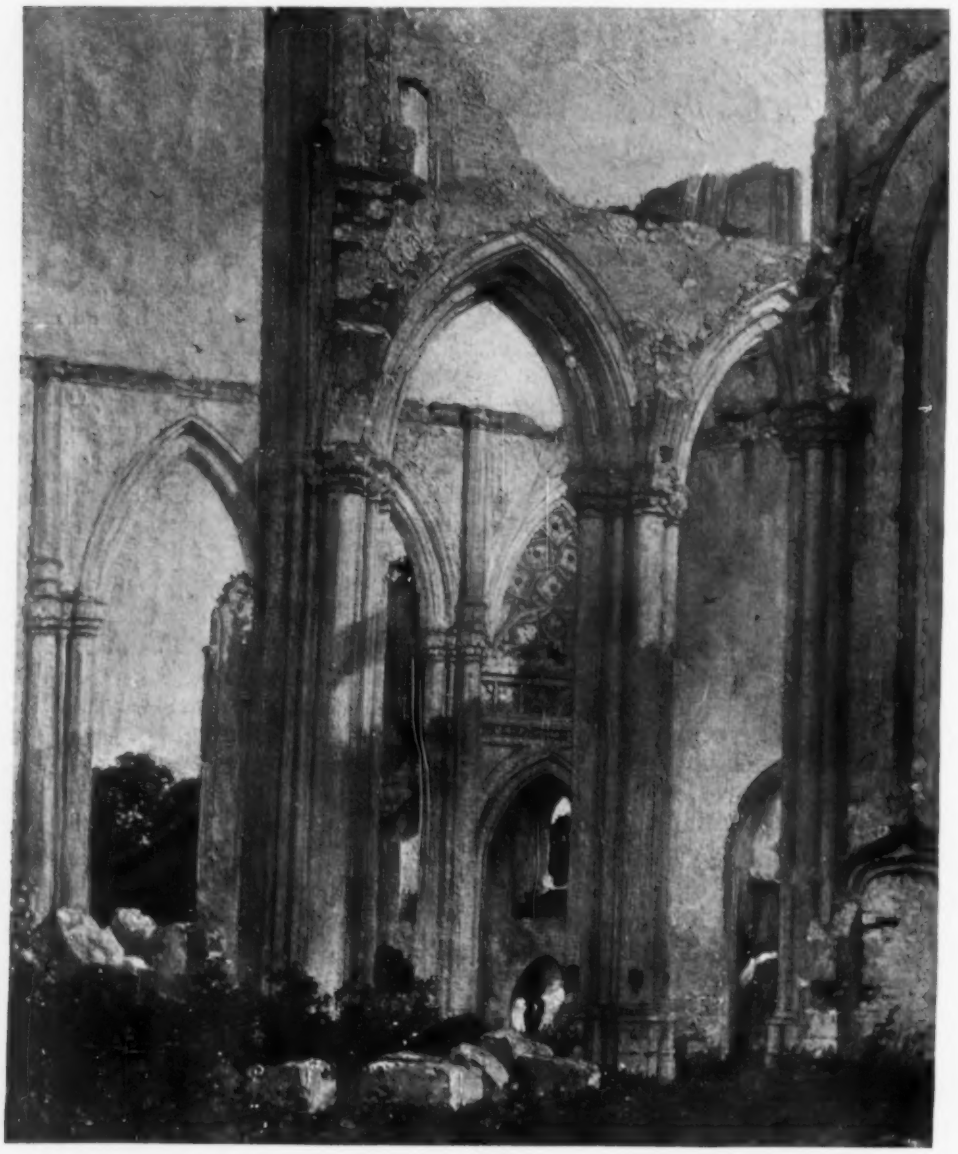
AT the recent marriage of a grandson of Millais, Captain George Millais James, one of the listening boys in 'The Ruling Passion,' Lieutenant William James, R.N., acted as best man. All the world knows his portrait as a child. It was he who sat for 'Bubbles,' the famous picture of 1886 which caused a revolution in favour of "artistic advertisement." Several other pictures by Millais contain family portraits.

MR. ALFRED EAST is the President, this year, of the Vesey Club, Sutton Coldfield.

THE Design in the Divina Commedia competition attributed to Alfonso Dori (p. 345), was by Tartagli and Son.

BEFORE the Liverpool Society of Architects at the beginning of November Mr. Rudolf Dircks read a Paper entitled "The Literature of Architects from Vitruvius to Wren." In covering a good deal of ground within a short space of time, Mr. Dircks adopted a purely literary view of the authenticity of Vitruvius's writings, and without attempting to estimate the value of philological arguments for and against the writer of the celebrated treatise on architecture, claimed it, as he said, "to use a *cliché* of modern criticism, as a human document of the greatest interest." The lecturer traced the influence of Vitruvius through the periods of the Italian, French, and English Renaissance, giving a short account of the writings of the principal authors of each period. The lecture was illustrated by various rare editions kindly lent for the occasion by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

"AS beautiful as sunshine and as real as Whitehall." The critic-connoisseur who, in an ecstasy, thus drew the attention of Allan Cunningham to the first picture by Richard Parkes Bonington exhibited at the British Institution, was a man of insight. Bonington, born at Arnold, near Nottingham, on October 25, 1801, was of those beloved of the gods, if an early death be accepted as indicative. Almost before his fame had reached England, for it was in France that he worked side by side with Delacroix, who knew him well and cared for him much, Bonington died in his 28th year, and was buried in St. James' Church, Pentonville. The public gallery of his native city is fortunate in having secured 'The Abbey of St. Bertin, St. Omer.' The words of the critic enthusiast aptly apply to it. Sunlight is here indeed a glorious birth, descending as a radiance on the pearl-grey masonry, whose arches are as pure, half-folded wings, potent to delight and uplift; nor are the translucent shadows less lovely and true. As has been well said, two men only could so have seen, so have painted these noble ruins: Turner and Bonington. Each united the understanding of a poet to the structural accuracy of an architect. When the picture was exhibited at Messrs. Shepherd's some persons were inclined to dispute its authorship. There is said to be record, however, of Samuel Prout having affirmed, in 1829, that he saw Bonington paint it. The buyer at that time was Dominic Colnaghi, the under-bidder Clarkson Stanfield. We understand that twenty-four hours after the Nottingham gallery had selected the lovely picture, Sir George Reid saw it and desired to buy it for the Scottish National Gallery.



(Nottingham Gallery.)

The Abbey of St. Bertin, St. Omer.
By R. P. Bonington.

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